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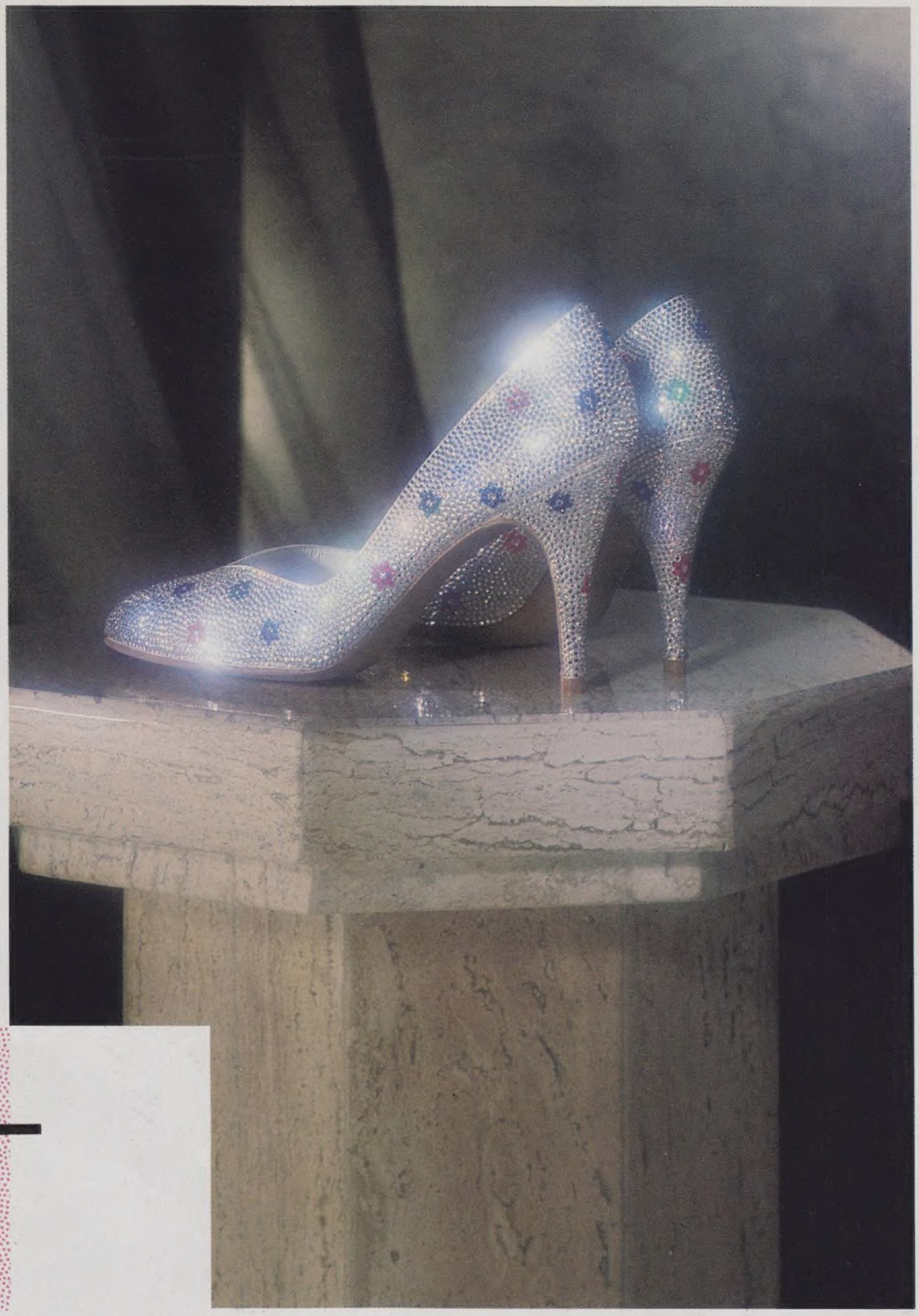

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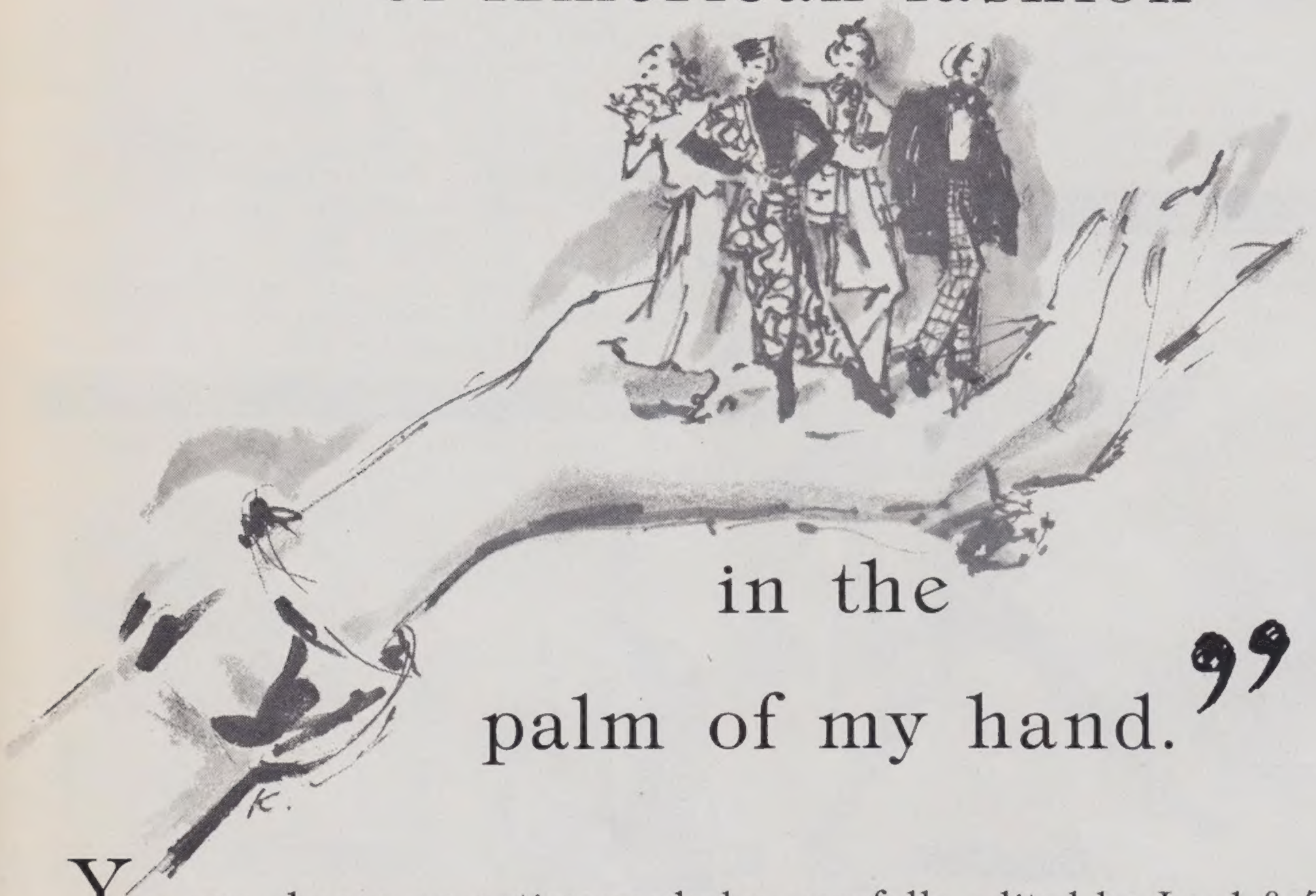

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june

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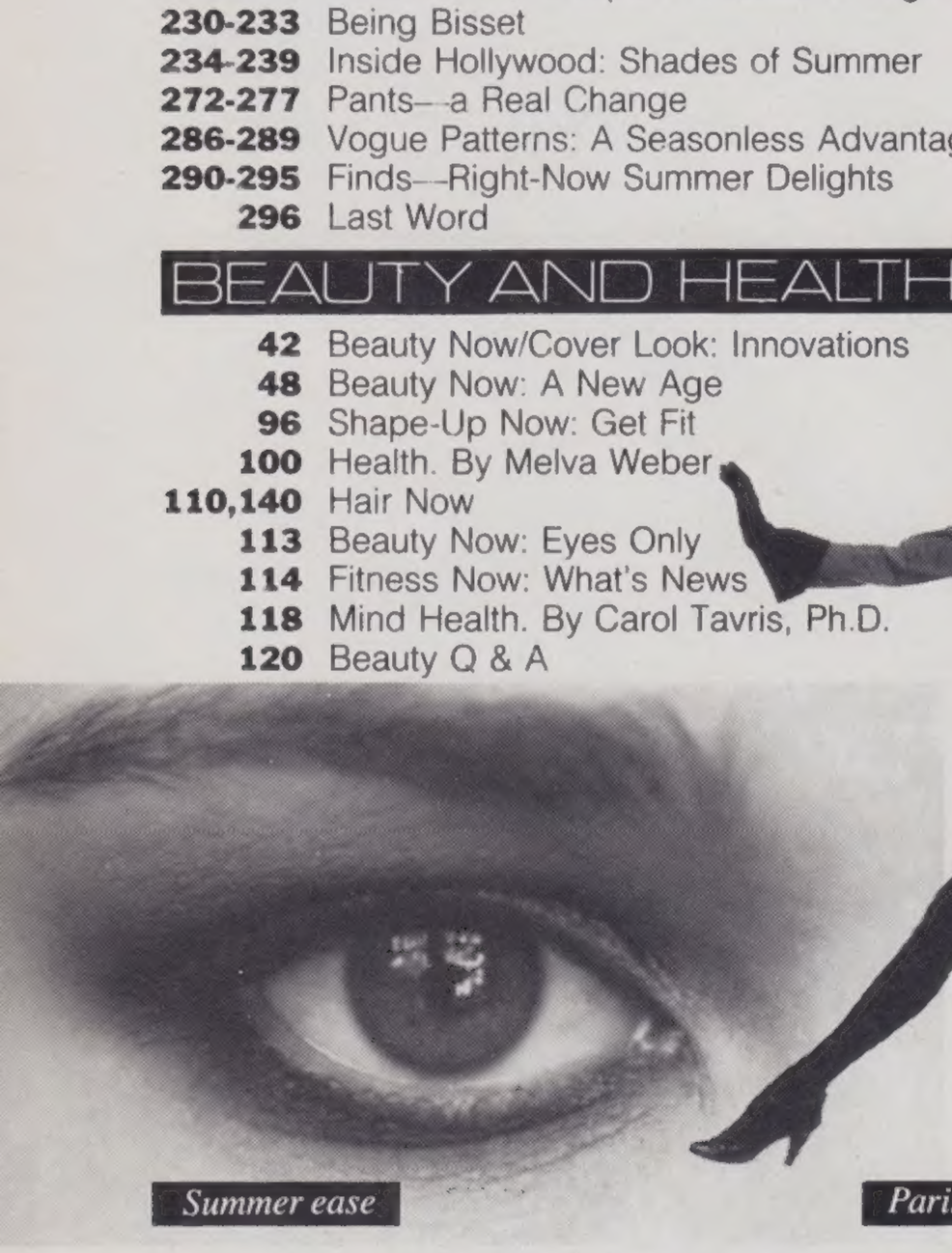
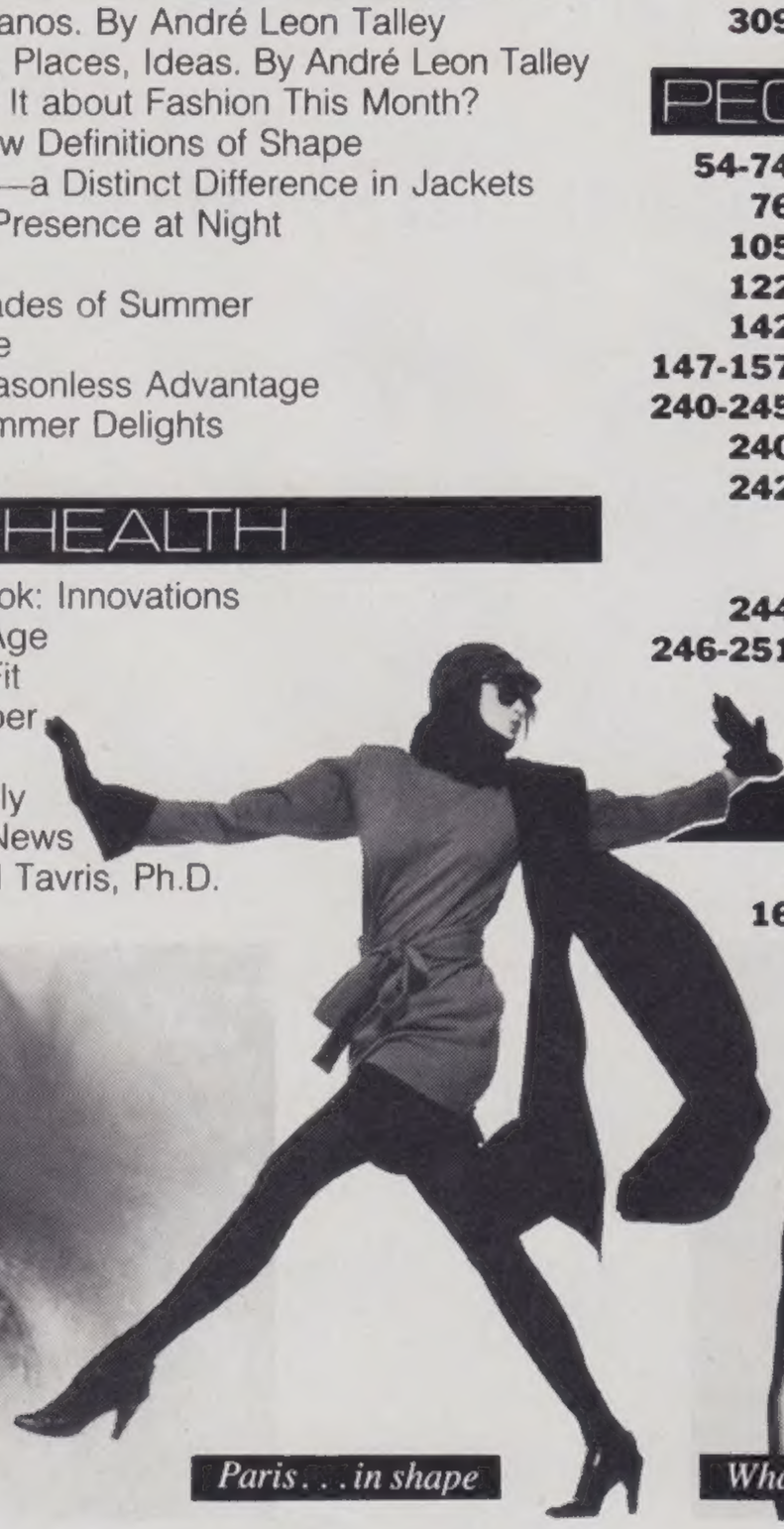


Summer ease



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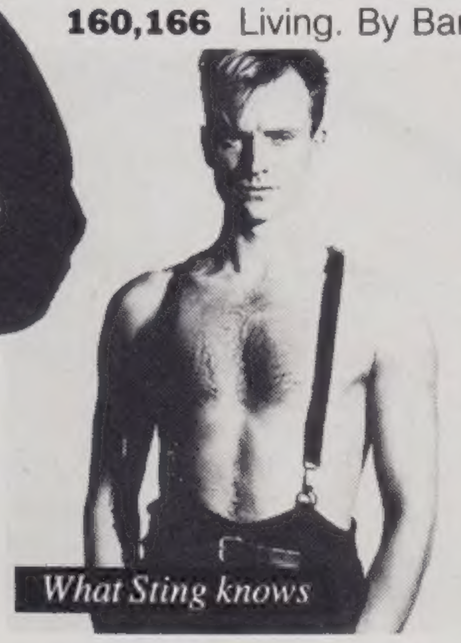

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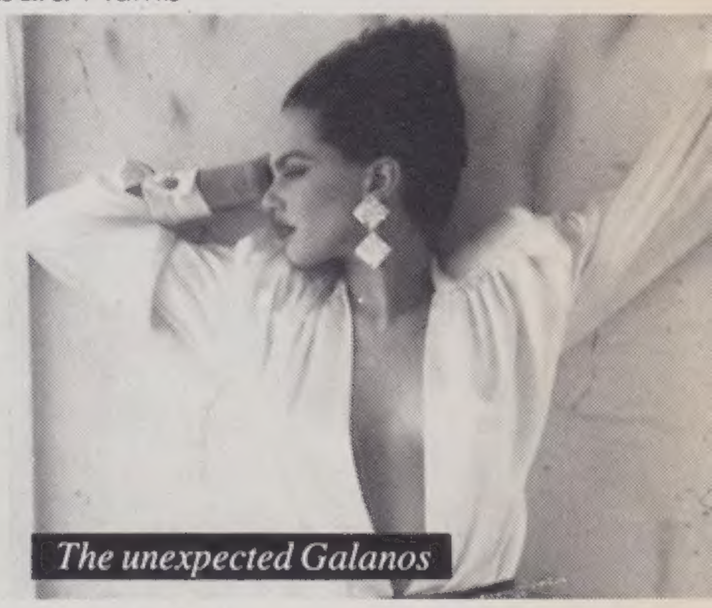

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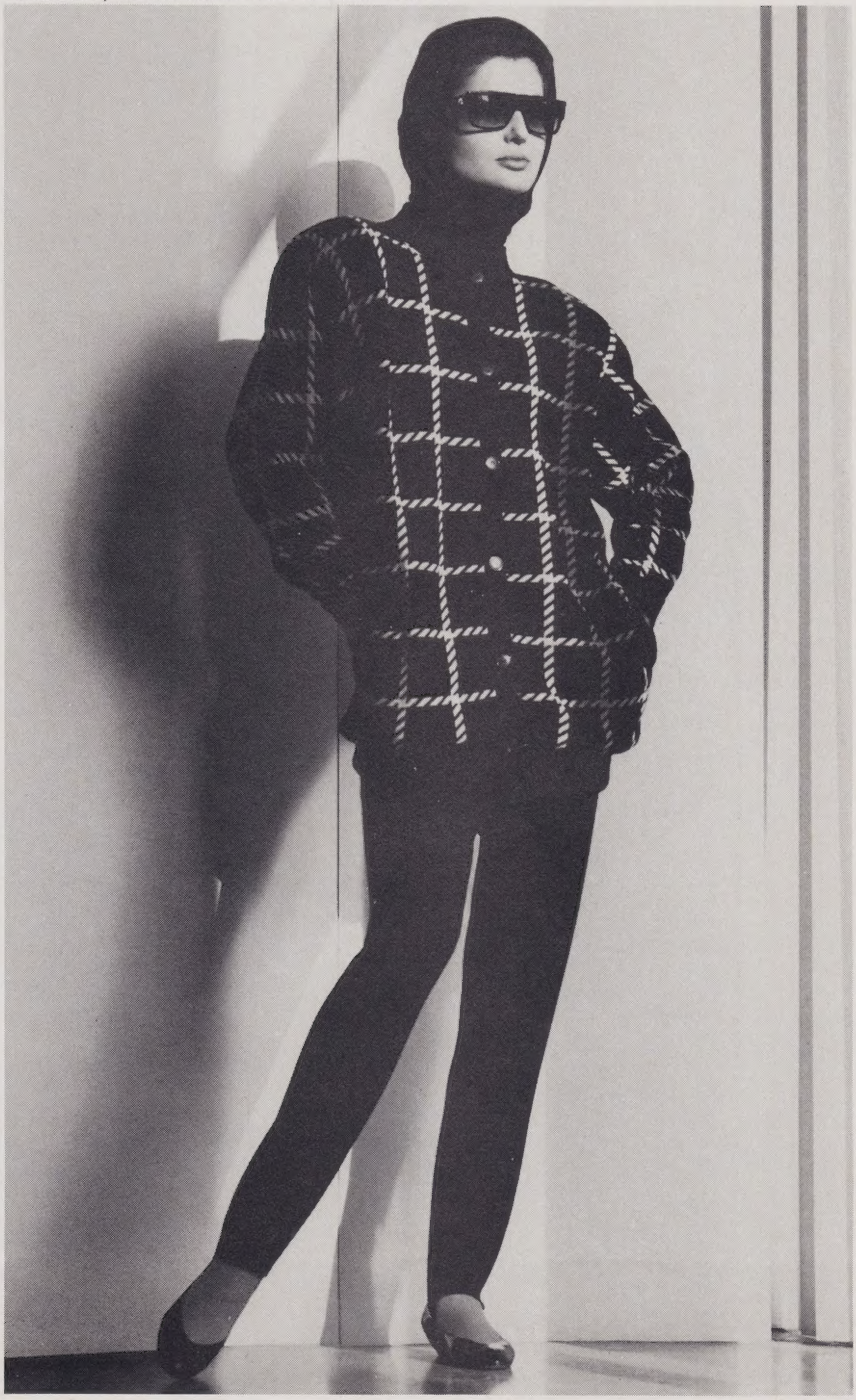

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EXPRESSIONS

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On her eyes Kim is wearing Anemone, Chamois, Ivy and Eclipse,
on her lips Decisive Red, on her nails Precise Poppy.
Her fragrance, Bill Blass. © 1985 Charles Revson, Inc

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AGE
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AGE
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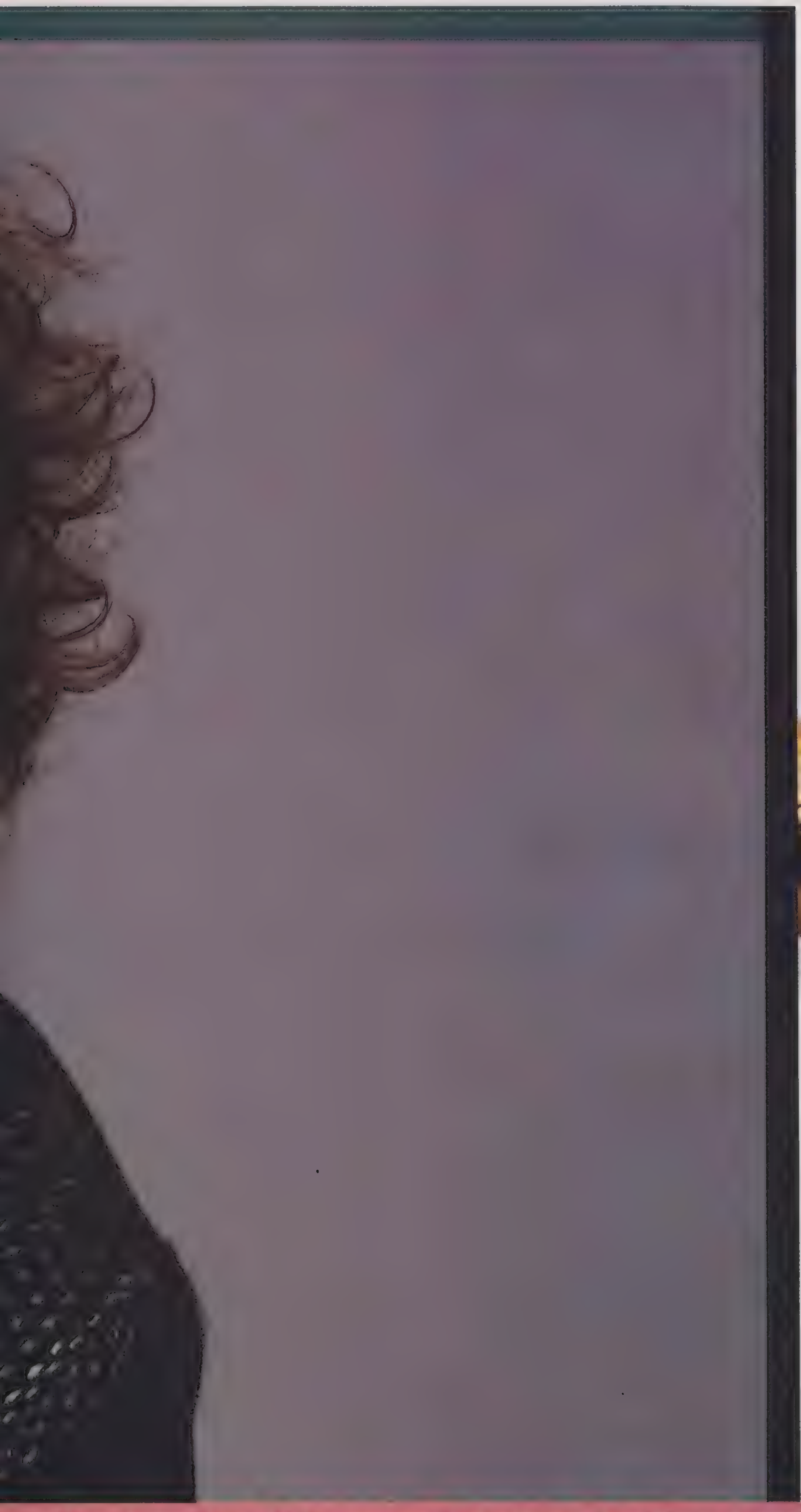
Lip & nail color, Plum Sable. Fragrance, Charlie. clothes for Cygne Designs. Earrings—Ted Muehling for ARTWEAR. © 1984 Revlon, Inc.



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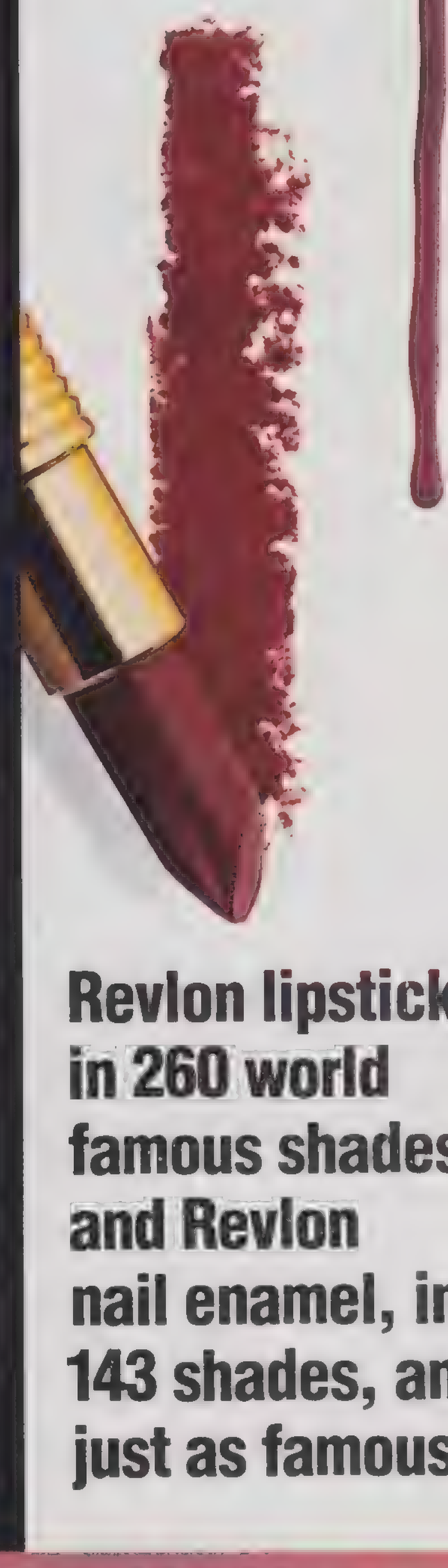

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LANCÔME
PARIS

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BEAUTY NOW

innovations

Better-than-ever skin and nail caring... easy, wearable makeup

At every time of year—and especially in summer—there are days when a woman opts for a more relaxed style of dressing, a more casual—but no less polished—approach to makeup, to the way she wears her hair. When what's wanted is the freedom, the ease captured in the photo of model Alexa Singer, at left, and on our cover. The makeup to go for at times like these: a smudge of a single neutral color (here, it's mustard yellow; soft brown or beige would work as well) around eyes, a slick of translucent red or coral on lips. The key makeup elements here: Charles of the Ritz Champagne eyeshadow blended into Perfect Copper on eyes, Cinnamon on lips, a sweep of Desert Pink on cheeks. Makeup by François Nars; hair by Didier Malige for Jean Louis David. T-shirt, Stephen Sprouse. Head-wrap, Christiaan's Knot for Stephen Sprouse. Earrings, Jim McCullough. Photograph by Avedon. Details, last pages.

COVER LOOK

hands: new beauty focus

Today, the best manicures are also the most natural-looking. Nail color has gone sheerer, more translucent, more revealing of the texture, the ''polish'' of well-cared-for nails. To that end, top nail salons—such as Jessica's in Los Angeles, opening in Tokyo this year—place as much importance on nail *condition* as on color, while more skin-care salons boost the skin-smoothing benefits of a facial with a moisturizing hand ''mask'' (in NYC, Renaissance Makeup Salon is known for botanical-based hand creams, Donsuki prized for early-A.M. appointments)...In polish formulas, too, there's a new focus on nail caring. Clinique's Glossy Nail Enamel is formaldehyde-free; Sally Hansen's new ''pales'' combine the plus of nail-hardeners with neutral, wearable color. A new take on the inevitable need for nail polish touch-ups: Revlon's Neat-Touch felt-tip nail correcting ''pens.''

Summer has always meant a lighter, more minimalist approach to skin care. Now, technology has caught up with women's demands: The latest skin-care options are formulated for real results, feel lighter on the skin than ever before. The Andrew Redman skin-care line, for one, is oil-free, formulated to help skin retain moisture; Chantal skin care—created by a woman biologist/chemist—contains Elasyn, said to ''help maintain skin's youthful elasticity, tone.'' The ''secret'' ingredient in Two Bunch Palms Spa's new skin products: water drawn from the hot spring that has made the spa a favorite of Hollywood stars (at Neiman-Marcus).

Charming, fast summer makeup: soft pink blush on cheeks/eyelids, matte pink on lips...

fragrance: tactile allure

Our first impression of a fragrance is often communicated through the visual appeal of its bottle. Now that more and more fashion designers have created signature scents, there's a new luxury, a new art to perfume bottles. Consider the sensuous shape, the semiprecious stone stoppers of the bottles for Perry Ellis's women's perfume (*top right*)...the faux ivory inkwell-shape of the containers for Ralph Lauren's new Classic Bath and Body Collection. For men, there's the streamlined architecture, the "weight" of the faceted crystal flask that holds new Lauder For Men cologne, *bottom right*. (More on men's fragrance style, page 266.)From France, recent arrivals: Daniel Aubusson's Histoire d'Amour—a floral scent tinged with oakmoss ...and, at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC, June 3-8: miniature working replicas of the fragrance-producing machinery of Grasse—courtesy of the French fragrance house Robertet.

Photo, *bottom right*, RANDOLPH GRAFF; sketch, LESLIE SZABO

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LANCÔME
PARIS

YOUR LETTERS

Martina—what makes a champion most?
I am writing in reference to "Martina," the article written by Mark Strand which appears in the April 1985 issue of Vogue.

I found the article to be very enlightening. I no longer think of Martina Navratilova as the cold, distant Czechoslovakian robot out to conquer the women's tennis circuit. I realize now that Martina does have a life beyond tennis, with interests ranging from good cuisine to excellent literature.

I will be anxiously waiting for her autobiography, *Being Myself* to be released this June.

Teresa Duffy
Woodmere NY

Picture that
Merci for your truly "Alluring Paris" article (April 1985); what art to look at! I was so impressed with Sheila Metzner's sensitive and intoxicating pictures of accessories in March, that it was hard to imagine anything *more* beautiful. Well she did it. Thank you Vogue for bringing art back to fashion, and thank you Sheila for making it such a pleasure!

Ulla Norup
Sonoma CA

Canadian comeback
In reply to Margaret Atwood's revelations on Toronto (March 1985), I would like to submit my own ponderings. In my youth I had the choice of any North American city and I picked Toronto.

I loved Detroit's Art Deco sanctums and New York's evocative madness and Toronto's bright potential. I live in the guts of Toronto's downtown. My Manhattan friends have been here and dubbed it the consummate retirement village for city dwellers.

Toronto is in its golden growing years. I find it, in the 'eighties, as seductive and charming as New York must have been in the 'twenties. Things happen here. Original thought prevails.

Come here. Be here. You'll be amazed. It's clean and uncluttered. It's trendy, fashion-loving and young. Toronto is not an inspiration. The inspiration comes to us from ourselves. It isn't cosmopolitan; it's quaint...two and a half million people quaint. I'm not famous. Ms. Atwood is. But on the day I am, Toronto will have been my cradle. I invite anyone who cares to, to come see Canada—through Toronto eyes.

Esther Stein
Toronto Canada

Madonna: sex "appalling"?
Three cheers for Peter Watrous' commentary on the Madonna phenomenon ("Madonna; Retro Sex?" March 1985 issue). He expressed what I myself and other women I know feel, but have not been able to articulate; that Madonna is not a threat because she *is* sexy (take, for example, Tina Turner—a whirlwind of female sexuality but, for me, not a threat), but because of *how* she's sexy. Madonna represents a "dinosaur" which still has enormous potential appeal. That's disturbing to a woman who was convinced that the music industry, and the male population, were sick of the candy-doll image.

Lucia T. DeRespinis
New York NY

Chain reaction
I really appreciated the article in March 1985 Vogue entitled "Women and Self-Defense." However, I found a very important error in the last paragraph [in which Detective King suggests using chain locks]: chain locks are *not* a good way to check who's at the door. A chain lock is generally not strong enough to prevent an intruder from forcing open the door. I received this information from the Seattle Police Department from whom I took a short course in personal safety.

Please let your readers know loud and clear that chain locks aren't a safe bet. Thanks.

Carolyn Boatsman
Seattle WA

Author's reply:
Detective King's emphasis was on never letting anyone inside your home without checking identification, a concern in which chain locks can play a role provided that they are of the latest design, fortified to resist easy breakage by an intruder.

Vogue on the defense
I am an American living abroad and I've been reading Vogue for years. The March 1985 issue proved to be invaluable to me.

The day after I read your articles on Women and Self-Defense, I encountered a thief in my home. My reaction was to run out fast and scream loudly. I owe you a thank you. Because of your articles I had the presence of mind to react in a split second, the thief ran and I'm fine. I think I really frightened him. Thank you for the great advice.

Deirdre Hamill Squiers
Port of Spain, Trinidad
West Indies

Abortion: controversy continues
I must applaud you for publishing and Jane O'Reilly for writing the piece "On the Vatican 24" (April 1985). Ms. O'Reilly's courage in addressing her own abortions relative to the issues raised by the brave nuns who signed the advertisement made me stop and think about my own risk taking on the abortion issue: two years ago I chose not to place a "Pro Choice" bumper sticker on my car for fear it would lead people to speculate whether I had ever had an abortion. I look back with embarrassment on that decision when I think of the conviction displayed by the Catholics for a Free Choice. Thank You.

Polly Bannister
Dublin NH

In regard to Jane O'Reilly's article "On the Vatican 24" in your April 1985 issue: I am one Catholic woman who heartily applauds the church's stand on abortion; women only become a "source of sin," to use Ms. O'Reilly's words, when they take the life of an innocent, defenseless human by abortion.

Secondly, my mother and I were both educated in Catholic schools, my mother in the same convent school as Ms. O'Reilly. I feel Ms. O'Reilly should remember where she learned *how* to write so well (I refer to technique only) before she begins labeling Catholic convent schools as places of "intellectual suppression."

Catharine Hurley Rowe
Tucson AZ

Viva Vogue!
I'm an Italian woman and I started reading Vogue about six years ago just for some practice in English. I really could not imagine it would become my chief adviser for fashion problems. Even if my dowry is not a big one, here we can find clothes by Versace, Armani (my favorite stylist), Missoni, Krizia and lots of French stylists, too; or, if we want to have a larger choice we can go to Bologna which is only fifty miles from here or to Milan. No matter how many bulky fashion magazines are published, I must say that no one is as clever as you in choosing the best from Italian and French collections. I also appreciate lots of details from the American fashions for day and the way you teach how to recognize that particular kind of dressing that works from morning to night....

Ivana Campagnoni
Ravenna, Italy

Breast cancer: more reason for hope
I would like to thank Vogue [and] Melva Weber for the article about indiscriminate use of adjuvant chemotherapy after breast-cancer surgery [April 1985]. Ms. Weber did a superb job of explaining a complex problem, and I hope it will encourage women to ask questions about cancer medicines, just as we are finally asking questions about cancer surgery.

There is one inadvertent, but most important, omission in the final text, however. Ms. Weber did give both the generic and trade names of an antiestrogen—tamoxifen (or Nolvadex)—in the original manuscript, so that women would know there is an alternative to chemotherapy for postmenopausal, estrogen-receptor "rich" women who are at high risk of recurrence. Somehow, the alternative to using toxic drugs was not mentioned, and I am concerned that this excellent article will leave women feeling hopeless. Data are available from all over the world showing that adjuvant therapy with tamoxifen is as effective for postmenopausal breast-cancer patients as chemotherapy is for younger women.

Rose Kushner, Executive Director
Breast Cancer Advisory Center
Kensington MD

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a new age

The attitude/attractiveness "equation"...makeup, haircolor: when less is more

ATTRACTIVENESS: A NEW MINDSET

've always loved youthfulness but I've never been age-conscious. Growing older—and understanding myself better—is a thrill," says a woman who, at sixty, has the kind of energy, enthusiasm, and good looks that defy chronology. Her personal beauty and fitness formula: it begins with attitude, includes well-thought-out, practical advice....

On energy: "I know to a certain degree my high energy level is genetic, inherited from my parents, but it's also a matter of knowing my capacity, my limits. I don't believe in routine, but I *am* disciplined. My job demands a great deal of energy; I also know I need nine hours of sleep a night. So I make it a habit to get them—and not to go out more than two nights during the work week.

"I also owe my energy—and my shape—to exercise. I've started every morning of my life for as long as I remember with stretching and breathing exercises. I felt my age first in a drop in my leg strength and stamina; so recently I added a one-and-one-half to two-hour up- and downhill walk on Saturday and Sunday mornings. I take long, brisk strides and try not to stop more than once. I've noticed that I sleep better, my skin color has improved, my eating habits are better—and I'm not as sensitive to the cold.

"In summer, I play golf with my husband, and I do water exercises in the pool; in winter, we always take a cross-country skiing vacation. I find I *have to* exercise; it does that much for me."

On image: "There are five signals that are instantly aging: too much makeup, the wrong hairstyle, being overweight, having bad posture, and having a lack of interest in the world around you.

"Women need to guard against getting stuck in the time warp of wearing a hairstyle that was new when they first became adults or using the same blue eyeshadow year after year. We also need to avoid the temptation to make a too-radical change just because it's 'in style'—of going to a haircut that's too short or makeup that's too extreme.

"I love change, but I know when something is too much of a change for me. At a certain age, a woman develops a sense of her own style and works to update, not abandon, it."

On diet: "I watch what I eat but I don't cut anything out. If I have a craving for sweets, I satisfy it, then forget it.

"I don't let my weight go over 122 pounds. [She is five-feet-six.] I don't really 'diet' though: I know what's good for me and what's not. I eat very little red meat, loads of fresh fruits and vegetables, a whole grapefruit every morning. I get fiber in food, not a pill. I love bottled waters; I can't get enough."

On looking feminine: "I love it. To me, it's smelling good, having a fresh haircut so my hair swings around my face, and, at night, wearing a dress that's slightly revealing. I know I'm in good shape for my age—and I like to show it."

On relaxation: "Silence is very important to me. I must have private time every day to think, to reflect, to be grateful for my treasure of a husband, my children... I love my work and throw myself into it, but I've also learned to throw it away when I'm on vacation.

"I don't believe in failure—if you've learned something, how can you have failed?"

LESS IS MORE

That's the answer, today, to several key hair and makeup concerns.
To covering grey: *"The idea is not to go darker, back to your original hair color, but to go for warmer highlights," says Annie Humphreys, Vidal Sassoon's international color director.*
"Going darker means you'll be a slave to touch-ups; warm tones—caramel, coffee, or beige, not dark browns or yellow blond —allow grey to blend in, eliminate the need for constant recoloring"....
In makeup, *experts urge a move, as a woman passes forty, to less severe —i.e., less deep or bright—colors.*
"Forget black eyeliner," says makeup artist François Nars. "It can make a woman's eyes look tired at any age. Instead, use soft—not muddy —brown, beige, apricot, or pale grey powder shadow, blended till it's sheer. If you wear foundation, choose a liquid formula; it lets the look of your skin come through." (Cover Girl's new Replenishing Makeup combines skin-care benefits with light coverage)....
The one spot on the face a woman always can go for more vibrant color: the mouth, says model Carmen in her new book, "Staying Beautiful" (with Alfred Allan Lewis; Harper & Row). Her favorites: warm pink, bright red lipstick....
For those times when precision counts: the fold-flat-as-a-book, generously sized, Magnificent Magnifying Mirror is lighted, recharges for travel.
(Revlon's Moon Drops Deep-Moisturizing Aloe Masque helps "prep" skin for smoother makeup application.)

COVERAGE

It's always been a tricky question: how to camouflage wrinkles, enlarged pores, acne scars without using a lot of makeup. Luminique—an instantly absorbed-into-skin moisturizer containing tiny quartz particles that mimic smooth skin's light-reflecting quality—works to improve the texture, not change the color, of skin; can be applied over or under foundation, even work alone. Key to a natural-looking effect, say its creators: that you apply Luminique with the lightest of hands, *only* to spots where coverage is needed, not all over the face. Too heavy application makes for cakiness, less skin comfort.

Five signals that are instantly aging: too much makeup, the wrong hairstyle, being overweight, having bad posture, and having a lack of interest in the world around you"

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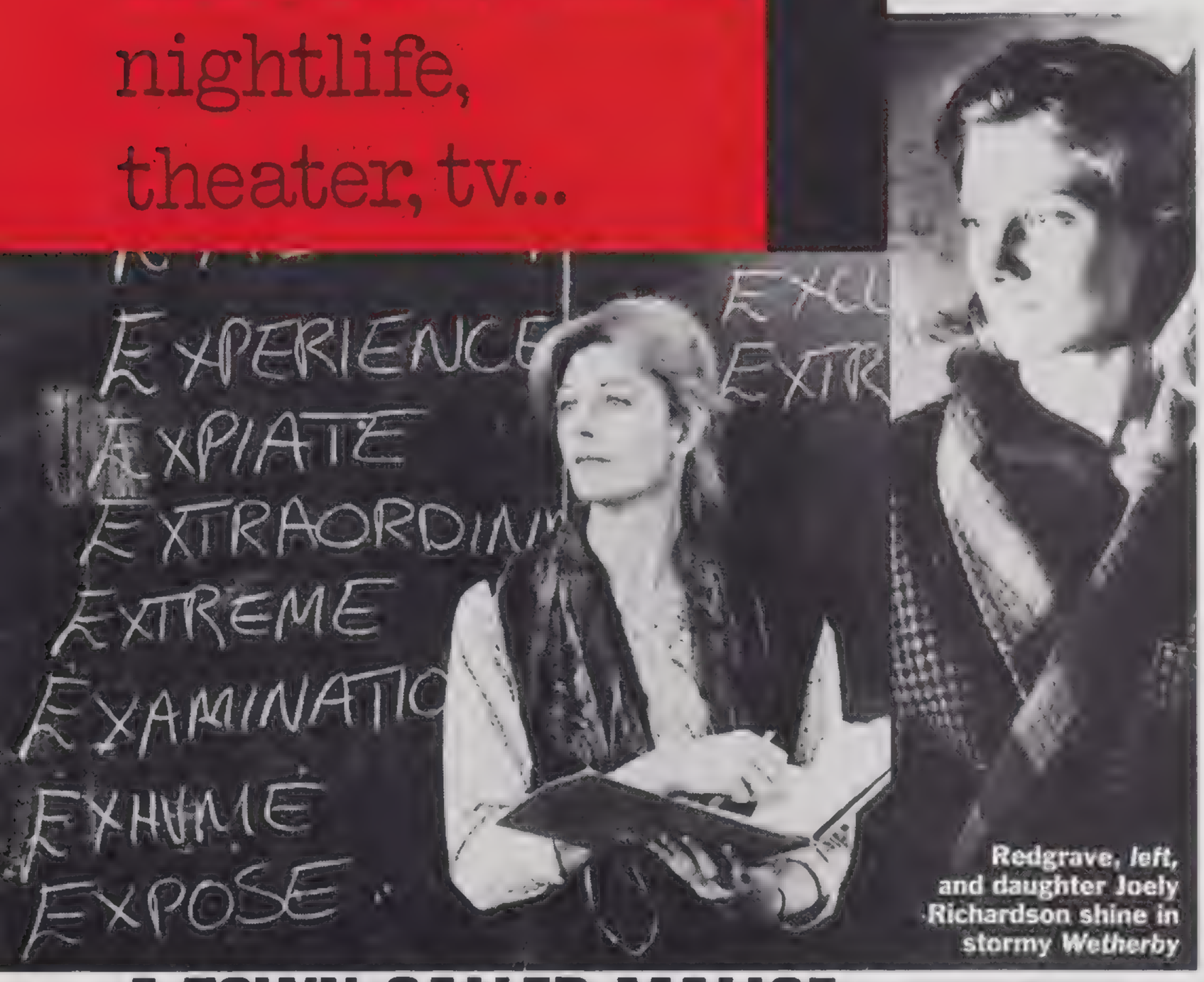
BRUNO MAGLI

What's new, what's coming... movies, art, museums, music, nightlife, theater, tv...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



Redgrave, left, and daughter Joely Richardson shine in stormy Wetherby

A TOWN CALLED MALICE

Wetherby, a small town in Yorkshire, is both real and imaginary. That is, it was real until playwright David Hare chose it as the setting for his first film. By the time he had filled it with scandal, sex, terror, and all manner of juicy improprieties, as embodied by a blue-ribbon British cast, it had become a high-brow Peyton Place.

The result is the hugely entertaining and cryptic film, *Wetherby*, a modernist mystery that is a meditation on the British psyche as a deadly weapon. Unlike *Plenty*, Hare's inaptly named and pretentiously austere play of a few seasons back, *Wetherby* is a veritable cornucopia of event, psychology, eroticism. It is also a finely etched and gently satiric study of the beauty and parochialism of small-town life.

A violent suicide disrupts the town and especially the lives of a group of middle-aged friends. Jean, a schoolteacher played with casual radiance by Vanessa Redgrave (see page 240), is in the grip of ancient, unresolved memories. Ian Holm and Judi Dench play a mutually loathing married couple who rarely speak. (In flashbacks, Joely Richardson, Vanessa Redgrave and Tony Richardson's daughter, is magically appropriate as the young Jean.)

A dinner party given by Jean is the movie's central event. We return to it in ever-widening circles, seeing more but never quite enough. (This movie has the odd effect of leaving you hungry and full at the same time.) We come to realize that one of the guests, the suicidal student played mesmerizingly by Tim McInnerny, is a complete stranger. There is a sly dig at British politeness, the reticence that allows the group to accept the interloper without questioning his identity. But this is part of a darker theme, the sin of omission. People never say what they feel, never reach out when they should, and the loss haunts the movie at every level.

Hare's fractured narrative style recalls both Nicholas Roeg and the erotic ellipses of Pinter/Losey movies, but his sensuality is raunchier and more direct than either. The brief encounter between Redgrave (who has never been more appealing) and a persevering detective, a winning blend of the civilized and the hard-boiled played by Stuart Wilson, throbs with passion.

Hare isn't shy about using theatrical and movie conventions that border on cliché: the Mysterious Stranger whose gnomic utterances throw everybody else's artifices and hypocrisies into relief; the ripe and amoral young woman (Suzanna Hamilton of *1984* fame) whose mere presence is a sexual provocation. But the cast has been chosen and directed with such an eye to individuality, and with such respect for the mysteries of character, that *Wetherby* emerges as the freshest, most tantalizingly cerebral *and* sensual movie of the year. —MOLLY HASKELL

MGM/UA Classics

MOVIES ... MOVIES ...

OUR BODIES, OUR QUADS

Should women who pump iron competitively be obliged to stay within the boundaries of the feminine, or is biggest best? This may not be the most urgent question facing Americans today, but it provides the provocative central debate of *Pumping Iron II: The Women*.

This surprisingly charming movie from the people who gave you *Pumping Iron* is superior to the male prequel for several reasons. One is a more adventurous format that builds on the intuitive camera work of Dyanna Taylor, and the other is that the women, being constitutionally incapable of reaching the gargantuan size of their male counterparts, are actually more attractive, less grotesque than the men.

We follow four highly individual front-runners as they train for the Caesars Palace World Cup Championship in Las Vegas and argue over the issue raised by Bev Francis, a body-builder from Australia whose musculature makes the rest of them look like beauty queens with a few quad's, tri's, and bi's thrown in.

Carla Dunlap, an articulate black contestant from New Jersey, is one of the few to acknowledge that body-building is, after all, about muscles. It doesn't help the cause of tradition that the standard-bearer of the "feminine" is Rachel, a simpering born-again Christian, the Phyllis Schlafly of body-building, whose locked mind seems to go hand in hand with rigid definitions of femininity; while Bev is a cheery good ol' girl whose capacious femininity allows her to love muscles without seeming a freak.

Female body-building is an activity that wouldn't exist if women hadn't been allowed to become more like men—yet the judges, and one woman in particular, fearing for the "image" of the sport, try to draw the line. But the crowd is way ahead of the judges—they love Bev and so do we! I defy anyone not to be startled by what happens to their preconceptions when a woman whose proportions should offend all our notions of femininity becomes a heroine. —M.H.

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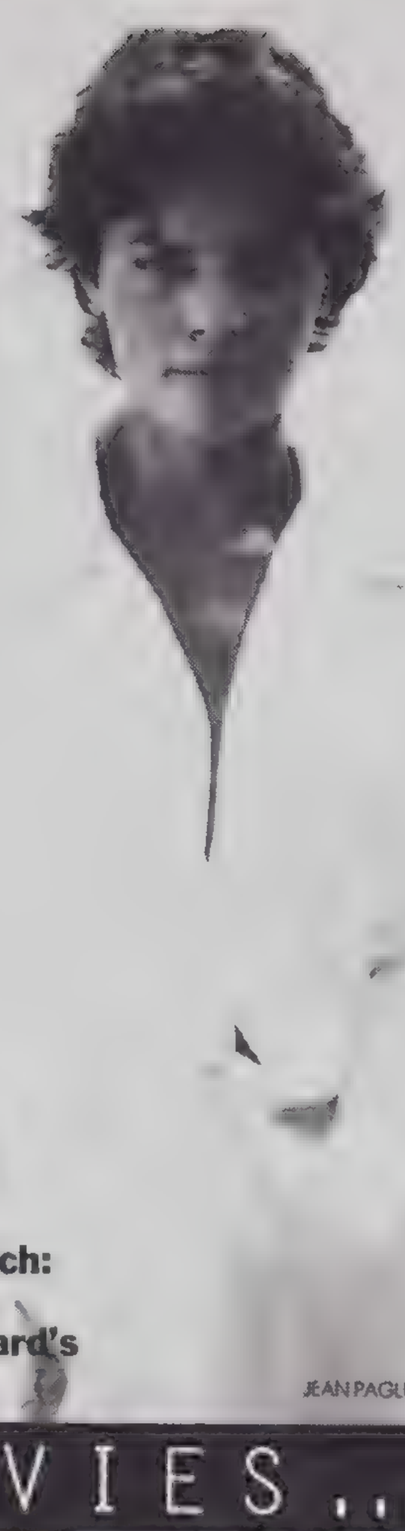
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

INVASION OF THE HOLLYWOOD OFFSPRING

If director Ron Howard isn't careful, he's going to get a reputation as the Yuppie with the Muppet mentality. First he scores with a movie about a mermaid who learns English from TV, slithers through Bloomingdale's, and tempts a romantic young fellow into the dubious depths of the Hudson River—the first happy ending to require a tetanus vaccination, except for maybe *Greystoke*. Now Howard's taken on extra-terrestrials. His new movie, *Cocoon*, is about a race of humanoids called the Anterians who come to earth to rescue some long-lost relatives stored in cocoons at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

The stars of the show—Raquel Welch's daughter, Tahnee, twenty-four, and Tyrone Power, Jr., twenty-six—are both gorgeous, if inexperienced and possessed of an Anterian eloquence. "It's an ensemble part," Tahnee says, but it could do for them what *Splash* did for a similarly endowed Daryl Hannah.

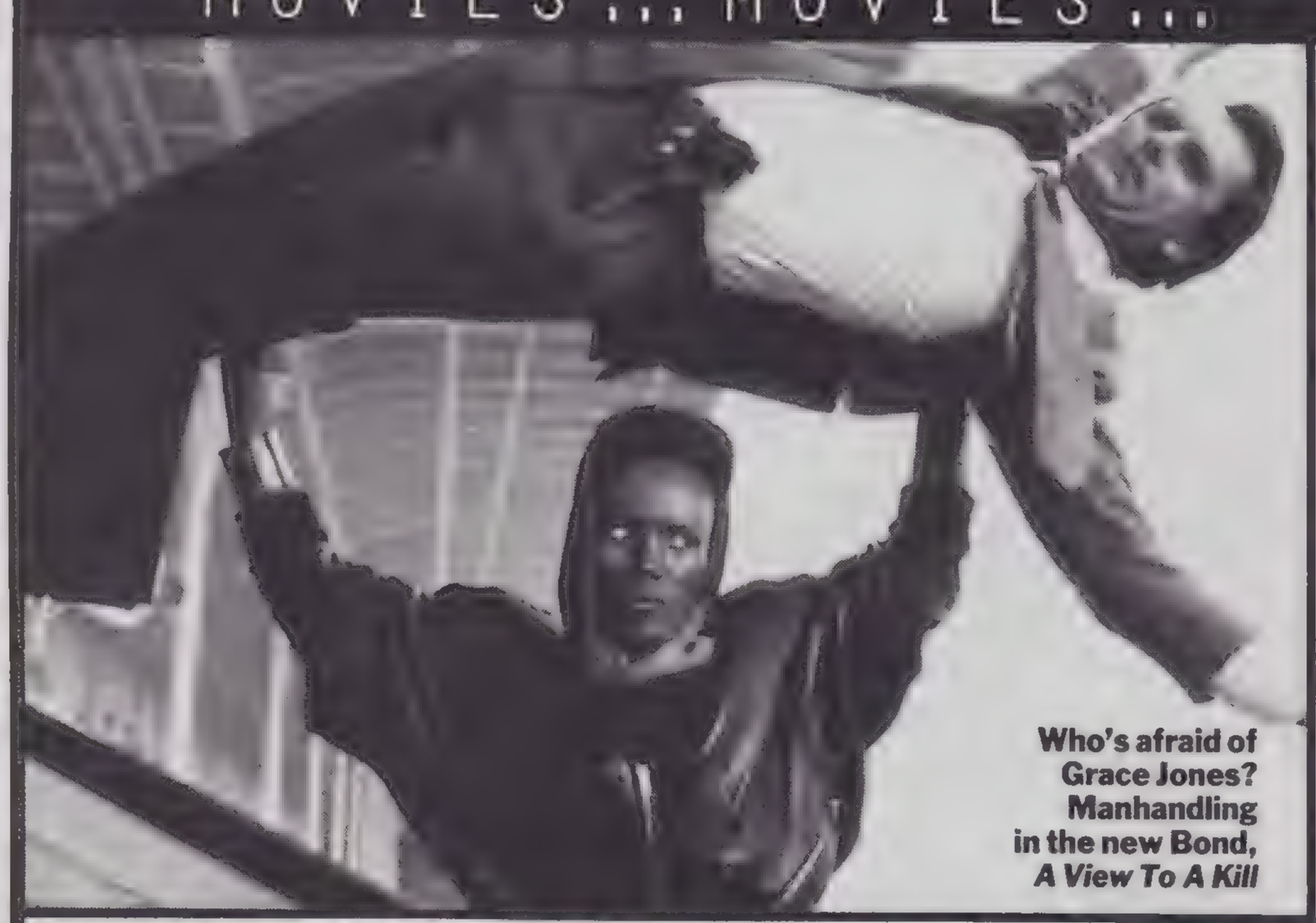
Cocoon also stars a team of heavy-hitters—Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jack Gilford, and Don Ameche—who are the antedeluvians to the youngsters' Anterians.



Tahnee Welch: a big splash in Ron Howard's *Cocoon?*

JEAN PAGLIUSO

MOVIES... MOVIES...



Who's afraid of Grace Jones? Manhandling in the new Bond, *A View To A Kill*

GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

Back in 1977, when Grace Jones first belted out her disco anthem "I Need A Man," her hard-core fans were tempted to add: What for? Five feet, nine inches tall and dressed, for the most part, in chains, Jones overwhelmed her heavy-leather audience. For a long time, this fabulous creature, who turned up, like some Belle Epoque exotic, at every media event—and who seemed to be a figment of art director Jean-Paul Goude's fevered imagination—was rumored to *be* a man. It was only fitting that her film debut in *Conan the Destroyer* set her opposite someone as incontestable as Arnold Schwarzenegger.

The Amazon Grace's latest role is "May Day" in the new James Bond film, *A View To A Kill*. Starring with Roger Moore as 007 and Chris Walken as the mysterious Max Zorin, Jones joins a list of esteemed Bond arch-villainesses that began with Lotte Lenya as Rosa Klebb (the machisma Russian with a stiletto in her boot toe). Jones's performance will no doubt send them heels over head. —TRACY YOUNG

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... MOVIES...

The family that plays together... Nicholson, Huston, and Huston in *Prizzi's Honor*

MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA

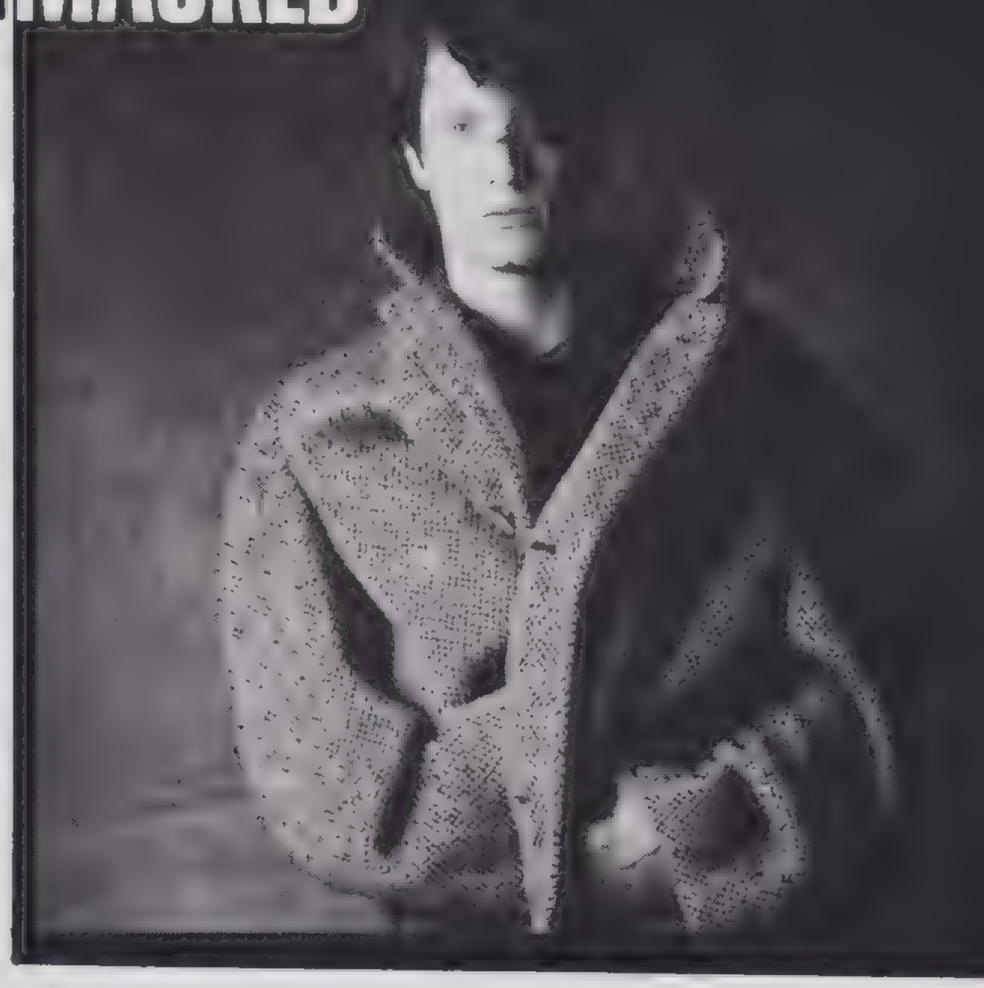
LET'S GET OEDIPAL

America's favorite institution, the Mafia, gets the big send-up in this movie, *Prizzi's Honor*. Featuring the Godfather as gourmand--and directed by John Huston, whose middle name is not exactly temperance, *Prizzi's Honor* stars Kathleen Turner as a hit lady who poses as an accountant, and falls in love with Jack Nicholson, the *sotto capo*. Business and pleasure go *mano a mano* and the plot, like a good ravioli sauce, thickens when John Huston's daughter, Anjelica--playing the *don*'s granddaughter--falls in love with Nicholson, her real-life lover, who, in the film at least, rebuffs her. Speaking of thick, can you imagine making a movie with your father *and* your lover? Ah well, when it comes to the Mafia, even the Hollywood branch, it's all in the family.

ERIC STOLTZ UNMASKED

He was Sean Penn's surfer sidekick in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* but just as it took *Elephant Man* to make people recognize John Hurt, it was *Mask* that revealed Eric Stoltz. As Rocky, a teenager afflicted with a severely disfiguring disease, Stoltz faced an extraordinary challenge—the elaborate makeup allowed only his eyes to show. And although cynics may argue that there's no way to judge a performance under so much foam rubber, Stoltz's triumph was in his uncanny ability to make us see the boy behind the mask. That's acting.

Costarring in *Emerald* with Ed Harris, Stoltz at twenty-two is sure of himself and his dead-on instincts. During the filming of *Mask*, when Cher, who plays his biker Mom, was having her differences with director Peter Bogdanovich, Stoltz advised her: "You shouldn't say, 'No'; you should say, 'Yes,' and then do what you want." That's acting, too. —T.Y.



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KURT SCHWITTERS: WHEN WORDS COLLAGE

Kurt Schwitters, The Museum of Modern Art, New York City, June 10–October 1

Kurt Schwitters did not invent collage, but, more than anyone else, he developed it into a major medium that rivals painting. A magician at transforming the ephemera of everyday life, he scavenged scraps of colored paper, cloth, and newsprint clippings, as well as mailing labels, comic strips, train tickets, canceled postage stamps, buttons, and remnants of old wood.

Born in 1887 in Hanover, Germany, Schwitters was a large man (six-foot-two) with an impish twinkle in his eye and, according to a friend, an enormous voice "like a trumpet." He was a poet, an assemblagist, a writer, a typographer, a publisher, and a pioneer performance artist.

Among the artists of his time, Schwitters was perhaps the most obsessed with words. Their appearance and sound played a crucial role in all of his activities. In 1924, he publicly performed a poem that consisted only of the letter "W," reciting the *doppel weh* slowly, his voice rising from a whisper to a siren's wail.

Schwitters began making collages in 1919, combining the formal structures of Cubism and Futurism with the iconoclastic spirit of Dada. His compositional framework was basically Cubist, but he sometimes organized his pictures centrifugally, with elements whirling away from the center. He dubbed all of his work "*MERZ*," a neologism that he derived from a portion of an advertisement for the *Kommerz und Privatbank* that he had pasted down in one of his works.

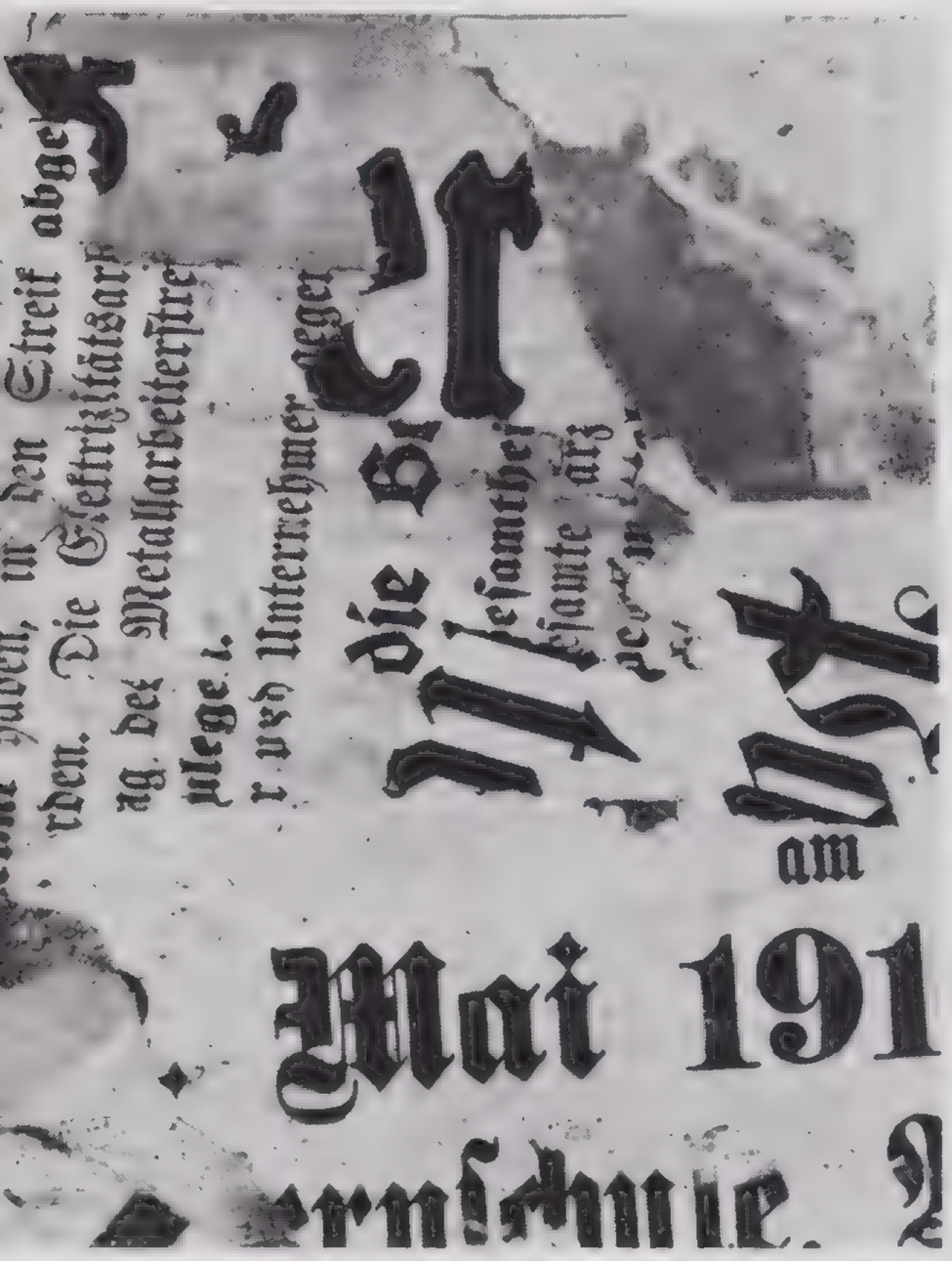
Schwitters' magnum opus was an environmental assemblage, the "*MERZ*bau," which he built in his home in Hanover between 1924 and his departure from Nazi Germany in 1937. Made of discarded wood, molded plaster, cardboard, scraps of metal, and old furniture, the "*MERZ*bau" grew by bits and pieces until it extended upwards through two stories and downward into the cellar. Unfortunately, it was destroyed in a bombing raid.

Soon after his work was included in the notorious, Nazi-organized show of *Entartete Kunst* ("degenerate art"), Schwitters settled in Norway. In 1940, when the Germans invaded Norway, he fled to England, where he died eight years later. During his bleak final years, the ailing artist seemed an all-but-forgotten figure, an odd foreigner who turned out strange little collages and nonsense poems.

Today, Schwitters is regarded as an internationally influential artist. His creative legacy can be found in the work of many important American artists such as Motherwell, Rauschenberg, Nevelson, John Chamberlain, and Ray Johnson. It seems there is scarcely a material or technique that Schwitters did not illuminate or prophesy.

The show travels to London and Hanover, West Germany.

—DAVID BOURDON



Schwitters' 1921 collage, "Mai 191," finds poetry in torn paper and Gothic typefaces.

Marlborough Fine Art (London) Ltd

A murdered wife—the face on the burning lantern—haunts her husband in "The Lantern Ghost of Oiwa," an 1830s woodblock print by Shunkōsai Hokuei

WHAT COMES OUT WHEN THE RISING SUN GOES DOWN?

Japanese Ghosts and Demons: Arts of the Supernatural; The Asia Society, New York City; June 13—September 8

When it comes to ghosts and demons, American artists have lamentably impoverished imaginations, probably because they exist in a pragmatic, materialistic society that gives little credence to the supernatural. The Japanese, by contrast, have a superabundance of ghosts, demons, goblins, and other supernatural beings, including spirits of the dead and many apparitions of nonhuman origin. The transistorization of Japan has apparently not sent a single spook fleeing.

This exhibition is full of delightfully creepy and memorably macabre images, providing a comprehensive introduction to Japan's supernatural world, represented in about one hundred prints, scrolls, ink paintings, screens, books, and small carvings (netsuke).

Female ghosts have had a particularly long and illustrious history in Japan. The famous eleventh-century novel *Tale of Genji* includes a number of them, notably Lady Rokujō, one of Prince Genji's lovers. Today, female ghosts are given living, white-pigmented flesh in Japan's Kabuki theater. Kabuki also has its moralistic male ghosts, of course, who generally serve up supernatural justice, but they are seldom as horrific as the passionately wronged and avenging female ghosts, particularly as performed by Kabuki stars Utaemon VI and Tamasaburo V, who specialize in *onnagata* or female roles, bringing an almost palpable sorcery to their parts.

In real life, Japanese women traditionally have possessed little in the way of financial resources or legal recourse when threatened with abandonment or abuse. Therefore, cautionary tales of avenging female ghosts helped keep unfaithful and cruel husbands and lovers in line.

One of Japan's most famous lady ghosts is Oiwa, the victim of her treacherous husband, Iyemon. Because Iyemon wanted to marry the granddaughter of a well-to-do-neighbor, he poisoned Oiwa. Her anger managed to kill her before the poison did, but she got even. At Iyemon's marriage celebration, he lifted the veil of his new bride, only to discover the poison-disfigured face of Oiwa. In his confusion, he drew his sword and severed the head of his bride. Oiwa continued to haunt him, appearing everywhere, even in an overhead paper lantern that caught fire and, as it burned, assumed the appearance of her face. The terrifying apparition is memorably portrayed by Shunkōsai Hokuei in a woodblock print, produced in the early 1830s.

The exhibition, which is accompanied by a scholarly, amply illustrated book (Braziller), travels to the University of Kansas in Lawrence, the University of Texas at Austin, and the University of California at Berkeley.

—D.B.

Asia Society Galleries

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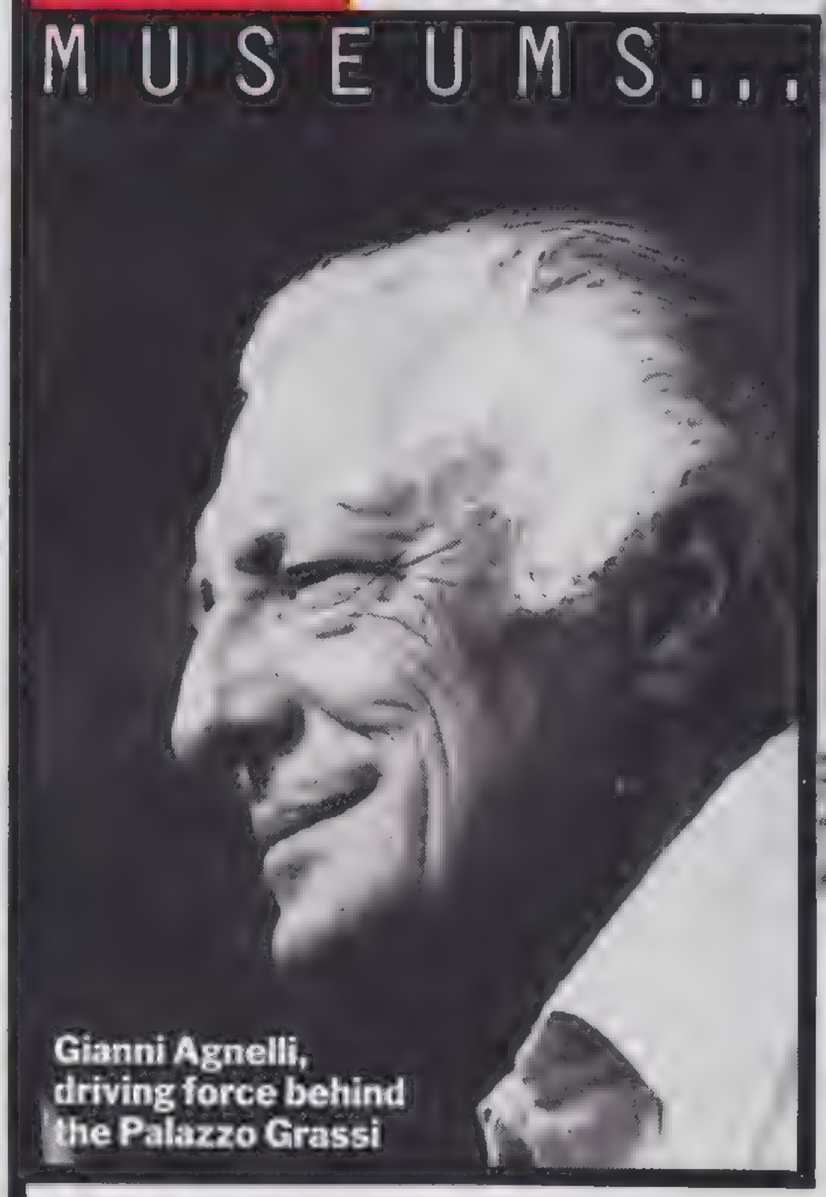
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

MUSEUMS...



Gianni Agnelli, driving force behind the Palazzo Grassi

Room with a view: Pistoletto "Persone nere"

ART BY FIAT

Until Gianni Agnelli, on behalf of Fiat, acquired Palazzo Grassi in Venice with the intention of turning it into one of the liveliest and most prestigious museums in Italy, no corporation there had ever made such a long-term commitment to a cultural institution. For Italy, it's a big deal. It's an even bigger deal that Pontus Hulten, of Beaubourg fame was chosen to be its artistic director. The sixty-year-old Swedish impresario has dedicated his life to making museums "user friendly" (succeeding only too well in Paris, where the daily stampede of thirty thousand visitors has somewhat dulled the glow of Rogers and Piano's engineering feat).

There is nothing diminutive about any part of this operation. Mr. Agnelli's sister Suni, recently released from her duties as Mayor of Santo Stefano, was unanimously elected to head up the "Friends of Palazzo Grassi Committee," some of the friends being Italy's minister of finance Bruno Visentini and New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art director Philippe de Montebello.

The first show, planned for May 1986, will be *Futurismo: I Futurismi* (*Futurism: The Futurists*) and should be typical of Hulten's "total art" approach to exhibitions. It will cover large chunks of geographic, chronological, and esthetic territory and touch on different media: art, film, theater, fashion, design, music—a total-immersion historical reconstruction from which the viewer will not escape without a fly's-eye vision of the period "pinned and wriggling on the wall" (as T.S. Eliot might have put it).

Meanwhile, architects Gae Aulenti and Antonio Foscari are respectfully renovating the entire Palazzo with a view to making it a functional exhibition space as well as the "erotic and seductive place" Hulten thinks a museum ought to be. It is one of life's delightful ironies that Fiat, Europe's largest car manufacturer, should have chosen to tie up its image to that of the one city in the world which, as John Julius Norwich says in his *A History of Venice*, has resisted "the menace of the motor car." —GINI ALHADEFF

TEACHING AN OLD CASTLE NEW TRICKS

Kidnap one of those people who think contemporary art is something between a joke and personal affront. Drive him twelve kilometers out of Turin to the eighteenth-century castle of Rivoli. Turn him loose in this Versailles of contemporary art, a light-filled labyrinth consisting of thirty-odd rooms—some huge and some very intimate, some white-washed, some with painted ceilings and ornate frescoed panels—containing the work of seventy leading European and American artists. This may not make art groupies out of skeptics, but it might give them some idea of what all the fuss is about.

I used to think that the high-tech engineering of Paris's Beaubourg was brilliant. It was, but maybe, just maybe, critics had a point when they said it was great for industrial parts but tough on art. The news is that ornament, the villain of modernism, works wonders for contemporary art.

Rudi Fuchs, curator of Berlin's last *Dokumenta* and director of Holland's Van Abbe Municipal Museum, assembled *Ouverture*, the inaugural exhibition, and calls it an "ideal collection made up of individual works, as opposed to trends." In many cases, the artists were able to choose a space and create a work for it. Many of the installations and juxtapositions are so natural that they appear to have gravitated towards the space they occupy by a sort of magnetic attraction.

It is a very subjective *mise en scène*, one that is more at ease, perhaps, with the art of the 'sixties and 'seventies than with that of the 'eighties. On top of that, some of the art world's current heroes have been intentionally left out. But who cares about shop politics when you can walk from a Sol LeWitt room, frescoed in vibrant blue and green geometric shapes, to Lothar Baumgarten's "Rheinsberg Room," where the walls are painted in pure powdery indigo pigment and decorated with exotic birds' feathers and the names of fruits and animals from the Amazon. The architecture of the Enlightenment is a lyrical container for twentieth-century art, and it makes some neutral museum partitions look like a pretty outdated "Modernist" alternative. —G. A.

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PUTTING ON THE RING

Like other monumental art, Richard Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungs* generously lends itself to perpetual reinterpretation. Ever since Patrice Chéreau's stark, "high-tech" production inflamed the Bayreuth Festival in 1976, politically relevant *Rings* featuring factory settings have been all the rage. But now the soot has been swept away. The *Ring* that will be seen at the San Francisco Opera this month gleams like a jewel in a newly romantic Wagnerian setting.

Though huge neo-classical portals frame the stage throughout, this *Ring* can't be located in a specific time period. "It is simply legendary," says Sarah Billinghurst, the company's artistic administrator. "The production isn't 'old-fashioned,' but we have definitely gone back to the original *Ring*. There is lots of passion and romance, dragons and fire. Brünnhilde wears a helmet with feathers. It's all gorgeous."

But this *Ring* has a moral, too. According to director Nikolaus Lehnhoff, who worked with Wagner's grandson, Wieland, in Bayreuth: "My aim is to show the tragedy of man when his only goal is to gain endless power at the expense of love."

The audiences in San Francisco have been rapturous over what they've seen and heard of the *Ring* so far. (*Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* premiered in 1983; *Siegfried* last year.) With the new production of *Götterdämmerung*, the last opera of the cycle in which the world collapses and Valhalla burns, the entire *Ring* comes to fruition. The four operas will be performed three times in true cycle form, as Wagner intended, night after night after night after night.

The cast is sublime: Eva Marton (*Brünnhilde*), an exuberant soprano and perfect match for Rene Kollo's vigorous Siegfried; Peter Hoffman, the magnetic German tenor and sometime rock star; Gwyneth Jones, a veteran of Chéreau's *Ring;* James Morris, the Met's bass baritone; and Jeannine Altmeyer, a vivacious California soprano.

Performances have been sold out since last December. In sympathy, the San Francisco Opera is offering Von Weber's *Der Freischütz*, billed as "the opera that changed Wagner's life," and a video *Ring* to be simulcast next door to the main event—lush consolation prizes for the Wagner faithful.

—SUZANNE MANTELL

Thoughtful gospel: David Byrne spreads the word

RICHARD CORMAN

David Byrne's *Music for the Knee Plays* (ECM), was written for Robert Wilson's legendary twelve-hour opera *the CIVIL WarS*, as yet unperformed in its entirety. *Music* is patterned closely after black American brass and gospel music. But Byrne ducks charges of plagiarism by changing exultant believers' music into a solemn, sometimes witty, musical backdrop to his deadpan monologues. Invoking thought instead of emotion, his smoothly punctilious brass band bumps the sanctified into the realm of Art. —P.W.

MUSIC...MUSIC...

French composer Joseph Canteloube's arrangements for the folksongs he collected from the Auvergne region of France are brazenly mimetic. When a song takes place by a stream, strings burble; at a party, horns turn raucous. On *Chants d'Auvergne*, Volume II (London), his orchestrations for the songs sung by soprano Kiri Te Kanawa suit her the way just the right setting suits a flawless pearl. They evoke drama, too: when three cavalrymen pass a love-sick washerwoman, the orchestra glows with possibility. When they ride by, the orchestra grows gloomy, and words, melody, and background work together to convey her profound sadness. —P.W.

Arranging grace: Kiri Te Kanawa takes to French provincial

STAN FELLERMAN

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SUMO: MORE IS MORE

The American fascination with things Japanese continues: sumo wrestling, the groaning board of athletic endeavor, is coming to New York City this month. The national pastime of Japan, sumo is not to be confused with American-style professional wrestling, although both feature seminude, overweight men grabbing at each other. You won't see sumo wrestlers pretending to gouge out each other's eyes or dressing up like Arabs or being managed by Cyndi Lauper. Nor will you see American professional wrestlers stamping on the mat to drive away demons.

Sumo is a true sport, a sport of dignity and even beauty that originated as a religious ritual a millennium and a half ago. Surrounded by elaborate ceremony, a sumo match is a starkly simple affair, usually lasting only a minute or so. The first wrestler who either is forced out of the clay ring or touches ground with any part of his body other than his feet loses. After the initial grappling and belly slapping, the wrestlers often deadlock, equal forces turned into immovable objects. Then, in a split second that is the crux of the match, the balance of tension breaks, one man's will dominates the other's, the loser goes flying—physical competition as pure as a haiku.

What we're getting here in America is a three-day exhibition tournament (a real one lasts for fifteen) featuring all the wrestlers from sumo's highest division. The top star is Chiyonofuji, one of only two Grand Champions now competing (only fifty-seven wrestlers have ever reached this ranking), and who, at a comparatively svelte 267 pounds, is said to be a favorite with the ladies. Another face to look for is Konishiki's: an embarrassment of riches, his 489 pounds make him the heaviest man in sumo history. Nicknamed "Meat Bomb," he's an American (from Hawaii) and is currently shooting up the standings, no doubt helping to tip the trade deficit back toward the U.S. of A. —BRUCE HANDY

ERIC KROLL

GIANT STEPS—Despite his global belly and enormous weight, the sumo wrestler moves with the precision and assurance of a dancer. Western notions of physical prowess require the lean profile and capacity for speed of a Baryshnikov or of diver Greg Louganis. Yet the sumos look like huge, fleshy babies, and move meditatively through the hypnotic ceremony that opens each bout. Like a dancer's barré, the wrestler's deep crouches, calligraphic arm circles, leg lifts, and stomps warm the muscles and increase flexibility.

The wrestler accelerates from his stately dance to the gods into the hunkered-down violence of the match as effortlessly as a dancer gathers energy for a string of brilliant pirouettes. It is this astounding fusion of spiritualized gesture and sudden explosiveness that most dramatically separates sumo from Western athletics and dance, and creates a remarkable theater all its own.

—LISE FRIEDMAN

DAVID HARE, QUITE CONTRAIRE

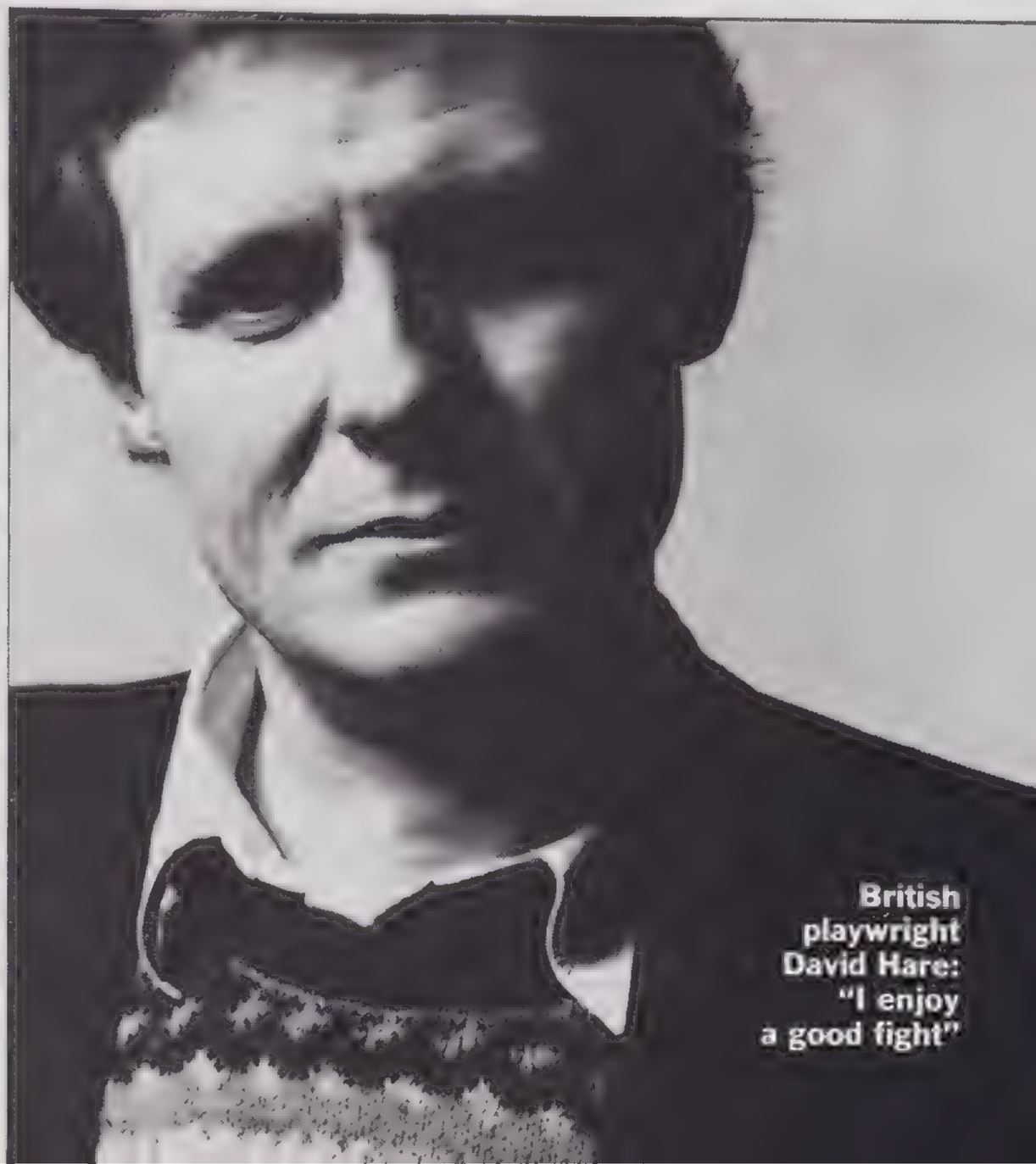
Superlatives run riot and the air is rife with rich comparisons when people speak of David Hare, playwright (*Plenty*) and now filmmaker (*Wetherby*; see page 54). Some see in his corrosive wit a latter-day John Osborne; while to others his skill at social analysis presages the next Joseph Losey. Sir Peter Hall, head of Britain's National Theatre, where Hare has worked as writer and director, says, "He has brought intelligent mockery back to the stage—Jonson, Congreve, Fielding, Shaw would understand what he is doing."

But should you not completely understand what Hare is doing, you're in some danger. This socialist writer is also famed for the scorn he heaps on those critical infidels so blind and foolish as to hold some reservations about his work, and he explodes on the pages of national newspapers that, quite exceptionally, accord him long articles for the right of reply. "I enjoy a good fight," he told me in his office at the National Theatre, which for some reason displayed a vintage magazine piece on the young Bardot. The atmosphere was very hot indeed in anticipation of his current play, *Pravda*, an epic comedy about British journalism, which he wrote with Howard Brenton and privately calls "a reader's revenge."

Nearly all Hare's works speak of the decline of England, a line of thought he has made into a dramatic genre for left-wing masochists; and nearly all of them have female protagonists. But while he will hold forth on the Decline—and very cleverly, too—he's not too voluble about his heroines. Writing big roles for women is simply a good way of getting his imagination going, he says, though he adds that women, being the watchers as men are the doers, are inclined to act as a moral conscience. For this he's been scourged by feminists.

Hare "dreamed" *Wetherby* by free association, and has gone on record saying that he doesn't quite know what the film is about. *A Map of the World*, which arrives in New York this fall, is, however, "a willed work." It takes on the Third World; its heroine, a more minor figure than usual, is an American philosophy grad-turned-actress who beneficently offers her body to the winner of a philosophical debate. When it was done in London, several British actresses, finding her implausible, turned down the role. But from the U.S., Hare had a stream of letters crying: "Employ me, she's me!" When I said this still seemed to me a naïve view of American womanhood, he looked so aghast and pained that I found myself humbly apologizing. Hare is genuinely hurt if you don't agree with him. —VICTORIA RADIN

MERVYN FRANKLYN



British playwright David Hare: "I enjoy a good fight"

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THE ACE OF CLUBS

"Opening nights are so squishy," squawks a Laupered nightbird straining amid equally resplendent hopefuls to gain entry to Area, Manhattan's premier dance club.

Though over a year old, Area maintains its mystique by constantly reinventing itself. Every six weeks, its Yuppie owners spend up to $60,000 transforming its interior: slide projections, walk-through constructions, and dioramas offer witty and often bizarre commentary on "Suburbia," "Fashion," or "Red."

If the history of "partying" ever enters the Britannica, Area will be remembered for having the best invitations. The ones for "Carnival" were inside Cracker Jack boxes. Fifty-five hundred were sent, but invites do not guarantee entry, so outside on opening night is as cozy as a People's Express Terminal during spring break.

Yet, bless them, this crowd feigns boredom better than Hamlet did madness. "I don't need this," whines the nightbird, "but *they* said I had to come," gesturing towards her flock.

Once inside, however, they frantically rush to inspect the changes. The macabre tubing and pseudo-aliens of "Science-Fiction," the last installation, are gone, replaced by barkers hawking the Great Shark Race, popcorn, and Playboy Pinball Machines, and posters of "The Terrifying Drug Child" (there is none). The soundtrack to *The Music Man* is blasting, and Shirley Jones's trill drives regulars of both sexes screaming into the semi-legendary ladies room for solace, gossip, passion, or narcissism.

The Lounge is where Ariettes love to sashay their finery past such fashion mentors as Calvin Klein, Boy George, and Mayor Koch; but tonight's arrival of Prince has caused a less than soigné stampede. The Lounge also contains Area's living centerpiece, Zette. This evening he is one-half of a Siamese twin, joined to an identical mannequin by the unthinkable—their hair.

Though the music at Area is surprisingly funky, the crowd doesn't often forsake posing for primal urges. But the new installation has made them uncharacteristically buoyant, and they gleefully take to the dance floor—except for one short dejected young man wearing enough glitz to frighten a Mummer. "Carnival!" he weeps. "I thought it said 'Carnevale'! Oooh, I should have come as a dwarf."

—HAL RUBINSTEIN

Area, 157 Hudson St., NYC

NIGHTLIFE...

Patriotism flourishes at N.Y.C.'s Beat Club

THE BEAT IS ON

The next night at the Beat Cocktail Lounge, Area's opening seems like a fever dream. Feathers are sleekly unruffled again; many swear they didn't go last night, or did, but really didn't have a good time. All fibs are graciously accepted.

The Beat is one of those things that happens almost accidentally, and is so new even Andy Warhol's assistant hasn't told him about it yet. During the week, the location looks like what it is, an American Legion Hall. But once a week, on Thursday nights, there's an invasion of young Americans in decidedly different uniforms.

Tony Catania, an enterprising d.j., and Edwige, a Parisian-born chanteuse and bartender with a local following, have invited their friends and created a latter-day Brigadoon. The Beat screams serious fashion; the movie-postered walls strain to accommodate all the whale-bone bustiers, tulle skirts, and madras tuxedos. Hair is the ultimate production. One girl's processed blond hair covers her whole face except for her full, blood-red lips. Above her, a glossy of Marilyn Monroe smiles down at her legacy.

There is no place for rock music in a real cocktail lounge, so when Edwige isn't intoning in smoky boîte fashion, Tony sets the crowd's fingers popping to "Perfidia," or Johnny Desmond singing "There's a Small Hotel." Not a video in sight. The Legionnaire bartenders think it's a kick in the head: "Hey, they're all our children." And the children like the new idea. But at the bar, one guy sits, head down, reading *Steps to an Ecology of the Mind*. That's fun? "Well, I'm waiting. I only came here for the band." —*H.R.*

Edwige Beat Cocktail Lounge, 248 W. 14th St., NYC.

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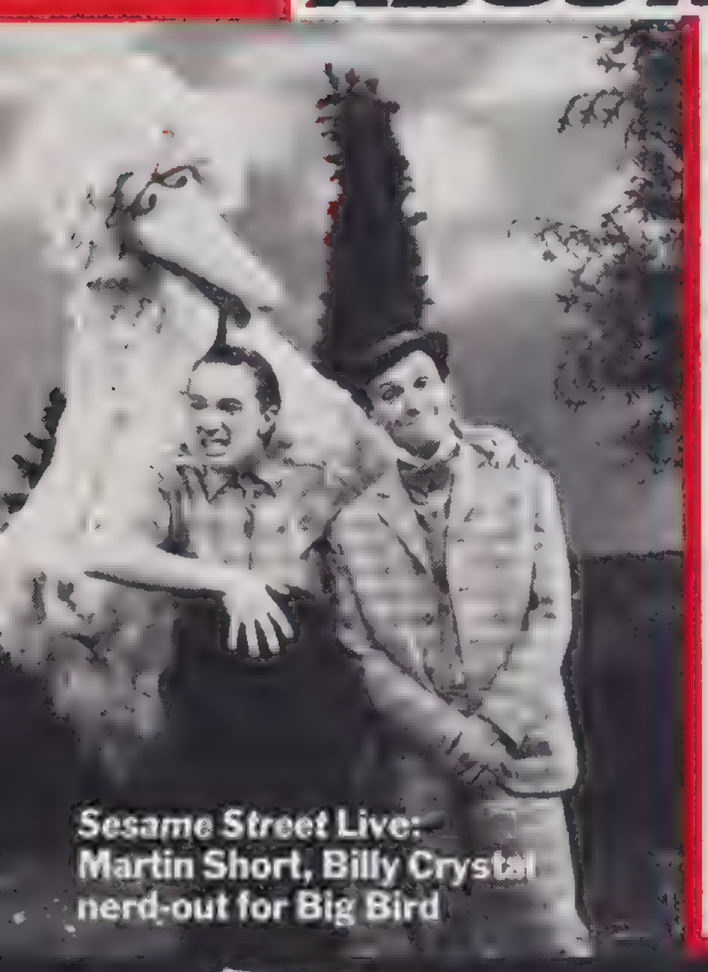
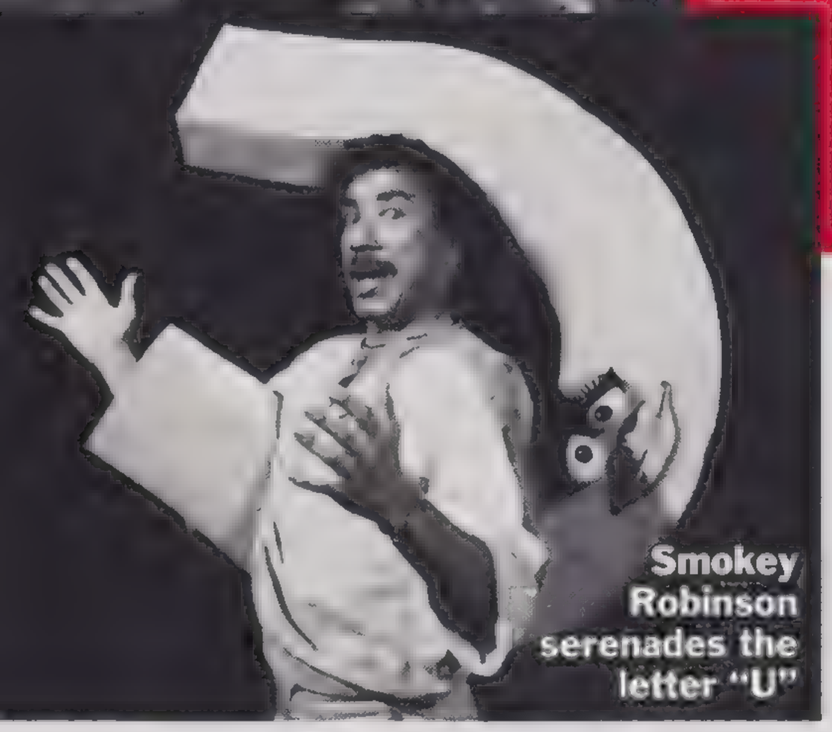
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

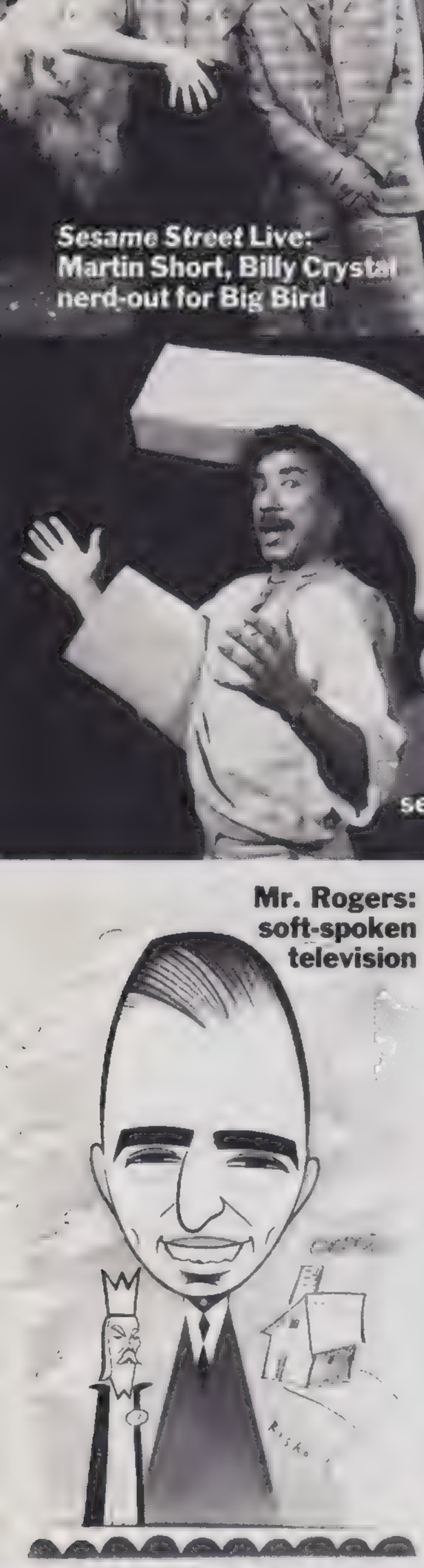
TV...



Sesame Street Live: Martin Short, Billy Crystal nerd-out for Big Bird



Smokey Robinson serenades the letter "U"



Mr. Rogers: soft-spoken television

Dizzy Gillespie bops Oscar the Grouch

Purveyors of VH-1's "moist music": (*left to right*) Linda Ronstadt, Dean Martin Barbara Streisand, Barry Manilow, James Taylor

THE DISCREET CHARM OF BERT AND ERNIE

...and the even more discreet charm of Mr. Rogers

My friends used to ask if I'd seen SCTV; now they say, "Did you see *Sesame Street*? Sid Caesar told Big Bird he invented the alphabet and rhapsodized over the letter 'fplugsh.' " *Sesame Street*, now in its sixteenth year, is the hippest show on TV. It always was; but now, a new generation has discovered it, and I don't mean kids. Smokey Robinson sings "You Really Got a Hold on Me" while suffering the embrace of a giant letter "U." Cab Calloway croons "Heidi Heidi Ho" in his Cab Calloway white suit.

This is a whole world, neurotic and complete, with a suspicious, spiteful misanthrope, Oscar the Grouch (he's the ratty green one with the tough Boston accent who lives in a garbage can); an assiduous mass of anxiety, Telly (he's fuchsia with a red nose and blue eyebrows); and then someone like Big Bird, as eager and vulnerable as a child. Bert, a nerd in saddle shoes who is insufferably sensible about everything but his two passions—oatmeal and pigeons—personifies unrewarded, unappreciated, unnoticed virtue. Ernie, a light-hearted pest endowed with insouciance and charm, is his nemesis and his fate. Their friendship—like all on the show—has a nutty authenticity that makes most of the shows on TV—the ones starring, you know, people—look false and strained.

The other big topic of conversation in the highly sophisticated circle in which I travel is *Mister Rogers*. He is mentioned with affection, with admiration, but mostly with awe: Mr. Rogers *speaks softly on television*. In this he is unique. The show is a sanctuary, a grassy knoll where soft, cool breezes of soothing discourse touch your flushed cheeks, where your child will sit, silent and bug-eyed, watching men in white coats make tofu. Instead of rosy nursery tunes, jazz plays in the background, and the whole show has the low-key intensity of the music. But most important, Mr. Rogers respects children. I think that is his secret. He treats their problems with solemnity and care, and articulates them for all of us great galumphs who can't remember the fear and trembling, the passion of childhood. —C.S.

VH-1—ROCK OF AGED

VH-1, MTV's "easy-listening" rock-video station, is a land of Levolor blinds and well-behaved dogs on leashes. When the girl ditches the guy, she takes the baby and the Volvo. The light is soft, the pianos are white, the music is bland, and the d.j.s are. . .Hey! These d.j.s aren't nice at all. They're obnoxious. They're funny. They snigger at the moist music and the pastel videos. They're not like MTV d.j.s. MTV d.j.s are oddly smooth and lifeless, like VH-1 music. VH-1 d.j.s are crude and irreverent and adolescent, like MTV music. There is some peculiar system of checks and balances at work here. VH-1 is shrewdly conceived, allowing people to have elevator music in their bedrooms and feel superior to such nonsense at the same time.

VH-1 is aimed at an older, tamer audience than MTV's apocalyptic teenagers, an audience old enough to be nostalgic for its youth, and so we occasionally hear some wonderful music: a clip from *A Hard Day's Night*; black and white footage of an ancient Marvin Gaye concert; or James Taylor, lean and middle-aged, backed up by heartbreakingly anachronistic skinny longhairs. Barbra Streisand camps it up in one silly, amusing video in which she dances with Baryshnikov with such a classic Streisand shrug of boldness and dismay that you think, "Gee, *The Owl and the Pussycat* was a pretty good movie, wasn't it?" And then there is Dean Martin's brilliant, subtle parody of a rock video, in which the flying dirt around a badly hit golf ball is imbued with all the visual mumbo-jumbo of MTV's obligatory colored smoke.

But mostly this is Barry Manilow or Linda Ronstadt blinking big wet eyes until a d.j. like Don Imus or Jon Bauman comes on to make wicked cracks at their expense. And no wonder. A Tony Bennett video? It's enough to make you want to close the Levolors, pack up the pups, hop in the Volvo, and sing "The Bear Went Over the Mountain" all the way to the Hamptons.

— CATHLEEN SCHINE

Top sketch PHILIP BURKE, *Lower sketch* ROBERT RISKO, *photos.* CHILDREN'S TELEVISION WORKSHOP

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FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

BETWEEN US

Job/family time crunch, solved...women in love —with business...politics of a happy marriage

BY LORRAINE DAVIS

In her own words...

"I would encourage women to look at jobs that have been traditionally male-dominant and to give those a try, to take a risk. If a woman is interested in police work, she should get a college degree in psychology or sociology; management skills wouldn't hurt, either."
—Penny E. Harrington, Chief of Police, Portland, Oregon (first woman to hold this job in a major city)

"Negatives can be turned into positives; we have to push all obstacles out of our way and continue to achieve. Everyone wants to go into business for herself, but you have to be willing to put up the time and the effort and the pain. Being a great manager won't necessarily make you a great entrepreneur. Entrepreneurs are born, and then they grow up."
—Ruth Clark, founder and president, Clark Unlimited Personnel, Inc., agency specializing in temporary hiring of minorities

"Women need to hang together across the generations. Between fifty and sixty-five, they are particularly vulnerable. It's sort of the adolescence of aging; we have hormonal problems, and our sense of self and our role in life is very much in the process of change. But you don't feel 'over the hill' when you're on The Hill telling your congressman a thing or two! We can make things easier not only for ourselves but for our daughters."—*Tish Sommers, cofounder and president of the Older Women's League*

Having it all—legally

The sticky problems of raising children while pursuing a professional career have received an intelligent solution in the New York State Department of Law. Since 44 percent of the assistant attorneys general hired there since 1979 have been women, the Attorney General has offered a job-sharing program. Sharers could use the time to care for aged parents or to pursue advanced education, but so far almost all the part-timers are women with small children.

Two lawyers share each job, earning exactly one-half what their full-time pay would be but receiving full medical benefits. Work schedules involve varying patterns of long and short days, and there must be some flexibility depending on the cases; but the system works for "line" attorneys (so far, it has not been applied to management positions). After a sixteen-month trial, the experiment was judged a success and has been made permanent.

It's too soon to assess the program's long-term effects on the careers of the lawyers/mothers, but they are enthusiastic about their present status; and those in charge say that productivity hasn't suffered and the program has enabled the department to attract and hold lawyers with superb credentials. Other agencies may copy.

Have business, will travel

About three thousand people are expected to converge in NYC on June 13-15, for the Sixth Women in Business Conference, sponsored by Women Business Owners of New York, Inc., where they will tackle such subjects as computers and telecommunications, hiring and firing, financing growth, stress, negotiating, international business, legalities, gamesmanship, advertising...on and on. Once again, lunchtime awards will be handed out to outstanding women: Pioneer, Up-and-Coming, Corporate Intrapreneurial, Entrepreneur in Service, Entrepreneur in Manufacturing, Entrepreneurial Partnership, and Not-for-Profit. (WBONY, 322 Eighth Avenue, NYC 10001; 212/206-8250.)

• Later this month in Detroit, the National Association of Women Business Owners convenes, June 27-29, the first international management institute/exposition for entrepreneurs. Translating the theme "Women Entrepreneurs: A Driving Force," into French, Spanish, and German, the event will highlight the economic impact of women business owners, demonstrate the diversity of their businesses. (NAWBO, 645 N. Michigan, Chicago IL 60611; 312/951-9110.)

• And for women managers who don't all own their own businesses, it's the Fourth Annual Conference of Women in Management, June 7-8 in Schaumberg, Illinois, with the theme "To the Top": speakers and workshops, exhibits, and the Danstrom Awards to outstanding WIM in academia, entrepreneurship, corporate, and government. (WIM, 5204 Fairmount, Downers Grove IL 60515; 312/963-0079, or 963-0134.)

Head-starter

One young business woman in Petoskey, Michigan, applied for her first patent when a fifth-grader. Wendy Johnecheck, now eleven, extended her study of the Industrial Revolution under Sister Mary Ann Spanjer at St. Francis Xavier Grade School by extra-credit work on her own invention: named by her classmates Quadro Jump, four jump ropes attached by swivels to a center pole, so at least eight people can jump with only four rope turners. Quality Industries, Inc., in Hillsdale, Michigan, is manufacturing and marketing; Wendy and her school will split royalties. The hardest part "Being the youngest person in the business meetings."

When spouses disagree

The only woman now in the Texas Senate, Cyndi Taylor Krier, a Republican, says that the fact that her husband, Joseph R. Krier, a Democrat and now involved in commercial real estate, belongs to a different political party is less important than the fact that they share a strong commitment to helping their community and their government. The couple, both lawyers, renewed a college acquaintance in 1978 when she was running Senator John Tower's Republican race for the United States Senate and he was running John Hill's Democratic race for governor. "We rationalize it using a football analogy: I would rather watch a Dallas Cowboy/Washington Redskin game with somebody who's for the Redskins than with somebody who's really not interested in football at all."

Women vs. canvas

Now's the time to learn to handle a boat. Womanship (137 Conduit St., Annapolis MD 21401; 301/269-0784) has week-long Learning-To-Sail cruises in the Virgin Islands the weeks of June 7, 14, 21. Founded by Suzanne Pogell to satisfy her own love of sailing, Womanship teaches females of all ages skills that "put women at the helm." Also planned: cruises—from a morning to a week—out of Annapolis, and other ports.

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SUN PROTECTORS

BY **OPTI-RAY**

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Pictured: Liz Claiborne separates for her. Alan Michaels suit for him, from the Spiegel Fall Catalog.

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Hot off the press: the famous Fall Catalog! For yours, mail $3, applicable to your first purchase, with the attached card.
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In 1908, the Ladies' Auxiliary of Fenton Falls Fire Department entered a float commemorating the town's first steam engine in the 4th of July parade. Each lady smoked two entire cigarettes before . . . . . .

. . . the Founding Fathers realized Fenton Falls didn't have, nor did it ever have, a steam engine.

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8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

horoscope

By Rockie Gardiner

June's Astrological Weather

A frothy party mood that lasts all month starts on the 2nd with a Sagittarius full moon. All will be at their verbal best, thinking faster, meeting more interesting people, giving great gossip. Then, as luxury-loving Venus enters sensual Taurus on the 6th and Martian energy becomes domesticated in Cancer on the 9th, people will be entertaining more lavishly at home, experimenting with different cuisines. Once Mercury arrives in Cancer on the 13th, food may even become the only topic of conversation, at least until Mercury moves into Leo on the 29th. But the feast goes on—when the sun enters Cancer on the 21st and summer begins, there's a greater need to nourish the emotional life.

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21 June promises to be even merrier than May because Mercury whirls through two signs and aspects all the other planets. You may be quite daring while your ruling planet is in Gemini—especially around the 6th—and infinitely caring over the weekend of the 14th, when Mercury makes you especially receptive to your mate. Except for a sullen Scorpio who may resent your astuteness around the 30th, an abundance of people would love to share a thought, hug, or dessert with you this month.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22 The full moon on the 2nd can bring you an earful, enough dirt to sully a good working relationship with a Sagittarian or Gemini. By the end of the week, though, you will have thought the situation through and decided whether to give your colleague another chance or to set out on your own. Mars in your sign after the 9th guarantees courage and energy to pursue your own interests; and when Mercury and the Cancer sun join in on the 13th and 21st, you can proceed with your immediate goal. The new moon on the 18th is the time to start a project.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 22 Strong solar aspects to your houses of love and marriage (please note: they are *not* the same) around the 7th should provide enough stimulation to satisfy even a Leo's definition of excess. A square to eccentric Uranus promises an offbeat romantic adventure and a trine to Jupiter stokes your partner's good humor and generosity. Creative inspirations also keep you busy. As the sun moves into Cancer on the 21st, you'll have another opportunity to attract one of those silent, sexy Scorpios or a Pisces who is a shade more starry-eyed than you.

Virgo AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22 A quick change of plans during the first week may upset the family, but the joint efforts of your Mercury ruler and a bright Gemini sun will add luster to your career—particularly if it is in sales, health care, or publishing. Try to relax at home over the weekend of the 14th, when Mercury and Mars combine in Cancer to show you how to find more emotional and financial security. During the last two weeks, take time to prepare for a long-range financial opportunity on the 30th.

Libra SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22 Venus in Taurus can increase your craving for luxury. Indulge yourself the weekend of the 7th when your ruling planet attracts a refined Pisces or a Scorpio to your side. Trust that your charm and superior intellect will occasion an appropriate gift or an impromptu trip the weekend of the 22nd, but be ready to sign a tab or two because the cost of romance runs high while Venus squares Jupiter. When she opposes Saturn on the 28th, you'll come back down to earth and start to worry, as you tend to, about your expenses.

Scorpio OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21 Planetary activity in the areas that affect your job, partnerships, financial resources, and, of course, sex, capture your attention all month. On the 8th, as Venus, the flirt, attracts your Pluto ruler, you may finally seduce the Libra or Taurus you've had your eye on. On the 12th, a trine from Mercury and your Mars co-ruler will intensify your psychic perceptions; but investigate any investment hunch you have. Wait until the 23rd, when a Cancer sun will strengthen any decision you make. *(Continued on page 92)*

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"Rubbish!" says Dr. Fernando Aleu of Paco Rabanne. "A man's skin is just as vulnerable to sun and sweat and oil and dirt and premature wrinkling. And he abuses it even further by scraping a razor across it every day.

"Where is it written that a man's skin should make him look older than he really is?"

Here, then, are Paco Rabanne's three steps that help a man to look cleaner, healthier, younger looking. They should take you about five minutes a day.

1. CLEAN YOUR SKIN. "If you saw your skin under a microscope," says Dr. Aleu, "you'd have a fit. It's all coated with dead surface cells, oil, and tiny particles of pollutants. No wonder your pores become plugged and form blackheads. Not a pretty sight!"

Paco Rabanne Facial Scrub cleanses the skin, removes the dead surface cells, and absorbs excess oil.

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2. PROTECT YOUR SKIN. "We men can be stubborn fools," says Dr. Aleu. "We scrape our faces raw with sharp razor blades...and then we pour alcohol after-shaves on the wounds.

"The pain of it! The dry skin it causes! The premature wrinkling from all that dryness!"

Paco Rabanne Maintaining After Shave Soother is the new way to coddle your face after shaving. It soothes the skin. Helps restore the normal moisture balance. And forms a clean layer that protects your skin from pollutants.

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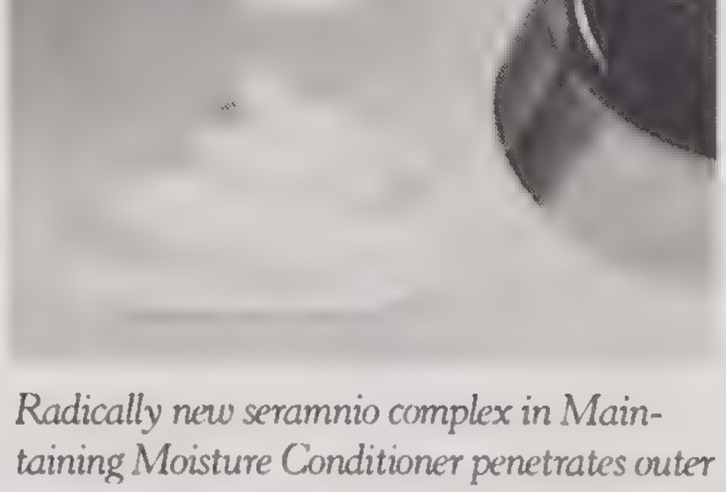
3. ENHANCE YOUR SKIN. Like most medical men, Dr. Aleu worries about the damage that too much sun can do to the skin. "A little sun is good for you. But a lot of sun can be murderous to your skin and eventually cause solar fibroelastosis (i.e., turn you into an old leather bag)."

Paco Rabanne Auto Bronzing Emulsion. The look of an absolutely natural tan for those of us who must linger mostly in the shade.

Paco Rabanne Maintaining Color Tone. For a healthy, natural outdoor color without exposure to the sun. Deep moisture penetration helps improve skin texture and elasticity.

Note: All Paco Rabanne protectors and enhancers contain a No. 5 sun screen to help prevent the ultraviolet A and B rays from damaging your skin's inner layers.



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After reading this message from Paco Rabanne about its new skin maintenance products, you may have questions. For answers, please write: Fernando Aleu, M.D., Paco Rabanne Parfums, 660 Madison Avenue, Suite 2210, New York, N.Y. 10021.

As for the products themselves, they are available at selected stores like the one named below.

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Available at selected Neiman-Marcus stores

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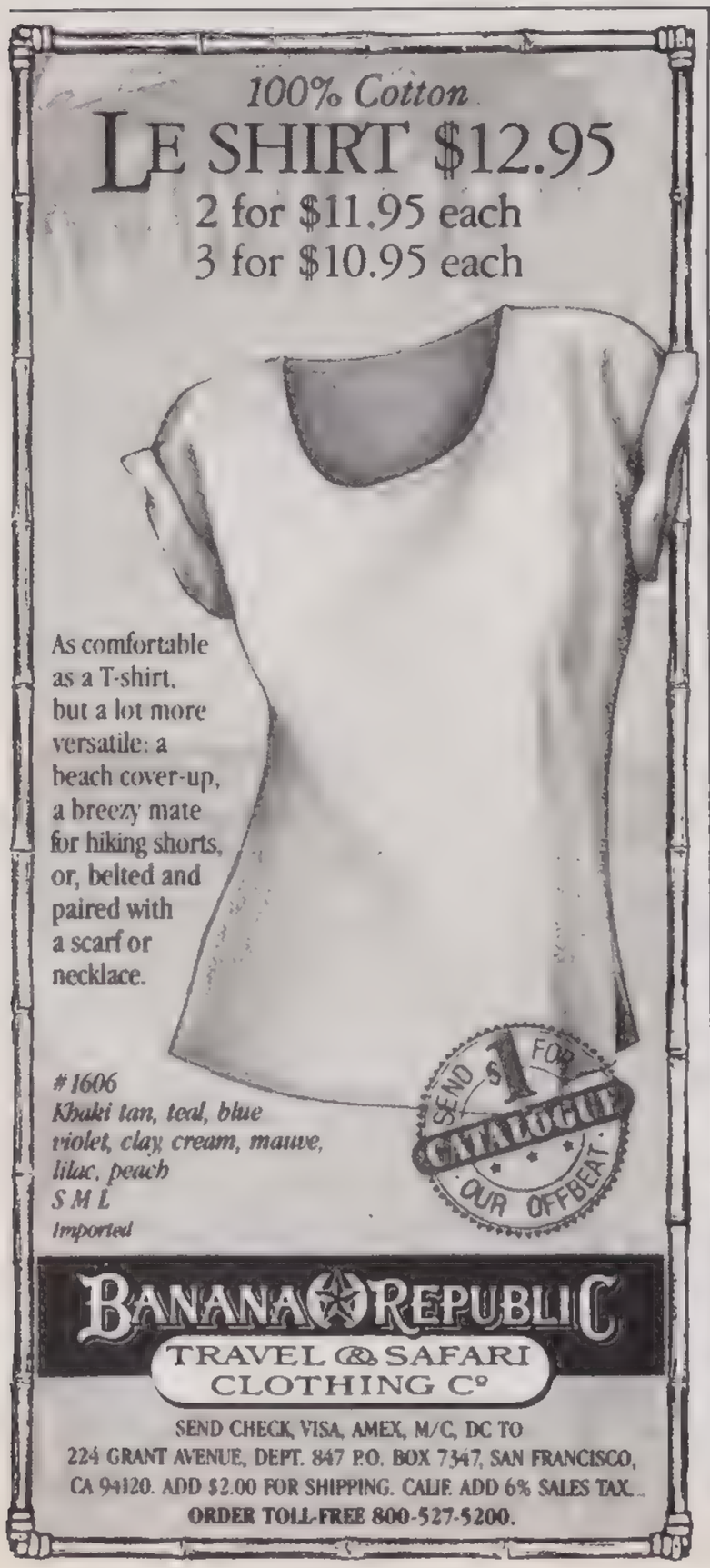
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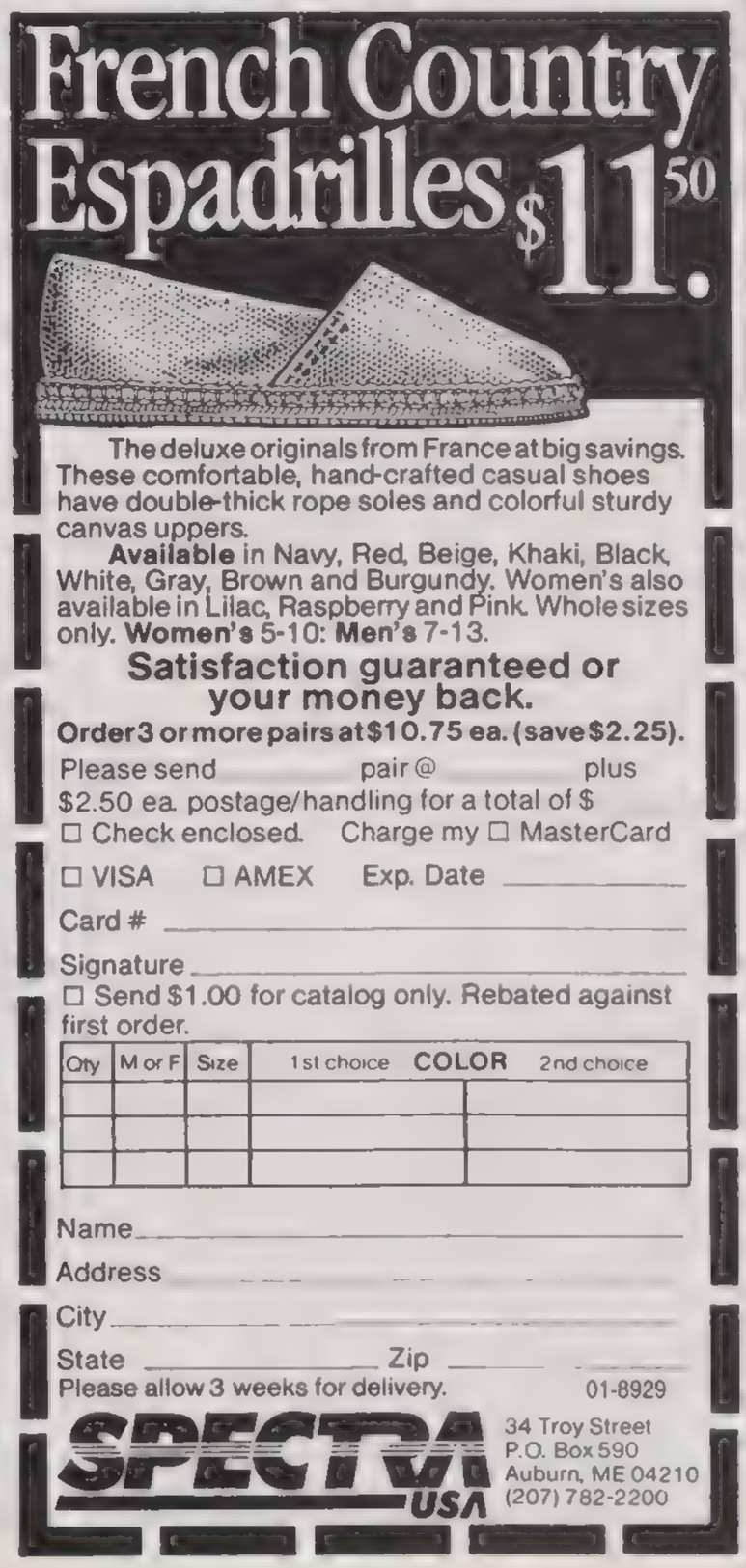
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horoscope

(Continued from page 89)

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21 The Sagittarius full moon on the 2nd can unleash your wanderlust and exaggerate your most charming eccentricity. Because your Jupiter ruler goes retrograde on the 4th for the entire summer, there won't be much visible progress on the material plane. But there will be invitations for the 7th and 22nd to be part of a memorable occasion—a graduation, wedding, or your own engagement party. Since the sun is transiting your house of intimates, you should make time for a Gemini, Cancer, or Leo who needs you.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19 Ask for a raise on the 7th; that's the best day to lay claim to Jupiter's reward for work you've already done. Wait until the 24th to speculate on financial or romantic ventures. They might not be as risky as you may think because Neptune, in your sign since Thanksgiving, has been showing you how to develop your sixth sense. As Mars, Mercury, and the sun illuminate your house of partners, Aries and Cancers can help you recognize your psychic gift.

Aquarius JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18 The most exciting week this month is the first one: the full moon on the 2nd sparks your Uranus ruler and your social life; Jupiter, the planet of growth, turns around in your sign on the 4th to heighten your self-awareness; meanwhile, Mercury and the Gemini sun are focusing their combined energy on what you choose to do. The 6th and 7th are excellent days to change jobs, men, present a new project, or just horse around with a playful Sagittarius. After the 23rd, you can buckle down to serious work.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20 Because you are under contrasting planetary influences during the first week, your reaction to any disruption in your career or domestic life is unpredictable. While the Gemini sun is opting for a sudden change, Venus in your house of money is offering rewards for both consistency and artistry. This characteristically Piscean dilemma—heading off in diametrically opposed directions—may resolve itself around the 23rd when a sympathetic Cancer sun highlights your professional reputation.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 19 What's so interesting about June is that you can easily talk your way in or out of any environment you choose. While Mars travels through your third house of communication, you'll be much more responsive and curious. When your ruling planet enters Cancer on the 9th you'll become more interested in where you spend your time and may want to redecorate the office or your bedroom. On the 12th, aspects of Mars to Pluto and Neptune can trigger a particularly powerful, and—if you're lucky—passionate response from your partner.

Taurus APRIL 20–MAY 20 With Venus in your sign from the 5th on, you should be irresistible in matters of love, especially on the 8th, when the planet of pleasure opposes Pluto's eroticism and trines Neptune's romanticism. Scorpios, Pisceans, and Capricorns will be receptive to your subtlest suggestions. Outright flamboyance the weekend of the 22nd may bring you the best of times as Venus squares Jupiter, though Saturn on the 28th may dampen your high spirits by restricting your cash flow.

VOGUE, June, 1985

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Hello?

How's the Great American Novel going?

So far it reads more like the turgid insights of a lonely Albanian date-plucker.

Did I hear the word "lonely"?

There's a fog rolling in.

You're in Pawgansett, dear. It holds the world record for fog.

The "t" in my typewriter is sticking. I have seventeen cans of lentil soup. And my Paco Rabanne cologne, which I use to lure shy maidens out of the woods, is gone, all gone.

You're going to have to do better than that.

All right, I'm lonely. I miss you. I miss your cute little broken nose. I miss the sight of you in bed in the morning, all pink and pearly and surly.

And you want me to catch the train up.

Hurry! This thing they call love is about to burst the bounds of decency. And, darling…

Yes?

Bring a bottle of Paco Rabanne, would you? The maidens are getting restless.

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The *only* home medical guide bearing the imprimatur of the American Medical Association, this is the most authoritative, useful, and reliable family medical reference book ever published.

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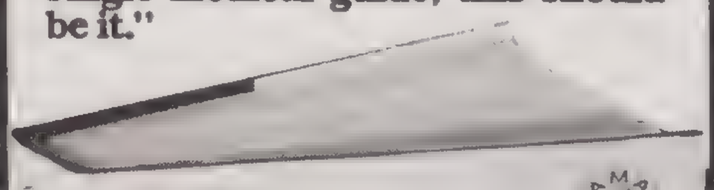
THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION FAMILY MEDICAL GUIDE has become America's newest ally in the fight for good health. Examine it now at your bookstore—and you'll see why *House & Garden* hailed it as **"a medical must—no home should be without it"** and why *Newsday* said **"if you are going to have a single medical guide, this should be it."**



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RANDOM HOUSE

SHAPE-UP NOW

get fit!

Thighs: ways to thin them, shape them... stronger workouts ...summer choices

gyms: working harder

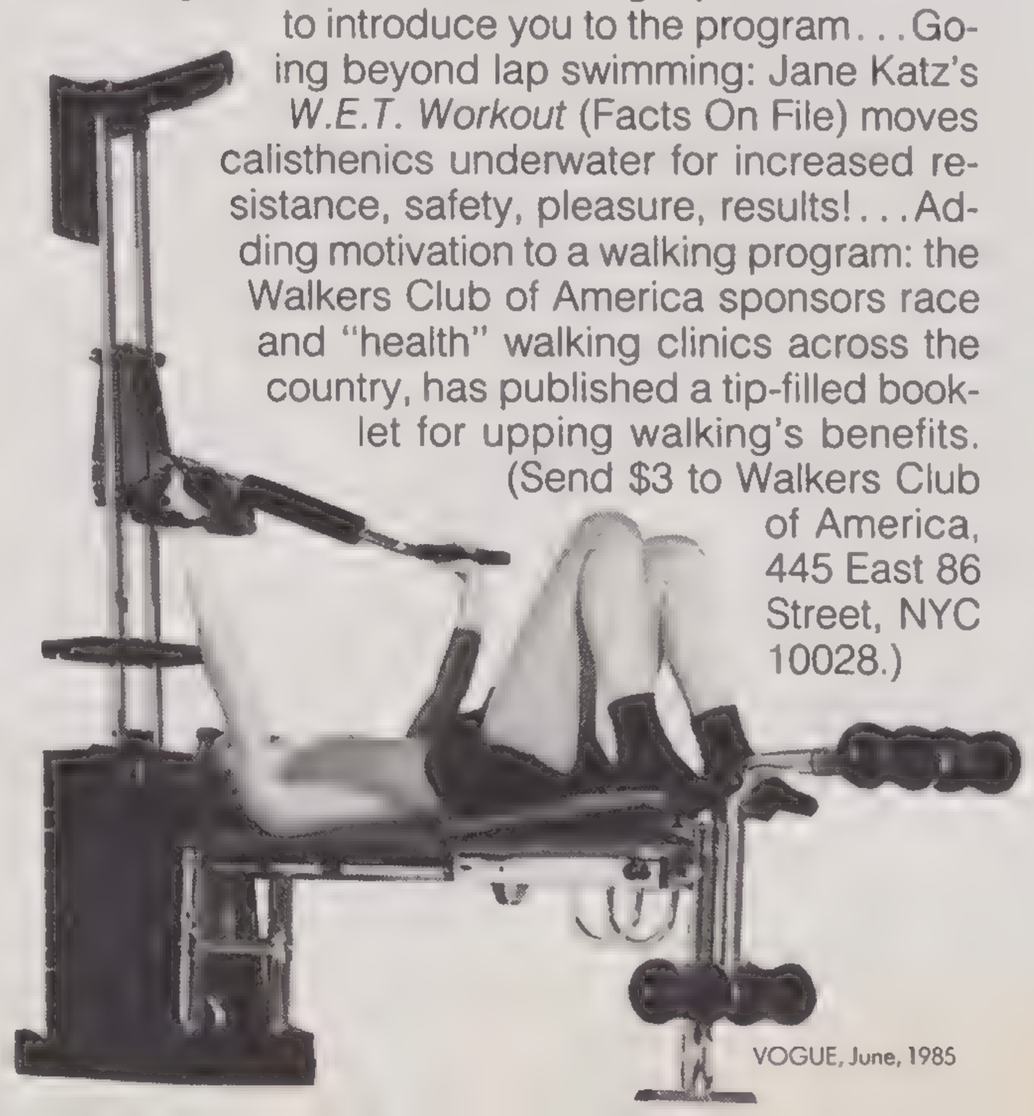
A new crop of serious-business classes/gyms are dedicating their efforts to hard-core fitness.
Example: The New York Workout, U.S.A., a no-frills, no-pampering program of tough, energetic, dance-precise moves. To help exercisers maintain perfect form, a spotter cases the class, setting bodies in line (212/724-6688). . . . At the other extreme, a full-frills club that has beefed up its fitness: NYC's Atrium Club.
Newly renovated, offering the latest exercise equipment, a broader range of classes, the addition of top experts (a visiting Lenox Hill Hospital cardiologist, a professional running coach), and more low-calorie/good health choices at the club's restaurants. . . .
A real state-of-the-art gym in California: Matrix One (Beverly Hills, Westwood, Encino). Stationary bicycles are geared with TV, radio; water-weight machines increase/decrease resistance at a finger's touch. . . .
When Lotte Berk Method's Lydia Bach found that a mostly women class didn't fit most men's needs, she came up with a men's program of abdominal/leg/flexibility work (in L.A.; NYC; Bridgehampton, NY).

Top photo: TOHRU NAKAMURA, hair, Oribe, NYC; swimsuit, Complice *Bottom,* RANDOLPH GRAFF

THE BODY PART MOST WOMEN WANT TO CHANGE? THIGHS! But can they really be whittled, reshaped? "It takes work and time," says David Balsley, director of the Sports Medicine Performance and Research Center at NYC's Hospital for Special Surgery. "Diet and aerobic exercise can help by reducing total body fat, but choose aerobic exercise carefully. Stationary bicycling, for example, can build thigh bulk, unless the tension is low." What about the woman who loses body fat and still has out-of-proportion thighs? "Try strengthening exercises that isolate inner/outer thighs as well as buttocks. Exercises that lengthen muscles as tension is increased contribute to lean, well-shaped thighs. On a weight machine, the emphasis should be less on the lift than on the slow lowering of weight."

options

to the gym/exercise class habit: Home weight machines today can practically mimic a gymful of equipment. Example: the DP Ultra Gympac, *below*, exercises not only the whole body but *any* body—different sizes, different strengths. For safety, check with your doctor before working out, then consider hiring a personal trainer to introduce you to the program. . . Going beyond lap swimming: Jane Katz's *W.E.T. Workout* (Facts On File) moves calisthenics underwater for increased resistance, safety, pleasure, results! . . . Adding motivation to a walking program: the Walkers Club of America sponsors race and "health" walking clinics across the country, has published a tip-filled booklet for upping walking's benefits. (Send $3 to Walkers Club of America, 445 East 86 Street, NYC 10028.)



Tan vs. Skin Damage: A ray of hope!

It is now possible to safely achieve a golden tan. Clarins, France's premier skin care authority, answers your tanning needs with treatments that are unique. They contain UVA/UVB sun filters and Tyrosin, a natural tanning accelerator.

Clarins recognizes the causes.
Sun exposure without protection can cause irreparable damage to your skin. Too much sun, too fast, allows UVA/UVB rays to destroy skin's connective tissues, forever. Without filtering out these rays — sunburn, wrinkles, and dehydrated skin are certain to result.

Clarins is the Problem-Solver.
Clarins Tanning Treatment Collection allows you to tan beautifully and safely. Containing natural UVA/UVB sun filters, the dermatologically and allergy-tested formulations help prevent sunburn while promoting tanning. They also act to moisturize, preventing after-sun dryness and peeling.

Clarins Self Tanning Milk makes tanning possible — even without sun.
Truly innovative! Achieve a natural golden tan in just 2 to 3 hours. Safe and effective, use it pre-sun to get a head-start on tanning; while sunning to speed up a tan (*European SPF 3.5); or after-sun to prolong a tan. It's the answer to a beautiful tan, year-round.

Clarins Sun Wrinkle Control Cream protects while tanning delicate skin.
Give special protection (*European SPF 6) to those areas demanding extra care — face, shoulders, and décolleté — while promoting gradual tanning. Contains natural UVA/UVB sun filters and unsaponifiable extracts of avocado and shea butter to replenish moisture to sundrenched skin.

Clarins Skin Care Specialists offer personal beauty advice.
Consult with a Clarins Skin Care Specialist and have your comprehensive Beauty Prescription completed. And, receive a sample of a Clarins product, selected just for you! Clarins specializes in skin care for face, bust, body and tanning. Act today and join millions of women world-wide who depend on Clarins to answer their skin care needs.

*The European Sun Protection Factor (SPF) may be converted to the American SPF equivalent by multiplying the European SPF number by 2.

Self Tanning Milk with natural plant extracts	• Tans without sun in 2 to 3 hours • Protects and filters UVA/UVB rays while accelerating tanning	Key Ingredients: Self-tanning factor, Copra oil, Sun filters, and Tyrosin
Sun Wrinkle Control Cream with natural plant extracts	• Provides protection to delicate skin while promoting gradual tanning • Combats sunburn, wrinkles, and dehydration	Key Ingredients: Parasol pine, Sun filters, Avocado, Shea butter, and Tyrosin

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ARIZONA Arizona Biltmore Hotel, Broadway Southwest, Diamond's, Registry Resort Hotel

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COLORADO Broadmoor Hotel, The Denver,

CONNECTICUT Macy's, Reibman's, Sage Allen

DELAWARE John Wanamaker

WASHINGTON, D.C. Garfinckel's, Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA Bloomingdale's, Jordan Marsh, Maas Bros., McRae's

GEORGIA Davison's, Belk-Matthews

HAWAII Liberty House, Wailea Beach Hotel

IDAHO The Bon

ILLINOIS Bergner's, Bonwit Teller, Carson Pirie Scott, Famous-Barr, I. Magnin, Neiman Marcus, Younkers

INDIANA Block's, Carson Pirie Scott, de Jong's, Hudson's, Hutner's, Lazarus,

IOWA Armstrong's, Younkers

KANSAS Macy's

KENTUCKY Shillito Rikes

LOUISIANA Holmes

MARYLAND Bamberger's, Bloomingdale's, Everly's, Garfinckel's, Hochschild-Kohn, Hutzler's, Woodward & Lothrop

MASSACHUSETTS Blake's, Bloomingdale's, Cherry Webb & Touraine, Filene's, Jordan Marsh, Steiger's

MICHIGAN Hudson's, Renaissance Center, Steketee's

MINNESOTA Powers, Young-Quinlan,

MISSISSIPPI Holmes, McRae's

MISSOURI Famous-Barr, Harzfeld's, Macy's

NEBRASKA Ben Simon, Younkers

NEVADA Broadway Southwest, Diamond's, Sahara Hotel

NEW JERSEY Abraham & Straus, B. Altman & Co., Bamberger's *(East Brunswick, Rockaway, Toms River)*, Bloomingdale's, M. Epstein, Hahne's, Steinbach, Stern's, John Wanamaker

NEW MEXICO Broadway Southwest

NEW YORK Abraham & Straus, Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, B. Altman & Co. Henri Bendel, Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, Bresee's, Carl Co., Edward's, Essex House Hotel, B. Forman, Garber's, Macy's, McCurdy's, Neiman-Marcus, The Plaza Hotel, Sibley's, John Wanamaker

NORTH CAROLINA John Carroll, Matthews-Belk, Miller & Rhoads

OHIO Gidding-Jenny, Gregg's, Higbee's, Hudson's, Jacobson's *(Toledo)*, Lazarus, Macy's, May Co., O'Neil's, Shillito Rikes, Stern & Mann's, Strouss, Uhlmans

OKLAHOMA Dillards

OREGON Frederick & Nelson, Meier & Frank, Mervyn's

PENNSYLVANIA Abraham & Straus, B. Altman & Co., Bamberger's *(N. Wales, King of Prussia)*, Bethlehem Hotel, Bonwit Teller, Bon Ton, Corner House, Everly's, Gimbel's *(Lancaster)*, Schleisner's, Strouss, John Wanamaker

RHODE ISLAND Cherry Webb & Touraine, Jordan Marsh, Peerless

SOUTH CAROLINA Davison's

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TENNESSEE Cain-Sloan, Loveman's

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WASHINGTON The Bon, Frederick & Nelson *(Tacoma)*, I. Magnin, Meier & Frank

WEST VIRGINIA Lazarus, Stone & Thomas

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HEALTH

Contact lens wearers' sight-saving tips…update: shots for adults…natural childbirth for cesarean mothers?

BY MELVA WEBER

Having a baby—new options

Even if you have had a baby by cesarean delivery, it's still possible that you can safely have your next child by vaginal delivery, says the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. Women with no recurring conditions that would make a cesarean necessary, whose previous cesarean was done by a low, crosswise incision may be considered for normal, nonsurgical delivery with its benefits, including avoidance of major surgery and postoperative complications, less anesthesia, shorter hospital stay and decreased cost.

Luella Klein, M.D., president of the national organization that represents twenty-five thousand obstetricians and gynecologists, said, "The big worry we have had in the past is that the uterine scar from the previous cesarean delivery would rupture." Although this rupture can occur, it is rarely catastrophic, she added.

And with modern fetal monitoring, obstetrical support services, and anesthesia, mother and baby's health and safety are protected.

The rate of cesarean births has been on the increase over the past few years, and in 1983 it amounted to one out of every five births—a proportion that is thought not necessary or desirable. Women who had had a previous cesarean accounted for more than half of the increase.

Contact-lens caution

If you use extended-wear contact lenses, be alert for any signal of redness or change in vision. If either happens, remove the lenses and get medical attention promptly. Michael Lemp, M.D., head of ophthalmology at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington, DC, says: "Extended-wear contact lenses increase your risk for serious eye infections and sight-threatening corneal ulcers."

At Georgetown's Center for Sight, there's an increasing number of patients with problems connected with contacts, especially among elderly people, and Dr. Lemp believes the problem is severe enough to be considered a serious health hazard. He recommends that wearers of these lenses visit their ophthalmologist regularly and get immediate help at the first sign of trouble.

Guide to adult vaccinations

America's adult population, particularly in certain age and occupation groups, ought to review its vaccination status, according to Robert P. Gilbert, M.D., of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Among immunizations to be considered by some adults:

- ***German measles*** *for hospital workers, medical students, others who come into contact with women of childbearing age, because of extreme risk to fetuses.*
- ***Measles,*** *though almost eradicated, still appears in unimmunized children, college students, travelers to other countries. Adults who catch measles are at increased risk of encephalitis as a complication.*
- ***Mumps*** *can affect membranes of brain and spinal cord, can cause deafness, and in grown men can inflame testicles, in rare cases causing sterility.*
- ***Diphtheria and tetanus,*** *both now rare because of immunization; adults should be reimmunized every ten years. If you get a serious—or dirty—wound, see your doctor on whether you need a tetanus booster.*
- ***Hepatitis B*** *can be transmitted by blood products, saliva, other bodily secretions. Health-care workers who handle patients, including dentists and dental technicians, should have this vaccination. Others at risk: institutionalized patients, prisoners, injected drug users, dialysis patients, morticians, gay men. Three hepatitis B shots, with a booster every five years, give protection.*
- ***Influenza*** *vaccination is needed to protect people past age sixty-five, people with chronic disease including heart disease, lung disease, diabetes. Annual vaccination is needed because vaccines are reformulated each year.*
- ***Pneumococcal pneumonia*** *endangers the same groups as are threatened by influenza, as well as people without spleens and those with emphysema, sickle-cell anemia, alcoholism or cirrhosis of the liver. One injection gives protection.*
- ***Rabies*** *protection, a series of three shots, is needed by veterinarians and any other animal handlers, for protection in case they are bitten by rabid animals.*

Implant to improve hearing

It has been called the bioelectronic ear. The House Cochlear Implant recently approved by the Food and Drug Administration is expected to help thousands of profoundly deaf people who can't be helped by hearing aids.

The device is named for its originator, the famed William F. House, M.D., of Los Angeles. It is surgically placed in the ear channel, and it works by electrically stimulating the inner ear, or cochlea. The implant user can detect important sounds such as running water, telephones, doorbells, footsteps, and can also hear warning sirens and auto horns. Voices at normal conversational levels can also be heard, but speech comprehension requires additional lip-reading ability. People who felt isolated by near-total deafness may become more socially confident and physically safe.

First to reach FDA approval among a number of cochlear devices under development is that of 3M Corporation, St. Paul, Minnesota. For an information packet about how cochlear implants work, their benefits, limitations, risks, and costs, and a list of medical centers where implant surgery is performed, write: National Association for Hearing and Speech Action, 10801 Rockville Pike, Rockville, Maryland 20852.

Bone booster

Newly approved by the Food and Drug Administration and available for prescribing by the nation's doctors: a thyroid hormone preparation that halts the progressive bone breakdown of postmenopausal osteoporosis. The preparation, Calcimar, or salmon calcitonin, has been used for Paget's disease, a bone-deforming condition, and works to correct faulty calcium metabolism.

In a two-year study at the University of Washington in Seattle, Charles H. Chesnut III, M.D., and colleagues found the calcitonin treatment helped osteoporosis patients stop losing bone calcium.

Research targets still ahead: Improved method of administration to replace the current daily injection; more knowledge of effective long-range dosage rates; and the potential of Calcimar to prevent osteoporosis, not just to treat the disease after it strikes.

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Melina Wyler

Approximate time lapse 90 seconds.

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MANAGING YOUR MONEY

Terrific new ideas—for saving, investing, hiring help

BY MADELON TALLEY

Hiring a broker—what to look for

Like finding a doctor, selecting a broker is hardly automatic. The process involves some research, plus a large dose of intuition. A good broker will have several years of experience (he should have lived through bad times for stocks as well as good, and know how to protect his customers) and happy clients. The *right* broker is the one who comes with these qualifications and makes you feel comfortable, too. This is where the intangibles come in. When you tell a broker what you're looking for, does he listen attentively? Respect your wishes—or try to push you into investments you don't really want? Does she explain her suggestions clearly?

So many people hire a broker they have only met on the telephone. A face-to-face interview is essential to decide whether a broker will fill your needs. Here is my checklist of requirements a prospective investment advisor should meet. Two can be measured objectively; the others must be "felt out" in conversation.

- *Satisfied clients.* Ask for the names of four or five clients and find out whether they have made money with their advisor, and whether they are pleased with the service they receive. The broker's bad points, if any, should be discussed as well.
- *Experience.* Five years—enough of a history to have weathered the "down market" of the early 'eighties—is the minimum. You don't want someone who is going to be learning with your money.
- *Trust.* Your advisor should inspire a sense of confidence.
- *Flexibility.* Successful investors are open-minded. Avoid anyone who seems stubborn or dogmatic.
- *Well-balanced ego.* Look for a broker who is willing to admit errors and to promise not to repeat them in the future. Other clients will be able to fill you in about this when you speak to them.
- *Curiosity.* A curious person will seek out good investment ideas.
- *Patience.* It takes time to make money. Also, a patient advisor will be willing to explain ideas without arrogance or condescension.
- *Unselfishness.* The best brokers put their clients' interests first.

Stocks—picking the winners

Picking a stock that will rise in price is never a sure thing. To improve my odds, I look for a company whose situation is improving but whose price is still low. This method gives me two advantages: first, chances are that the stock's price will gradually reflect the changing picture of the company. Second, because these issues are inexpensive, a small gain means a large profit. For instance, if an $8 stock rises to $12, the owner has made a profit of 50 percent; but if a $40 stock rises to $44—the same $4 jump—she has made only 10 percent on her investment.

Nevertheless, *caveat emptor* to all. Even the best investment advisors are far from perfect. *Market Logic*, a biweekly newsletter published in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, recently tracked the weekly recommendations made on the popular television show *Wall $treet Week* and found the stocks' performance disappointing—a finding that was no news to experienced investors.

Here are four stocks that I have been watching for possible capital appreciation over the next twelve to eighteen months. Remember, no promises.

***MGM-UA ENTERTAINMENT, (NYSE):* If you total its assets, the company is worth more than $20 per share. Also, Alan Ladd, Jr., of *Star Wars*, *Turning Point*, and *Julia* fame has just been made president and CEO, and this year's releases include the new James Bond and Rocky films, not necessarily great entertainment but almost sure to be moneymakers.**

***JEFFERY MARTIN INC., (OTC):* The firm's special niche in consumer products is health and beauty aids. . . such as Lavoris Mouthwash and Topol Tooth Polish. It has been spending a lot of money on marketing, and the payoff should come soon.**

***GULF AND WESTERN, (NYSE):* The company has been refocused from manufacturing to service in the areas of entertainment, publishing, and finance. Over time, this change should raise its market value.**

***TELEPICTURES CORP., (OTC):* A growth company that syndicates and produces television programs; one of their major successes is *People's Court*. Outlets are exploding for television shows with the growth not only of cable and of video cassettes but also of independent television stations—which have mushroomed from 119 five years ago to a projected three hundred stations in 1990.**

("Money" continued on page 107)

Madelon Talley *is a financial analyst and chairs the Women's Economic Roundtable, NYC.*

THE SKIN GAME

What Those Beautiful Women Never Tell You.

THE LEMID
MOIST ESSENCE COLLECTION
puts a new complexion on life with revolutionary formulas that work.

What is it about some of those beautiful women? You don't see them for five years or so and then when you do, they look exactly as you remember them! Or you meet friends again after only a few short weeks and suddenly, they look younger.

You take a discreet peek. No, they haven't had face lifts. Then what is it?

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The reasons for this are three: LeMid Cleanser. LeMid Normalizer. LeMid Moisturizer – the first ever to receive a U.S. Government Patent (No. 4,375,480.) because it is so *different*.

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Judy Richardson
Esprit Canada Fashion Coordinator
Age: 26

I'm very shy. I love to wear the menswear feeling and I don't like pretty frilly things except underwear. On Sundays I like to go running in the mountain park in the center of Montreal. I think I'll be successful when I make my first million. I don't discuss my lovelife with anyone, but a bottle of wine on Saturday night is very important.

ESPRIT

Photo: Toscani

managing your money

(Continued from page 105)

Best-bet municipal bonds

The proposed fair/flat tax reforms, contrary to original expectations, are creating *more* demand for high quality municipal bonds, says John O'Brien, managing director of Salomon Brothers. They may become an investor's best tax-exempt bet as the Treasury Department cracks down on shelters that, according to Ralph Nader's think tank, cost the government $24 billion annually in lost taxes.

Seek out bonds, O'Brien suggests, with a current rate of about 10 percent; bonds with higher rates run a risk of being recalled by their issuers. (Many communities that issued bonds when interest was sky-high reserved the right to refund them when rates came down. If the recall price is lower than the market price of the bond, the investor will take a loss.)

Another way to invest in municipals is through a unit investment trust. The return is about ½ percent less than buying the bonds themselves because of management fees; but each investor has the advantage of owning a part of a large pool of bonds, which will not be affected drastically if a single issue is recalled.

New, attractive ways to save

Everyone in the world seems to be familiar now with Individual Retirement Accounts. They are a wonderful way to save—that is, if you start early enough and are consistently disciplined enough to make your contributions of $2000 each year.

I prefer that my decision to save seem predetermined, either by an instrument that is so attractive I want to contribute, or by one that I must pay into if I want to keep it. Therefore, my savings favorites are new products offered by life insurers and 401K tax-deferred savings plans, which corporations offer to employees as a benefit. The 401K plan enables an employee to set aside as much as 20 percent of her income up to a total of $30,000 (minus contributions to her corporate pension plan) each year, tax-deferred. The best part is that the process is relatively painless because payments are made as payroll deductions—so you never see the money. There are two drawbacks to 401Ks: if your corporation doesn't provide them, you'll have to persuade them to start; and if you do get one, your company, not you, will be investing your money.

Life insurance has left the Stone Age and developed some compelling new programs. "Universal" life insurance offers an opportunity to accumulate capital at a rate competitive with other investments; and a new, popular method of paying premiums, called "disappearing premiums," means that the policy remains an out-of-pocket expense for only about nine years. Many experts prefer term life insurance to universal, claiming that you get more coverage for the money. This is true, but you also don't amass any savings.

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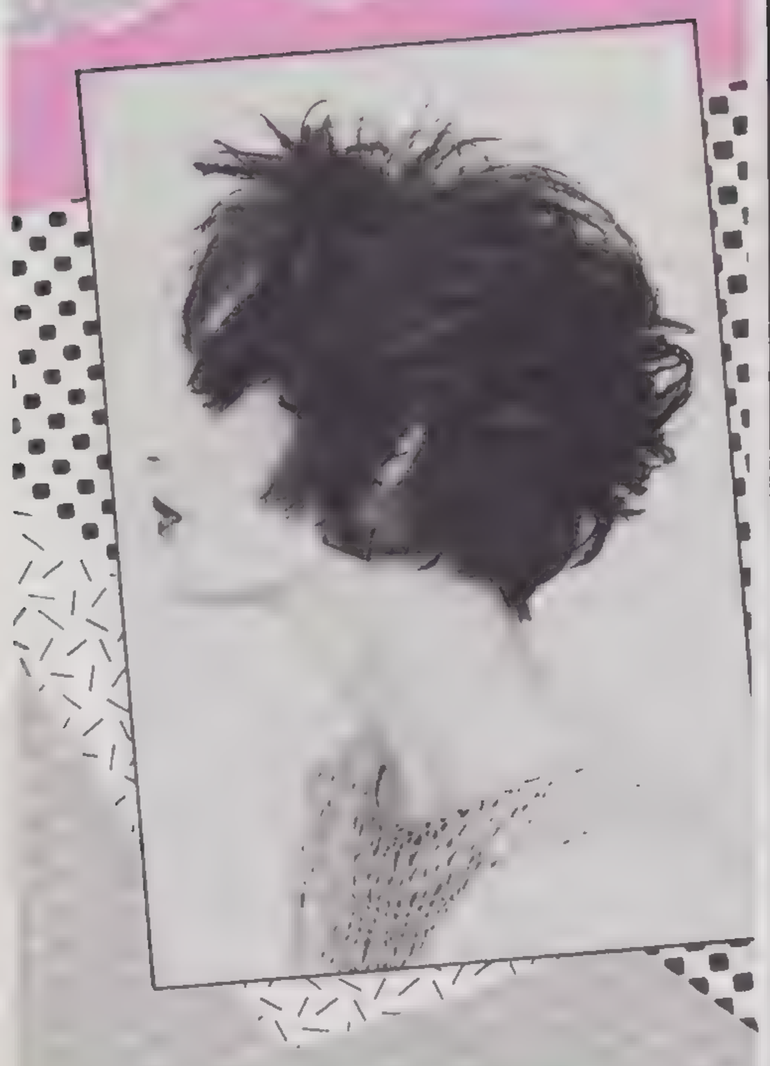

The latest word in summer hair fashion is "The Clash"! A striking study in contrasts, hair moves toward the face and up off the crown with small sections colliding yet blending in one form of varying textures.

You can achieve this look of controlled excitement with an asymmetrical cut, a Zotos salon perm for texture, and Zotos finishing products for additional lift and hold from your professional hair designer.

–Shari Memmott
Vice President

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relaxed

Easygoing summer cuts… growing out short hair: new solutions

Summer, for most women, means a need for a cut that keeps hair looking its best with a minimum of fuss, of time. What's required, says stylist Sam McKnight, whose cutting skills are in action, *above:* "that hair is cut for movement, for versatility. At almost every length, hair falls more freely when it's shortest underneath, layered to lift off the scalp." The direction more and more cuts are moving in this season: forward. At Glemby, stylists use the fine edge of a razor to cut wisps at front and sides of a blunt cut—wisps that can be "scrunched" up with gel or mousse or—newer—lie flat against the face. L.A. stylist Allen Edwards adds texture to a blunt-cut bob by snipping in shorter, spikier pieces once hair is dry. More than ever, the way to judge if a cut is right for your hair, for its texture, its degree of curl is how easy it is to maintain. Says Gad Cohen of La Coupe, NYC/Montreal: "Holding a blowdryer upside down, with the barrel pointing upwards, dry the underlayers of hair only, then use fingers to push hair into place. If the top layers dry flat and limp, then your cut is just not modern."

AT EVERY LENGTH, WHAT SETS HAIR APART: MOVEMENT—NOW A MATTER OF CUT, NOT COMPLICATED STYLING

EASY GROW-OUT

Going from super-short beveled hair to a chin- or shoulder-length look usually makes for a few weeks of hair's looking unruly, obviously "in-between." One solution, from Avram at Vidal Sassoon, NYC: a cut aimed more at maintaining hair's proportion than dramatically changing its shape. The back is left short, sides cut in an all-one-length "baby" bob, while short bangs draw attention to the face, give hair a fresh, "new" attractiveness. Also key when making the transition from short to long: attention to grooming, to hair's shine. Options range from lighter-than-ever conditioners (La Coupe's Rinsing—a hair "remoisturizer"—is one) to mousses that boost hair texture. Klorane mousse comes in three haircolor-keyed formulas to enhance natural highlights; Revlon's new Flex Perm Control styling mousse—applied to roots—helps "fill in" curl as a perm grows out.

fast changes

That's the definition, now, of "evening" hair. Whether it's a spritz of metallic hairspray (wonderful against a bit of a tan), or the surprise of simply pulling hair up on top of the head in an off-center "knot"—a look that stylist Christiaan likes with a simple faux tortoise comb for day, *inset*, with a jewel-encrusted ornament at night.

Photo, top MICHAEL COMTE, *bottom*, ARTHUR ELGORT. Earring, Cara Croninger. Makeup, Linda Contello. Details, last pages

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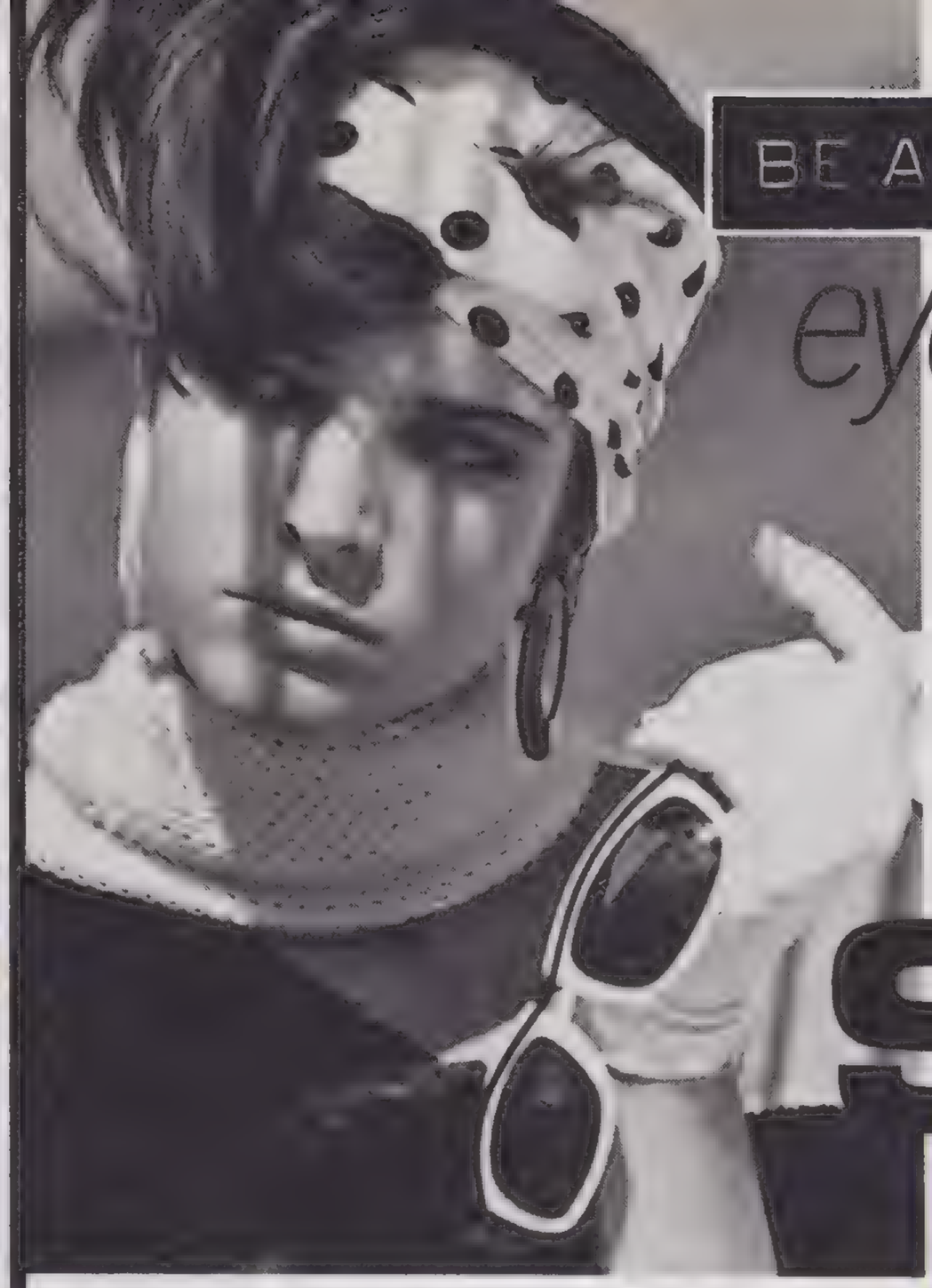

BEAUTY NOW

eyes only

Summer focus: on sunglasses, contact lenses ...frame trends

sunglasses

they're the accessory of the moment—and one of the quickest, easiest ways to update a look. The changes in sunglasses today? Subtle—a new lens tint, say—or exaggerated... Frame shapes: either small and narrow—elongated ovals or tiny perfect circles . . . or outlandlishly oversized—geometric cut-out/jigsaw/slice shapes. Frame finish: shined to brilliance in gold or silver or buffed to matte. Colors in Optics' matte black frames are chic, ultramodern; matte "tortoise" (by Stephen Rothholz of Details) have a vintage charm... Frame color: after a flood of neon-brights, frames have settled into more wearable colors... Lens tints: breaking the dark-on-dark formula—a colored mirror or blue lens in a black frame, a green lens in "tortoise." Options: endless!

sun/sports protection

Sunglasses with ultraviolet-shielding lenses are better than those without. True? "While wearing UV-absorbing lenses makes sense, there's no clinical proof at this time that they prevent eye disease," said Martin Mainster, M.D., Ph.D., professor of ophthalmology at the University of Kansas. "I suspect that, in susceptible people, UV exposure is probably one predisposing factor in cataract formation. We do know that sunglasses without UV protection give a false sense of security and may actually increase the amount of UV exposure to eyes. If you're going to wear sunglasses, it is logical to choose ones that are UV protecting." . . . Sunglasses alone can't keep the sun from reaching delicate eye skin; wearing a sunscreen around eyes is essential. Both Bain de Soleil Under Eye Protector 15 and Clinique's Eye-Zone Sun Block (SPF 14) won't pull skin, won't melt into/irritate eyes. . . . Improved sports protective lenses: polycarbonate—the bullet-proof material used in eye guards—is lightweight, scratch resistant, can be tinted, made UV-screening. Choose a resilient frame (Safilo makes one that springs back into shape after impact) and fit with plain or prescriptive polycarbonate lenses. By fall of 1985, glasses that make the grade will be tagged with the American Society of Testing & Materials Sports Eye Protection Committee stamp of approval.

in the swim

Okay to wear contact lenses when swimming? "It's usually best to remove them first," said Spencer E. Sherman, M.D., assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology, NYC's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, author, with Nancy Bruning, of "A Consumer's Guide to Contact Lenses" (Dial). Hard lenses can float off eyes and, although softs stay put unless you open eyes widely, they tend to absorb chemicals in water. Swimming in salt and fresh water is safe; heavily chlorinated water can permanently damage soft lenses. Rinse eyes after with tap water; wait thirty minutes before reinserting lenses.

Goggles: *If they're a perfect, leak-proof fit, goggles can protect eyes from chlorine, enable contact-lens wearers to see when they swim. (Goggles can also be fitted with prescription lenses.) Try on several brands and adjust before buying; each has a slightly different shape.*

Top: ARTHUR ELGORT Hair, Christoan; makeup, Linda Cantello. Optica/Private Label glasses. Details, last pages. Illustration: MIKAEL T. ZIELINSKI

what's news

Exercise's effects on sex...on diabetes control...on life-style commitment

sex and exercise

Does fitness affect sexual desire? While there isn't much scientific data on this question, experts believe that being fit can enhance sexuality and may help to extend the years in which we remain sexually active.

"The importance of self-image—of a positive body image—to healthy sexuality cannot be overemphasized. Fitness's psychological impact, the boost it gives to self-esteem, is now considered to be just as beneficial as its physiological effects. Put simply: women who exercise regularly are likely to feel more attractive, more comfortable with their bodies, and to gain more enjoyment from life—both emotionally and physically," said James Skinner, Ph.D., director of the Exercise and Sport Research Institute, Arizona State University.

"While it is true that exercise stimulates the release of a wide range of hormones—including some that contribute to sex drive—it is also a fact that our bodies are self-adjusting and that these hormonal levels rapidly return to normal. Male athletes who take synthetic male hormones in the hope of boosting performance often find that their testicles shrink—the body's way of shutting down natural hormone production."

What of the possibility that too much physical activity will make one too tired to enjoy sex? "While the grueling, all-out effort needed to complete a marathon may leave a woman or man with the desire to do nothing more strenuous than sleep immediately afterwards, sex is not the physically demanding activity it was once thought to be," noted Dr. Skinner. "Studies show that, on average, the energy required is equal to walking up two flights of stairs. At one time, coaches routinely prohibited athletes from having intercourse for days before a big game; now we know Olympic records have been broken within one hour after sexual activity."

Those for whom sex may be somewhat physically strenuous: the obese and the elderly. "For a very out-of-shape person, orgasmic sex can entail working at 60 to 70 percent of aerobic capacity," said Dr. Skinner. "If the older or obese person gets into shape, sex will demand only 40 to 50 percent of heart/lung potential. Even heart-attack patients are now encouraged by many physicians to resume their usual sex life within weeks of going home from the hospital, once their condition has stabilized."

Diabetes Control? Exercise!

Of the approximately twelve million diabetics in the United States, well over eight million have type II, non-insulin-dependent diabetes—a disease often caused in part by overweight later in life. While traditional treatment included an effort at weight loss through low-fat, low-calorie diet, many experts now feel that *exercise*—particularly aerobic activities—is equally, if not more, important. The reason: aerobic exercise not only helps to burn off fat but counteracts high blood sugar and, many experts believe, reduces the risk of cardiovascular disease—the number-one cause of death in diabetics. Research also suggests that, begun early in life, a sensible diet and exercise plan could help to prevent the development of type-II diabetes in women with a family history of the disease.

The reason exercise helps: "Type-II diabetics produce sufficient amounts of insulin in their bodies, but suffer from an inability

Why exercise?

It helps to lower

blood sugar . . .

to respond to its hormonal message. Put simply, their bodies are incapable of fully making use of the energy available in food," explains Ethan A. H. Sims, M.D., emeritus professor of medicine, the University of Vermont. "While the exact mechanism is not understood, exercise makes the body more receptive to insulin's 'cues' and promotes movement of glucose from the bloodstream into cells where it can be used. Studies also suggest that diabetics who exercise may be more successful at keeping weight off than those who rely on diet alone." Experts emphasize it is essential for anyone with type-II diabetes to consult a physician before embarking on an exercise plan. Once a woman has her doctor's O.K., good choices include brisk walking, swimming, cycling, cross-country skiing, and racquet sports.

(Continued on page 116)

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FITNESS NOW

(Continued from page 114)

Because diabetics are at high risk for eye and foot problems, special attention to eye protection and properly fitting shoes is essential. Recently, a report that appeared in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* pointed up the danger of gravity boots or other inversion devices, especially for diabetics; hanging upside down, studies show, dramatically raises intraocular (eye) and blood pressure levels, both particularly harmful to diabetics. Does exercise play a role in the treatment of type-I, insulin-dependent diabetes? More and more experts feel that it does, but caution that a physician's guidance and advice are essential. Because both insulin and exercise lower blood-sugar levels, insulin dosage may need to be lowered—or food intake increased—when an exercise program is begun. Also key: that exercise be timed *after* rather than *before* meals and that an insulin-dependent diabetic never exercises alone and always carries some form of sugar, all guards against the possibilities of going into insulin "shock." (For more information, write to the American Diabetes Association, 2 Park Avenue, NY, NY 10016.)

A NEW COMMITMENT

From government, a grass-roots effort to encourage a health-promoting life style: the city-sponsored Shape-Up plan that recently passed the one-year mark in New Rochelle, NY, co-sponsored by the local medical center, businesses, and colleges. The numbers of people who participated in Shape-Up are impressive: over thirteen hundred residents of all ages have attended free exercise/nutrition workshops, had their heart rates, blood pressure, weight, and flexibility monitored and have taken advantage of free health information booklets—including a series of city-wide walking tours—available from City Hall. Latest addition: the Nouvelle Rochelle eating plan—developed with the aid of the American Health Foundation—that sponsors hope will become a regular feature of the city's restaurant menus. . . . **From athletes and physicians,** a recognition that, in light of climbing lung-cancer rates in women, cigarette-company-sponsored athletic events may well be a contradiction in terms. In response, the local chapter of Doctors Ought To Care at the Medical College of Georgia recently sponsored an "alternative" tennis tournament—proceeds from which went toward public-information programs to educate young people about the dangers of smoking as well as alcohol and drug abuse. ▽

"WE DO WONDERS WITH YOUR SKIN"

Discover how *Ilona of Hungary* skin care treatment products can help you to create a healthier, radiant complexion.

By: Joyce Palmer

American women traveling throughout Europe discovered many years ago the value of true professional skin care. Although beauty salon facials were always available in America, skin care, which requires highly advanced training, was available only in European countries. It's only been in recent years that a few highly specialized skin care salons were established in this country. To achieve a beautiful complexion, there is nothing like a professional treatment by true experts in a specialized salon.

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Skin care salons pop up like mushrooms nowadays throughout America. But how good are they? Unfortunately in every state a hairdresser can claim to be a "specialist" in skin care without having learned or knowing enough about it. One has to be very careful in selecting one, unless the name is Ilona of Hungary.

She came to the United States from her native country, Hungary, bringing with her irreplaceable knowledge, talent and experience in skin care.

SKIN CARE REVOLUTION

Madame Ilona introduced several revolutionary ideas in America. She was the first to use a very special, natural mineral rich artesian water imported from Europe to formulate all of her skin care products. Today other manufacturers copy her original ideas.

The demand for services in her salons are so great that in other large cities new openings are planned to satisfy the ever increasing demand. Clients also know that Ilona of Hungary's estheticians are unparalleled in their skin saving skills and their rejuvenating skin treatment techniques. Madame Ilona is very anxious to keep the excellent reputation of her salons and personally trains all of her estheticians. At times it would seem that she cares for us more than we care for ourselves.

Seeing Madame Ilona's ivory-like, flawless complexion makes one realize on first sight that she really knows the secrets to a beautiful complexion.

SKIN CARE WITH PHENOMENAL RESULTS

People with dry skin, wrinkles, oily skin, blemishes have at long last found a lasting help and relief by following her unique skin care methods. Letters pour in daily with requests for her skin care products and praises about the results. Here are just a few examples from the many on file:

"You have such a dedicated committed staff! Each one is a professional — but showing such personal interest. And of course you set the stage with your concern and also personal kindness beyond ones' expectation. One of my main appreciations was the immaculate way in which all of your services are carried out. The warm inviting atmosphere that permeates your whole establishment. Needless to say, I loved it." V.S.

"I have been using the same products ever since I first ordered them. They sure are the greatest. Very Unique! They do my complexion some wonders. Many of my old friends at first didn't recognize me as my complexion began to improve. It keeps on getting better and better. I will never stop using your products, which thousands and thousands of women should own on the top of their bathroom shelves. Truly the best." D.J.

"I have been using your products now for about six months with great results. They have improved my skin problem, which is something that the Dermatologists have not been able to do. Thank you very much." S.D.

"Being a very soft fleshed person, I was getting a sagging look and for some reason your cosmetics has brought a firmness to my skin that I have not had for some time." E.T.

"Just want to let you know how great your cosmetics are. The very first time I used them, I could tell a big difference. My skin never felt soft and smooth. I am still amazed every time I use them. I have also always had a slight blemish problem, and for the first time since I was a kid, my face is completely clear. I can't believe it's really my face. Thanks a million for a miracle." S.A.Y.

"A friend sent me a bottle of your Body and Hand Lotion because I am pregnant and she said it prevents stretch marks. I love the product and would like to order more." L.P.

"I would like to take this opportunity to compliment the fine staff (Team) working in your salon. They know how to give the royal treatment! Of course, your products are great too." Mrs. H.

"Your creams have done wonders for my skin even my doctor said what beautiful skin I have. I am 43 and people tell me I look 30. I will always use your products." Y.B.

"Having acne at 30 is no picnic. I have tried everything. Having black skin, I had the added problem of dark marks after every bump."
"You must be sent from heaven. I follow your routine to the letter. Keep my hands off my face and no marks when the bumps go. I use nothing but yours, even your make-up. It is great. I hope one day to visit your New York Salon. Thank you – Thank you — Thank you." C.D.

"This is my reorder and I must say that I am so very pleased with the products I am using. Already I can see a more youthful glow to my 55 year old skin." L.B.

"Your skin treatments are truly superb. I only wish I had tried you sooner. Never before have I been so satisfied! Your facial mist is so refreshing. Thank you again for all of your treatments. I hope I can use them forever." W.J.

One of the best comments comes from a very critical beauty editor of a prestigious magazine. *". . . with a little help from Ilona, 'pimple' and 'wrinkle' might find themselves pushed right out of the dictionary."*

The praises continue to come in daily. If you are unable to visit any one of her renowned institutes, you will still benefit from Madame Ilona's uniquely successful treatment program. A special booklet containing her skin care methods at home is now available for $2.00. Full price will be credited on your first order.

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MIND HEALTH

Sexual fantasies—new insights…why feeling "perfect" can hurt you…therapy by phone—does it work?

BY CAROL TAVRIS, PH.D.

Emotional perfectionism—the risks of self-control

Most of us are familiar with professional or sexual perfectionists, who set unrealistically high standards for themselves; but there is also "emotional perfectionism": the belief that one should always be happy and in control of one's emotions.

David D. Burns, M.D., a cognitive therapist in Philadelphia and author of *Intimate Connections* (Morrow), argues that two trends foster emotional perfectionism. One is the "happy all the time" camp of pop psychology, which argues that nothing should ever upset us—or, if something does, that we can rise above it. The other comes from therapies—including Burns's own school—that maintain that people can have greater control over their negative feelings. "But *greater* control is not *total* control," says Burns. "People tend to think in all-or-nothing terms. The goal should be not to eliminate all emotional flaws but to accept them as a precious part of our humanity."

Emotional perfectionists can't do this. They believe that they aren't supposed to feel insecure in groups, so they add worries about shyness to their anxiety. They believe that they should not feel ambivalent about making a commitment (to work, to love), so they remain indecisive—unable to find the 100 percent solution—and miserable about their indecisiveness. They believe that they aren't okay unless they are *always* free of depression or anxiety, or *always* patient and calm. They flagellate themselves for, say, "not being self-confident enough," as if self-confidence were a fixed trait instead of one that changes over time.

"But saying that a person should accept negative feelings," says Burns, "is only half valid. Accepting one's flaws, emotions, and moods is not an excuse for complacency or narcissism. I don't want to replace one extreme philosophy with another."

Dial t for therapy

I recently got an ad from an enterprising psychotherapist setting up shop—by phone. Call anytime, the ad says, with a credit card handy; and, for $25 for every 15 minutes, I too can have the benefits of counseling. Therapy by Phone is an inevitable trend, I suppose, along with Therapy by Mail, Therapy by Computer, and call-in "Therapy" by Radio. But is it any good? I asked several therapists whose work I admire.

Some refused to take the matter seriously. One, who wishes to remain anonymous, said, "Well, I suppose phone therapy has the same benefit as masturbation: You don't have to dress up." Others said that phone therapy, like everything else, has pros and cons. It is helpful in reaching shut-ins who, because of age or infirmity, cannot leave their houses. It is useful on an occasional basis for regular clients whom the therapist already knows. And it can be a life-saver for someone who needs crisis counseling.

But, otherwise, therapy by phone blocks development of a key ingredient of successful treatment: the empathic bond between therapist and client. By phone, my informants agree, neither side can read the other's body language. The therapist can't tell if the listener has *heard* what she said, has rejected it, or is with her. The client doesn't know what the therapist is like. A good therapeutic relationship, like any other, depends on being there.

Shock treatment: coming back?

A friend of mine knows a man who was given electroconvulsive therapy (ECT, or "shock" treatments) in the early '50s. The convulsions sent him flying off the table. He broke both legs so badly that he still walks with a cane.
That is probably the most common public image of ECT. Now, though it is still controversial, the technique is returning—an estimated 16 percent of American psychiatrists use it in some form. Today, its advocates say, ECT is painless, uses vastly reduced voltage, and is a far faster and more effective way to treat severe depressions (especially in people who are suicidal) than drugs.
When ECT lost favor a decade ago, drug therapy seemed very promising compared to ECT's dangers.
But when drugs proved to have limited effectiveness, and more sophisticated methods of measuring brain activity were developed, researchers began to reexamine ECT. New studies show that some people who have not been helped by anything else are helped by ECT. But problems with memory loss remain, and ECT is *not* effective against many disorders, including schizophrenia, alcoholism.
A significant (and unpredictable) minority of patients are left with impaired mental abilities—which are not related to their age, drinking history, or previous brain damage.
Advocates of ECT emphasize the need for patients' fully informed consent, to avoid the abuses that used to occur when victims were given ECT inappropriately and punitively.

Happiness, grandchild-free

Whether women choose not to have children or cannot have children, many worry that they will be sorry in their later years. But Betsy Houser, Ed.D., Sherry Berkman, D.S.W., and Linda Beckman, Ph.D., of UCLA's Department of Psychiatry put these fears to rest.
In a survey of 719 women aged sixty to seventy-five, they found that most women are perfectly happy with what they have: in fact, the women with children feel sorry for the childless, and the ones who don't have children feel sorry for those who do.
The grass is greenest, it seems, in your own backyard.

Sexual fantasies—a key to personality

Sexual fantasies are supposed to be a clue to personality—but what kind of fantasies? What aspects of personality? William B. Arndt, Jr., Ph.D., John C. Foehl, and F. Elaine Good of the University of Missouri at Kansas City have some new answers.

Women's fantasies, they find, generally fall into four independent categories: (1) Romance, in which the woman is glamorous, men admire her, and sex is gentle; (2) Sexual Variety, such as watching others or being watched making love; (3) Suffering, themes of bondage and pain; (4) Dominance, themes of dominance and submission. Contrary to popular impression, women's Suffering and Dominance fantasies include both active and passive roles (e.g., "I'm a slave who must obey a man's every wish" and "I capture a man and force him to have sex with me").

Overall, the more a woman fantasizes, the more orgasmic she is likely to be and the more satisfied she is sexually. But certain fantasy types were closely related to sexual satisfaction and others to personality. For example, women who frequently have Suffering or Dominance fantasies are more likely than other women to be anxious, moody, and have neurotic complaints. Women who have Suffering fantasies also tend to have little sense of their power, whereas women with Dominance fantasies tend to have a low activity level; their fantasies have a compensatory quality. In contrast, Romance and Variety were more related to sexuality than to personality. Romantic fantasies are associated with higher sexual satisfaction; and Variety fantasies are associated with having more orgasms!

The researchers found that sexual fantasy, activity, and personality were more strongly interrelated for women than they are for men. "Female sexuality," they conclude in this study, "is imbedded in the totality of female being."

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Q&A

Hair upkeep while traveling... choosing a lipstick ...shaving tips

Q I travel a great deal. How can I find a *good* hotel hairstylist? Also, is there anything I can do to make my haircolor last when away from home?

A Get a good cut *plus* some upkeep tips before leaving home. In a new salon, try to see the stylist who is most expert with your hair's *texture* and *length;* and explain *exactly* what *you* want done.

When traveling in the U.S., you might opt for finding the nearest Glemby salon. The advantage of going with Glemby is that technique and service are consistent at all one thousand salons. (To find a Glemby salon, call 800/821-7700; in Alaska and Hawaii, 800/821-3777.) Two other choices: Dinorah at the Miami International Airport salon—a favorite of smart women who travel...and in Beverly Hills, David Richer at the Bill Palmer Salon in the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Unless you have a regular colorist at your destination, it may be a good idea to have color touched up before you leave on a trip. If you are traveling to a warmer climate, remember that humidity causes haircolor to fade. (This does not apply to hair that is lightened or highlighted with peroxide, although exposure to the sun will further lighten hair.) Don Matthews of the Vartali salon in NYC suggests taking along a conditioning/coloring filler mixed for you by your colorist, or using a semipermanent color rinse (one of the best: Clairol's Loving Care). To avoid drying out hair, apply a heat-activated conditioner before sitting in the sun.

Q Certain lipsticks make my lips feel dry and parched; others make my lips smoother. Do specific ingredients cause these reactions? Are longer-lasting lipsticks more drying to lips?

A Although lipstick alone probably would not dry your lips, some lipsticks *are* more moisturizing than others. "Most lipsticks have a castor-oil base along with other moisturizers. Look for castor oil, lanolin, or lanolin derivatives (lanolin oil, acidylated lanolin, etc.) near the top of the list," says Tom Yeager, senior vice president, research and development, Maybelline (makers of an extra-rich Moisture Whip lipstick and gloss).

"Lipsticks that claim to be 'longer-lasting' may contain ingredients that slightly stain lips but will not necessarily dry lips. Unless a lipstick is called 'moisturizing,' the only way to learn the ratio of moisturizing ingredients to other ingredients is by trying different brands."

If your lips tend to be sensitive or dry, switch to one of the more moisturizing lipsticks. Also, condition lips regularly with such emollients as vitamin E stick, Vaseline's new Lip Therapy, or a product such as Elizabeth Arden's Lip-Fix (which also softens lines around lips), Maybelline's Moisture Whip Lip Conditioner, or Blistex.

Q How do I shave my legs for longer lasting results, less irritation?

A Shaving properly will result in a closer shave as well as less irritation. According to Peter Williams, director of shaving research for Schick (makers of Personal Touch), the key to a close shave is "setting up" hair. "Use water to soften the hair. It takes about three minutes for hair to reach maximum softness; so if you shave in the shower, wet legs and underarms—wash hair while legs and underarms are being 'prepped'—then apply soap or shaving lotion and shave. Don't try to shave after a *long* soak in the tub because skin swells when it becomes water-logged, and once it shrinks back you'll have a less close shave."

To prevent irritation, avoid shaving right before swimming or sunning; alcohol in sunscreens, salt, and chlorine can burn skin. Wait at least four hours for the skin barrier to replenish itself. Avoid the temptation to "touch up" areas you've missed without wetting the area first as this almost guarantees irritation. Change the blade when it "drags" across skin, feels uncomfortable.

A cheering thought: "Just as density of the hair on your head decreases slightly after age thirty," adds Williams, "so does the hair on your body; with time, you may have to shave less often."

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john irving, happy at last

Some writers have a hard time adjusting to success.

John Irving is not one of them **By Allan Mayer**

John Irving concedes an awful lot about his writing—that it's generally violent, often unreal, occasionally self-conscious. But he is adamant about one thing: his new novel, *The Cider House Rules* (William Morrow), is *not* about abortion.

Irving pads around his dark wood-paneled Park Avenue co-op in faded blue jeans and rumpled flannel shirt, looking for all his forty-three years like a vacationing prep school student visiting his rich uncle in the city. He is genial, relaxed, and easygoing—an unusual combination for a writer at any time, astonishing for one on the eve of publication. But mention abortion, and up go the hackles. "I did not set out to write a novel about abortion," he insists. "Anyone who sets out to write a novel 'about abortion' deserves all the heartache and bad luck he gets."

The man has a point. Granted, a lot of *Cider House* takes place at an orphanage that doubles as an abortion clinic. And, yes, the two main characters spend an awful lot of their time talking about abortions—when they're not actually performing them. But so what? A lot of *Crime and Punishment* takes place in a police station. Does that make it a detective novel?

All right, maybe in a way it does. That's no reason to give Irving a hard time. I mean, this is the man *Time* magazine described not too long ago as "the most successful 'serious' young writer in America." This is the author of *The World According to Garp* and *The Hotel New Hampshire*. *This is the guy who taught Robin Williams how to wrestle, for God's sake!* If he wants to say his new novel isn't about abortion, that's his prerogative.

Just the same, it's encouraging that the book is more than a predictable (if deeply felt) polemic about how abortions should be available to anyone who wants them. Like *Garp* and *The Hotel New Hampshire*, *The Cider House Rules* is a long, sprawling, Dagwood sandwich of a novel, crammed with character and incident. Set mainly in New England, and spanning most of the first half of this century, it is concerned (as are most of Irving's novels) with people who are victims—orphans, migrant workers, unwed mothers; people who don't belong, who are not wanted, who lack the opportunity to make any kind of real choices in their lives.

It's a moving novel—far more so than *Garp* or *Hotel New Hampshire*. In part, that's because it's not nearly as picaresque as its predecessors. For all the occasionally outrageous sentimentality and sometimes forced whimsy, there's a muted authenticity to *The Cider House Rules* that lends it an unforced and an often gripping poignancy.

Irving says that the down-to-earth quality is deliberate, the result of its being an historical novel. "I'm not a terribly devout realist as a writer," he says, "but an historical novel has a strange way of making you believe in the facts. You can't have people on skateboards, for example. And *(Continued on page 124)*

Allan Mayer, *a former senior editor at "Newsweek," is now a free-lance writer and screenwriter.*

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john irving

(Continued from page 122)

there's a kind of limit to the language. It has to be a little more filtered, more distant."

It's not Irving's sensibility that has changed. He still views the world as a terrifyingly dangerous place, filled with "undertoads" and open windows, accidents waiting to happen and evil ready to pounce. In his universe, castration, mutilation, and disembowelment—not to mention rape and murder—are everyday events. *The Cider House Rules* may be noticeably less gory than his other novels, but that's only because Irving is trying to be respectful of the period. "If it were a contemporary story," he says, "there'd be a lot more bloodshed in it."

I'm tempted to ask Irving if all that blood is really necessary, but he anticipates the question. "Of all the criticism of me that I've heard," he says, "I'm intolerant only of the accusation that my work is excessively violent." He leans forward and lowers his voice. "I think *life* is excessively violent."

It's amazing how Irving can say things like that and not sound fatuous. Maybe it's because he seems to be enjoying himself so much. "The worst thing about the way most writers in this country live is that they have to do something other than writing to earn their daily bread," he says. "I guess I'm still basking in what feels to me to be the unquestionable blessing of being able to do what I want to do full time."

Irving earned that blessing with *Garp*, which in 1978 transformed him virtually overnight from a little-known academic novelist to something of a Yuppie guru. He wrote the book in a multitude of stolen moments over a five-year period in the mid-'seventies. It's not a time he remembers fondly. Though he had already published three novels, he had to support his family teaching English and coaching collegiate wrestling.

The injustice of it all still rankles him. "I resented it so much," he says. "I never thought I was particularly talented or smart as a writer. But I knew I could work harder and longer than most people. I just had a capacity for it. And that was the rub. I could work nine, ten hours a day on books, and yet I only had an hour-and-a-half or two hours a day that I could afford to give to it.

"I mean, how many good doctors would accept being a doctor for just two hours a day?" he asks. "How many good lawyers would have a practice if they could do it for only two hours a day?"

You can hear the frustration in Irving's voice. He *needs* to work late. "If you want to write novels—and long novels, in particu-

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lar—you have to be able to put in long days,'' he says. ''It doesn't sound very esthetic, but I think it goes a fair distance toward explaining why novels of the old-fashioned, nineteenth-century sort—you know, big story, lots of characters, long passage of time—are not so much with us anymore.''

That sort of novel is precisely the kind that John Irving loves to read as well as write. ''I've always thought that the nineteenth-century novels were the models of the form,'' he says. ''Those were the ones that I read as a kid, the ones that made me want to be a writer—those stories that were impossible to imagine off the top of your head, those stories that were much better than anything you could find in the newspaper.''

Not surprisingly, Dickens is a particular hero of his. Indeed, in *The Cider House Rules*, the hero reads and rereads *David Copperfield* (as well as Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*) to several generations of orphans, never getting bored, each time finding new insights in the text. It is this ability of Victorian fiction not only to survive but actually to reward such scrutiny that Irving loves. ''As meandering as the story might be,'' he points out admiringly, ''things that were said *counted* for something; you came back to them; there was always meaning to be found.''

What's next for Irving? He's not sure. After nearly two and one-half years of full-time work on *Cider House*, all he wants to do is to take it easy for a while. ''It's nice to relax,'' he remarks. ''I used to get real anxious when I had a new novel coming out. I'd say to myself, 'God, here it comes: another nonevent, another three years of teaching.' It wasn't a question of the reviews, it was whether the book would sell enough copies to get my publisher to give me an advance on my next one.''

Not any more. With two best sellers under his belt, his earlier novels reprinted in paperback, and his place in the cultural firmament secure, Irving regards the publication this month of *The Cider House Rules* with the equanimity of an astronaut contemplating a ride in an elevator. ''It's hard to get excited,'' he points out, ''when you know you've got an audience of a million or so people who are going to read your next book no matter what.''

Irving is simply describing things the way they are. And why should he pretend otherwise? ''When you've got that kind of audience, the only way you're not going to do well is if you write a book that nobody can read,'' he says, correctly.

Some writers have a hard time adjusting to success. John Irving is not one of them. ''I wish I could claim some sort of inner suffering or say, 'Oh, it's been so hard.' But it would be a sham.'' He grins like a schoolboy. ''Since *Garp*,'' he says, ''it's been wonderful.''

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fit thinking

"The woman who hates to exercise should start with just ten minutes a day. While that won't work miracles, it's bound to get her hooked," says Kacy Duke. After teaching exercise at clubs in Europe and the U.S., Kacy realized, "being black and having 'natural rhythm' and a strong body, I could do more than the standard routine. I came up with Bodyworks, a jazzy, ethnic, energetic program of stretching, strengthening, and aerobic exercise. It flows from head to toes and back with no abrupt stopping and starting. A regular exerciser should also try a ballet or jazz class. My program is a good home base, but it's not the only one—and it shouldn't be." Kacy's Bodyworks, 254 West 47th St., NYC 10036 (212/678-7582).

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Rebbie, thirty-four, the oldest Jackson daughter, is also the latest to hit the charts. Balancing her musical career (the album and video *Centipede*) with her family life (husband plus fourteen- and seven-year-old daughters) has required even physical adjustment. "I trained for the video by working out on Nautilus machines, eating well. It was lucky I did. The filming took twenty-four hours—and I danced most of that time." About her striking looks: "When I'm working I wear Fashion Fair's Honey Glo foundation mixed with Copper Glo, set with Ben Nye's Coco Tan powder. But I can't stand wearing makeup when I'm at home. I can't breathe. Because my hair is permed, I brush it into place, wet it with water or activator." Ahead: "I want to keep singing and dancing—really working hard. I remember when the Jacksons weren't known; I treat our success as a gift." —Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

Photo top PIERRE SCHERMAN, *bottom;* MARK JENKINSON

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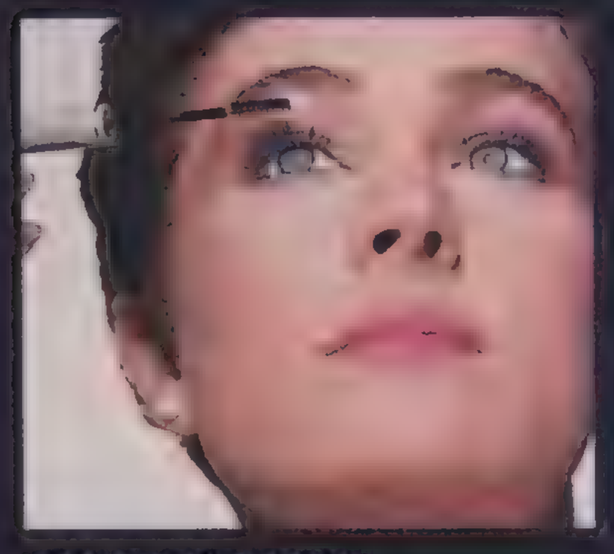

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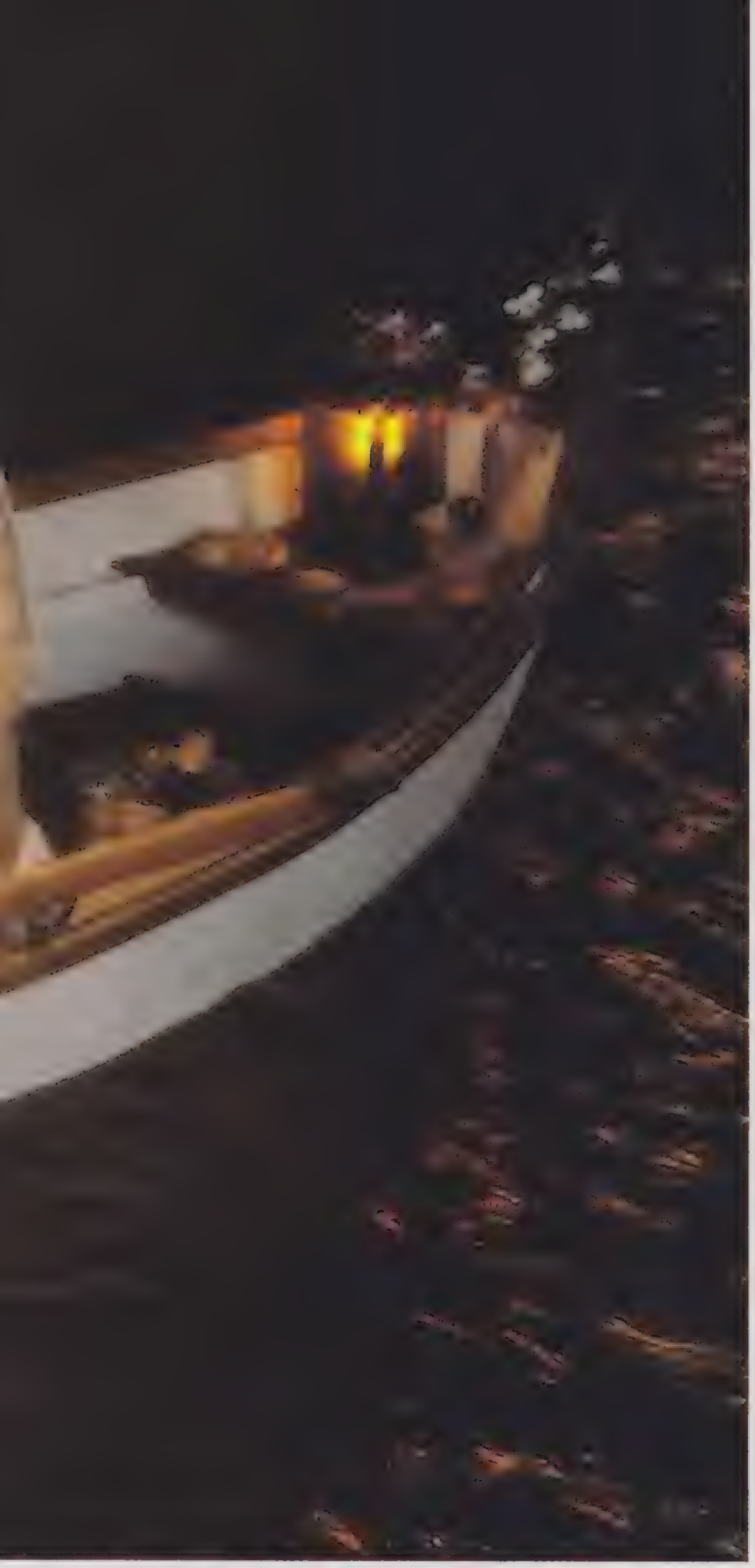

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a certain quality: galanos

An American designer with an original, enduring style; a unique standard of quality

By André Leon Talley

The line, the luxury—synonymous with Galanos evenings. Here, a standout dress from his spring/summer collection. More Galanos, page 224.

James Galanos has always charted his own course. Since he opened his workrooms in Los Angeles, California, in 1951, he has been considered a unique fashion talent. He stands on a special plane in American fashion: like that of the late American designers Norman Norell, Charles James, and Mainbocher, his work is compared to the finest European *haute couture*.

His is a self-imposed standard of quality reflected in clothes of exquisite workmanship, sophistication, and dash. What he hopes for—at all times—an article of clothing a woman can wear for more than a decade. At a party or on his road tours (when he sells his clothes through personal in-store appearances), Galanos loves to hear a woman tell him her "little nothing dinner dress" is one he designed ages ago.

"I have women who tell me they still wear dresses that are fifteen, twenty years old. Women who wear my clothes year after year wait for me. They want the pleasure of buying dresses with built-in longevity. That in itself gives me a certain clout, I think."

He travels to Paris, Zurich, Rome, Milan, London (in search of the world's best fabrics) in addition to his appearances in major American cities. It is on such trips that Galanos completes his creative "cycle." Wherever he is, he goes out almost every night to observe smart women; the women who shop couture. With his keen eye, he filters out, instinctively, what is desired, demanded:

"Today, women want inventive clothes that transcend trends; clothes that will last. I go to the same restaurants, parties, and gala events my customers do. From these vantage points, I see women who dress at my price range. And on the whole, the well-dressed, well-turned-out women, in any big city, dress pretty much the same. New Yorkers are by far the best when it comes to fashion, but they too want a quality that is lasting. They want something with an exciting look," observes Galanos. "But that excitement should not become obsolete overnight because of eccentric cut or design. Women who wear couture clothes, in my mind, avoid the dress that becomes an instant period piece."

Galanos likes to keep in synch with the times. He is aware of modern crosscurrents in culture, as well as fashion. "But I am not involved with street-level fashion impact. I have spent thirty years practicing what I do. So as not to become stale, not to get old, I try to keep my clothes young, in pace with today's world. I am very much aware of what goes on. I observe what young people are wearing as I think it's important to keep abreast of current fashion elements.

"Design is wonderful; but design with no taste level has no purpose, it becomes totally incomprehensible. At the time of Madeleine Vionnet (introducer of the bias cut), fashion had a timeless quality, as well as a marvelous taste level. Today, many designers make clothes that are extreme, clothes that are simply statements of fashion news."

Galanos readily admits that as a young maverick in the fashion world of the '50s, when taste was dictated by Paris and women followed the fashion plates launched by the media, he experimented with "fashion statement clothes." Today he feels this no longer has any validity. "A dress, a coat, a suit, a chic and daring, sometimes even flamboyant, ensemble must never make a woman look foolish. I am as happy making understated clothes as dazzling embroidered dresses, whichever it takes to make a woman look exciting, beautiful."

Part of the new excitement at Galanos for spring/summer is wool jersey for evening. But he has *(Continued on page 132)*

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galanos

(Continued from page 130)

wished, for three decades, that women would take to wool jersey for late day, with the same intensity with which they take to his sequin and glittering tissue brocade dresses (unabashedly opulent and hand-embroidered, these are dresses with stratospheric prices of $8,000 and up, crafted by artisans who worked under the great studio costume designers such as Adrian, Travis Banton).

"I think jersey has an ideal versatility, but it requires a very special point of view. Very few women want to go out in a wool jersey evening dress." His wool jerseys are always narrow and deceptively simple. Dramatically cut, they are best when unadorned. The exuberance lies in his narrowness of silhouette.

"At the beginning of my career, I made a long black wool jersey dress with the midriff cut out. The dress was considered shocking because the midriff had an inset panel of black chiffon. It was considered quite avant-garde and, when the Duchess of Windsor wore it, it received a great deal of attention."

Today, his most celebrated customer is First Lady Nancy Reagan. She has worn Galanos clothes for years, long before she chose his one-shouldered beaded dress as her Inaugural gown in 1981. On the San Francisco/Los Angeles/Hollywood social circuit, Galanos is very popular. For years his friend and client the late Rosalind Russell, a dynamic woman with great personal style, depended on his advice for her private-life dressing as well as for her more flamboyant public wardrobe. Current celebrity fans include Diana Ross, for whom Galanos often designs "special-occasion" clothes.

This year, before the Academy Award ceremonies, Ross, in floor-sweeping sables, visited the Plaza Hotel suite where Galanos was winding up a two-week stint. Ross was in the mood for something special, considering the event in question. "James, I think beaded pants might be awfully nice with this jacket," she said, as she let her fingers slowly run along the sleeve of an amethyst silk jacket edged and splashed with ebony and topaz beads.

"The jacket has enough sparkle," was the firm reply.

This is the kind of polite yet definite advice Galanos gives to countless women who meet him at specialty shops such as Martha, on personal appearances. At a recent three-day Martha stint in Palm Beach, he totaled-up $500,000 in sales. He travels with an assistant, season after season, unpacking his stand-up trunks made of stainless steel and as big as double-door refrigerators.

Galanos is the first to admit that all the customers he meets aren't superstars or leading ladies. When a woman isn't blessed with a reed-thin figure, he says, his styles are no problem, no threat. "Size has nothing to do with shape. Any shape can be upgraded to a big size. Narrow clothes are ideal on a well-toned figure; but we never, never change the shape for a customer."

Who is the ideal Galanos customer? "She isn't one individual. She can't be one prototype, that would be dangerous," he adds. "I have a memory bank of customer types, not specific people. All of these types remain in my mind when I design."

Outside of his world, whom does Galanos see as a fashion force? And what is his view of the state of fashion in general?

"Yves Saint Laurent is marvelous and on a consistent level at all times. Then I think Givenchy makes some of the most beautiful couture clothes in the world.

"At the moment, there is a certain sameness in fashion, a prevailing mediocrity and resistance to creativity. There are few designers who actually maintain a unique look all their own. And there are other popular designers who take clothes that have always existed in the public domain, say a camp or officer's shirt, and make a statement from that, season after season. I think even some of the best European couture looks bizarre, judging from what I see worn and through magazine photographs."

"American fashion stands ideally for a certain functional way of pulling clothes together, for a cleanliness of line, a sporty, elegant neatness. This, I find attractive. Italians are a little more daring, eccentric, sometimes reflected in too "busy" designs. French design can swing both ways, true invention or explosive statement clothes. Today too many de-

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signers are concerned with runway effects and theatrics, rather than the demands of real-life dressing."

What's news at Galanos each season: a fascination with paradox. This season, it's denim dazzled with rhinestones. His denim skirts, short or long, and worn with rich ivory satin shirts, aren't simply novelty items. And for him, it's not a new fabric: "I did denim fifteen years ago for winter in a series of different-length coats; some mink lined, some with sable collars. My denim clothes have the same luxury inside as anything I design; they are meticulously and impeccably lined in silk satin or taffeta. True luxury is always within a dress or outfit. This is denim for a customer with enough daring to wear it in Paris or London, and not necessarily at a Texas barbecue."

"Today, too many designers are concerned with runway effects . . . rather than the demands of real-life dressing"

In appearance, Galanos is as striking as his designs. At sixty, he is every seam a gentleman: turned out in custom-made suits, custom-made shoes, and black silk socks. Lean, suave, with a noble aquiline nose, naturally wavy chestnut hair that is combed back off the forehead, his sharp angles have all the elegance of Eric or Christian Bérard portraits.

His manner is direct; Galanos is a man of brevity. And of no compromise. He has no license endorsements except for his furs and his fragrance. Chocolates, cars, calculators and chic jeans are not in his world either now or in the future. "My whole point of being is integrity of design. And as for the glamour of my work, it has to do with the personality of the wearer, which is essential to the success of a design. If a woman knows how to sit, how to cross her legs elegantly, how to manage the fabric, she creates the excitement. What I loathe is a woman who sits down in a dress or trousers, and crosses her legs like a tomboy. I have always been impressed with a beautiful woman beautifully dressed who has beautiful manners."

His first remembrances of well-turned out, beautiful women: the patrons at his father's restaurant in southern New Jersey where Galanos worked after school. By the age of ten, he had decided to have a career in fashion. "I was introspective. I didn't really mix with other kids very much. I was always drawing, developing my own taste. By the time I came to New York to study fashion design, I had already taught myself what they were teaching. I was bored so I left."

He then landed an independent scholarship to study in Paris. Rather than go to school, he found an assistant's job at Robert Piguet (there at the same time—Marc Bohan, now couture designer for the House of Dior; the House of Piguet no longer exists).

"It was always my dream to go to Paris." After studying there—"from the bottom up"—he went to California, where he worked briefly in the '40s designing costumes for films.

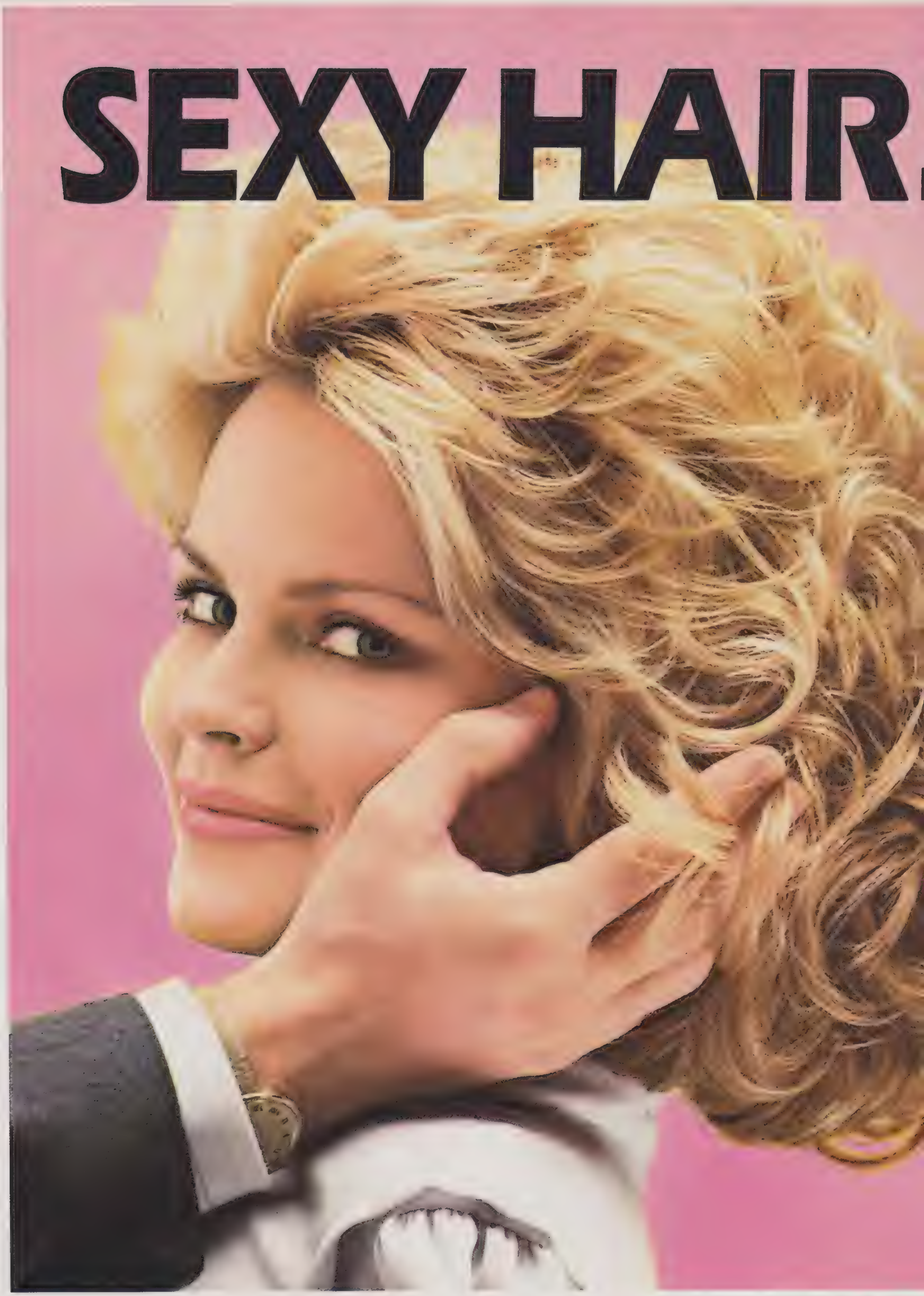
His next job: in New York working for a dull Seventh Avenue dress firm. "I despised the job, but I had to eat. In those days, it was not an advantage to be young and ambitious and working on Seventh Avenue. They wanted you to spend years in the back room. I saw no future so I headed back to California. That's where I've settled."

He worked, as a sketch artist, for Jean Louis, the famous costume designer, who persuaded Galanos to open his own company. In 1953, Galanos had his first formal opening in New York. Now it's a twice-yearly event scheduled after the regular calendar of fashion showings. There's no music; no fanfare.

After four decades—rising to new heights each year—where is the challenge?

"Making a simple dress exciting, that is the hardest thing in my world. A simple dress that has chic, dash, line, everything a woman wants—that is the real mark of achievement. It is much easier to make impressive, spectacular embroidered dresses. What is timeless is a beautiful dress that speaks to you, a dress one never tires of. Each year comes and goes, and the dress is still cherished." ▽

SEXY HAIR.



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YOUR DIET

alcohol: mixed blessing

News about nutrients... "hidden" sources... use during pregnancy

By Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

Most American women drink to some extent. Moderate consumption of alcohol can be one of life's pleasures—a glass of wine with dinner, Champagne on a festive occasion. In recent years there have been some claims that moderate drinking may actually be beneficial to your health. Excessive drinking, however, is clearly dangerous to your health and is associated with high blood pressure, malnutrition, cirrhosis of the liver, and pancreatitis. What is the nutritionist's view on moderate consumption of alcohol?

From the standpoint of nutrition, alcohol is a mixed blessing, relatively high in calories and low in nutrients. Even so-called "light beer" has approximately 95 calories per twelve-ounce serving. Alcohol inhibits the absorption of some B vitamins (thiamin, folacin, B_{12}) and some minerals, but effects vary with the beverage. One study suggested that wine increased intake of calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, and zinc. Most wines are relatively low in sodium, while beer's sodium content reflects that of the water used to brew it. Liquor has virtually no sodium but mixers such as tomato juice add relatively large amounts. Be aware that when alcohol exceeds three drinks daily, average blood pressure increases as intake increases.

The concept that moderate intake of alcohol may be beneficial to health was encouraged in recent years by large-scale studies linking it with a decreased incidence of coronary heart disease. Moderate alcohol intake is associated with an increase in fatty substance in the blood called HDL (high density lipoprotein) cholesterol, and people with high blood levels of HDL have a decreased risk for coronary heart disease. There are, however, different types of HDLs, and, according to a report in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, it is HDL3 that is elevated in moderate drinkers, not the HDL2 associated with decreased coronary disease risk. Certainly, it is premature to encourage drinking alcohol to raise HDL levels.

ALCOHOL IN FOOD AND DRUGS

Since alcohol is vaporized at relatively low temperatures, simmering a sauce eliminates alcohol but not the wine or liquor's flavor; and cooking a dry wine like a Burgundy "burns off" 85 percent of its calories.

Some liquid medicines contain alcohol. While it often serves a useful purpose (it helps to get the drug into solution), you may want to avoid its use. People who take medicine such as disulfiram (Antabuse) to help them control their drinking may have unpleasant reactions to as little as one tablespoon of some cough medicines that contain alcohol. Products containing alcohol include: mouthwashes (Listerine, 54 proof or 27 percent alcohol; Scope, 37 proof), cough syrups (Robitussin, 50 proof; Vicks Formula 44, 20 proof), cold medicines (NyQuil, 50 proof; Contact Jr., 20 proof). Wine is usually 24 proof. A report by the American Academy of Pediatrics cautions that children under six should not be given alcohol-containing drugs except under a physician's supervision and that the amount of alcohol in any medication not exceed 10 proof. Pregnant women should also be aware of the alcohol in some medications (see *below*).

To find out if a nonprescription drug contains alcohol, read the label. As for prescription drugs, ask your pharmacist or consult *Physicians' Desk Reference*.

IS CANCER BREWING IN BEER?

Nitrosamines, formed during the drying of green barley used to make malt, have been shown to cause cancer in laboratory animals; but the FDA tests virtually all beers shipped in interstate commerce, and the average nitrosamine level for domestic beer is less than one part per billion (ppb), well within the FDA's five ppb limit. Also, the U.S. Brewing industry has modified its barley-drying process which has reduced nitrosamine levels in beer.

DO ALCOHOL AND PREGNANCY MIX?

Some studies show that *low* levels of alcohol consumption do not affect the unborn baby, others, that they do. These differences may reflect patterns of drinking (binge drinking has a greater effect than spreading the same number of drinks over many days), timing of drinking relative to fetal development (drinking during the first three months could possibly damage fetal organs), the type of beverage consumed, whether a woman smokes (smoking decreases birth weight and increases the risk of spontaneous abortion, not to mention the risks to the *(Continued on page 139)*

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at the University of California at Davis.*

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your diet

(Continued from page 137)

mother's health). Also, it is difficult to get accurate information about drinking habits.

In 1983, investigators at Boston University School of Medicine reported on studies of 469 pairs of mothers and infants. No differences were observed between offspring of women who drank less than one drink a month and those who drank less than forty-five drinks a month, and less than five on a single occasion.

This contrasts with the results of a 1984 study of over thirty-one thousand pregnancies and alcohol consumption conducted by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development. Women having a confirmation of pregnancy examination were asked to complete a questionnaire on alcohol use in the first trimester. Women who reported consuming less than one drink daily gave birth to babies that were significantly lighter than those born to nondrinkers. Although the average effect on birth weight was small (only one-half ounce), the important point is that even with small amounts of alcohol, effects on birth weight were detected. The relative chance for producing a smaller baby was increased substantially for women consuming one to two drinks daily (average birth weight decreased by approximately three ounces). Babies born to women consuming three to five drinks a day were almost six ounces lighter.

Why should we be concerned about birth weight? Because babies weighing less than five and one-half pounds have an increased mortality rate and may have more health problems. The authors concluded that they would not recommend that pregnant women be told that less than one drink a day is "safe."

Small amounts of alcohol can have other effects. In a 1980 account in *The Lancet*, women who had one to two drinks per day had an increased incidence of second trimester spontaneous abortions. And, a study from the University of Washington at Seattle showed children of moderate drinkers, when studied at age four, to be less attentive, less compliant with parental demands, and more fidgety than those of occasional or nondrinkers.

The use of alcohol before and during pregnancy can be associated with increased risk of miscarriage, lower birth weight, retarded development, and birth defects. The greatest risk is at high intakes, but the Council on Scientific Affairs of the American Medical Association concluded that a "safe quantity" of alcohol has not yet been established. It is likely that women and fetuses vary in susceptibility.

If you usually drink a glass of wine with dinner and you find out that you are pregnant, the chances are small that you will have affected your unborn child. But, to give that child the best chance, you should eliminate alcohol from your diet or limit it to an occasional drink on special occasions. Also, be aware of the alcoholic content of foods and drugs, especially if you have a prior history of miscarriages or of low birth-weight babies. ▽

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BEAUTY REPORT

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AIR CARE

WHY YOUR FAVORITE SHAMPOO WILL WORK BETTER IF YOU STOP USING IT FOR 14 DAYS.

It's exasperating. The very shampoo that has left your hair so silky and clean, the shampoo you depend on—subtly, then noticeably stops working. That fresh softness you prize so much in clean hair is gone. Your hair looks limp...dull...blah.

Why why why? "Shampoo build-up" is the reason. Each washing, even by fine shampoos, leaves a shampoo "residue." Sadly, certain cleansing mixtures, and conditioning agents, if they are effective, leave a telltale residue that has been measured precisely in laboratory studies.

Recent tests on 15 quality shampoos show that residues keep accumulating each time you shampoo. It's a fact of hair life!

Getting rid of the build-up. Make no mistake. You must, temporarily, switch to a shampoo with super rinsability. One that has gently proven its power to revitalize the hair. And don't put it off. Shampoo build-up is more than unattractive: it can impair the soft feel of your hair...its manageability...and it can eventually harm your hair.

Which shampoo rinses the best? According to laboratory tests of 15 quality shampoos, Neutrogena® Shampoo ranked No. 1, and "demonstrated consistently superior rinsability with almost no build-up itself."

A single wash reduces residue by 70% to 90%. "Test results indicate a single wash with Neutrogena Shampoo was adequate to remove in excess of 90% of the residue. Even with conditioners, which are far more substantive to the hair, a single wash with Neutrogena removes 70% of the residue." Shampoo Rinsability Study, Neutrogena Skin Care Institute. (Excerpt from lab report).

The clincher: in addition to freeing you from most build-up in a single washing, Neutrogena leaves a scant residue, a negligible trace compared to the other shampoos tested.

If you feel you want to revitalize your hair, try Neutrogena Shampoo for 14 days. Think of it as a freshening "vacation"...and afterwards, your hair will respond again happily to your favorite shampoo. If you use your Neutrogena as often as needed, your favorite shampoo will keep on being your favorite!

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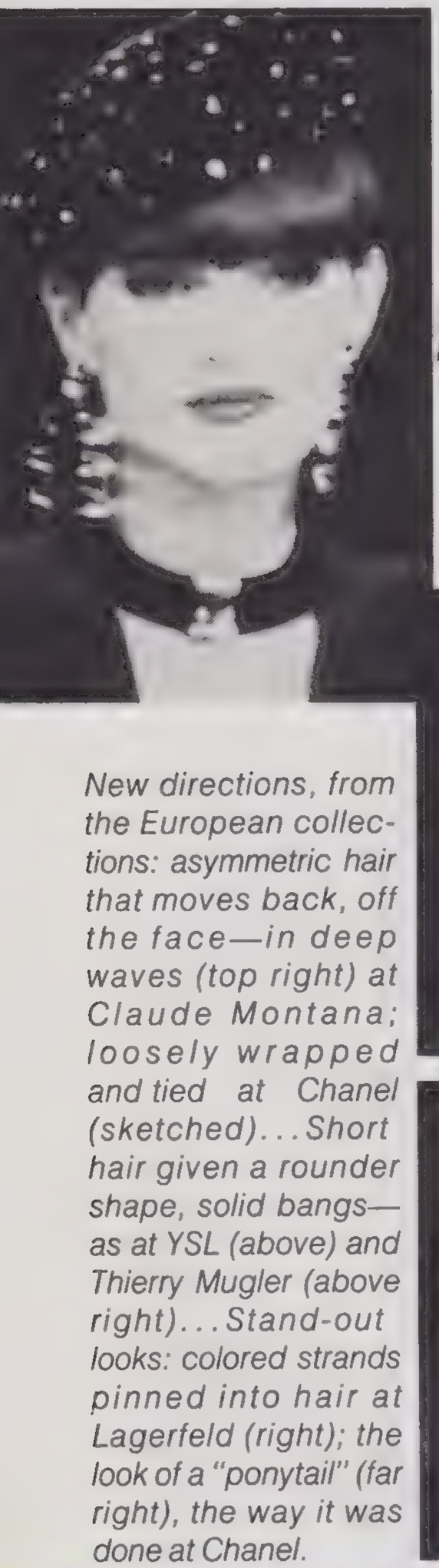
Offer expires October 31, 1985

what's ahead

From Europe, a new slant on style, on individuality... in color, the key word is shine!



More than length or layering, what stood out at the European ready-to-wear shows this season: the way that hair was handled, given shape, "lift." Whether it was the charm of hair that peeked out from under a beret or crisp-brimmed hat...or the "flirt" of eyebrow-covering bangs, what looked freshest, most attractive was hair that was never too controlled, that maintained a look of "personality," a looseness of line, even at night.

Key to hair's appeal now: whether it's brushed forward onto the face (a change that many women are ready for now) or pushed back with mousse, there's an element of inventiveness, of individual style to the way each woman works with her hair. And there's no end to the differing moods possible with the same cut. Consider, for example, the difference a touch of unruliness—a seemingly windswept bang, a random curl—can make in the look of a chin-length bob...or the effect of wearing a hat tipped to one side with a fringe of bangs just visible beneath. At Chanel, there was new luxe, new style to hair wrapped and tied with a band of cashmere. The modern effect: hair stood up, cascaded over the band, wasn't flat against the scalp.

What is also having an impact on the look of hair at night: the appeal of understated, body-shaped evening clothes. Hair that's too coiffed, too full simply doesn't work...nor does a cut that's too boyishly short or shaved. Most attractive: hair that falls around the face, is a little less "arranged"...that has a rounded, feminine look and, more often than not, softly waved bangs.

More news from Europe: the opening, in NYC's Bergdorf Goodman, of Sergio Valente's luxurious Rome-based salon. What to expect: the same attention to service—and to style—that has made his Italian salon an international "magnet."

NOTED ON EUROPEAN RUNWAYS: A NEW INTEREST IN HAIR THAT'S WRAPPED AND TIED—WITH SILK, CASHMERE, EVEN METALLIC MESH

New directions, from the European collections: asymmetric hair that moves back, off the face—in deep waves (top right) at Claude Montana; loosely wrapped and tied at Chanel (sketched)...Short hair given a rounder shape, solid bangs—as at YSL (above) and Thierry Mugler (above right)...Stand-out looks: colored strands pinned into hair at Lagerfeld (right); the look of a "ponytail" (far right), the way it was done at Chanel.

color: softer

Among top colorists, there's a move, now, toward using warm, subtle highlights that pick up the shine in a woman's hair without dramatically changing the color, make for less frequent touch-ups. At NYC's Tomo N Tomo, colorists balance—but don't cover—grey by weaving several shades close to a woman's natural color into her hair. The overall effect: more shine, more "life" to hair. Similarly, Rosemary Filancia of NYC's Charles Fremolaro Associates applies highlights within the "curve" of naturally curly or wavy hair to accent hair's texture, its shape.

Left, top two photos: CLAUS OHM; other photos, ROXANNE LOWIT. Sketch: RODGER DUNCAN

Michel Comte

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CARS & WOMEN

In the future: cars that can tell you what's happening—and how to handle it

Cars that talk back? We've all read about the electronic wonders in store for us; and today's customers are looking for cars with the kind of sophistication that they have already seen at home in calculators, computers, and microwave ovens. In 1970, the "new" calculator sat on a desk, was powered by a house current, and cost about $400. In 1985, calculators slip in your wallet, are battery or solar powered, and cost $5-$10. Automotive electronics now seem to promise the same kind of speedy development, with more and better equipment at lower prices.

The first wave of "high technology" in the automotive business brought you lighter cars, better gas mileage, lowered exhaust pollutants. The second should bring more safety, faster and better information, increased personal security, more efficient diagnosis and service, and some wonderful entertainment systems. The major challenge to manufacturers will be to increase the number and scope of electronic components without reducing interior space as cars continue to decrease in size.

In 1984, the electronic content of the average car was found to cost $585. The University of Michigan Delphi Forecast has said that by 1992, in spite of lowered costs, there will be $1350 worth of electronic marvels in your car. What will you be paying for, and will these devices be worth it? Some possibilities:

Holograph instrumentation projected on to the upper windshield, so the driver need not take her eyes off the road to monitor important information.

Amazing new hi-tech instruments help make driving safer, more entertaining

Voice synthesis and recognition will allow driver to interact with vehicle without taking hands off the wheel or eyes off the road to operate controls.

Sonar and radar systems to assist drivers operating in reverse, to locate objects and eliminate blind spots; automatic braking will be integrated into these systems.

Suspension and steering controls will provide constant calibration of load, speed, terrain, and road conditions; this computerized system will be able to react faster than the driver can. Four-wheel steering is also on the horizon.

Personal security features will include anti-theft devices, quick starts, and "no-fear" tires. One manufacturer is developing an alarm system that fits into a pocket or purse—press the appropriate button and your horn will blow continuously and lights will flash to ward off intruders.

Cathode ray tube (CRT) information systems with "touch screen" to call up fuel economy, climate control, owner's manual, and trip information.

Satellite navigation systems with map display to show your location, prompt you with directions to your destination, and provide road and traffic information.

Entertainment systems including digital-disc players, graphic equalizers, dynamic noise reduction, rear-seat video systems and individual rear-seat entertainment systems.

Personal communication systems such as beepers, cellular phones, and message centers as well as telephone computer links.

On board diagnosis with self-test and memory will indicate what has gone wrong, giving service technicians advanced warning of repairs required and recording how vehicle systems have been functioning—even hours or days before. When connected to dealership diagnostic computers to determine exactly what repairs need to be made, this eliminates the guesswork in servicing vehicles.

Vehicle maintenance and condition monitor will not only sense the status of such items as oil level, tire pressure, and brake wear but will suggest corrective actions: "Your engine is overheating, you can drive ten miles without damage" or "stop immediately."

With the tremendous growth of electronic technologies, without question, the vehicle of the future will have improved reliability and performance and added value for the owner.

—Contributed by **Marilyn King**

VOGUE, June, 1985

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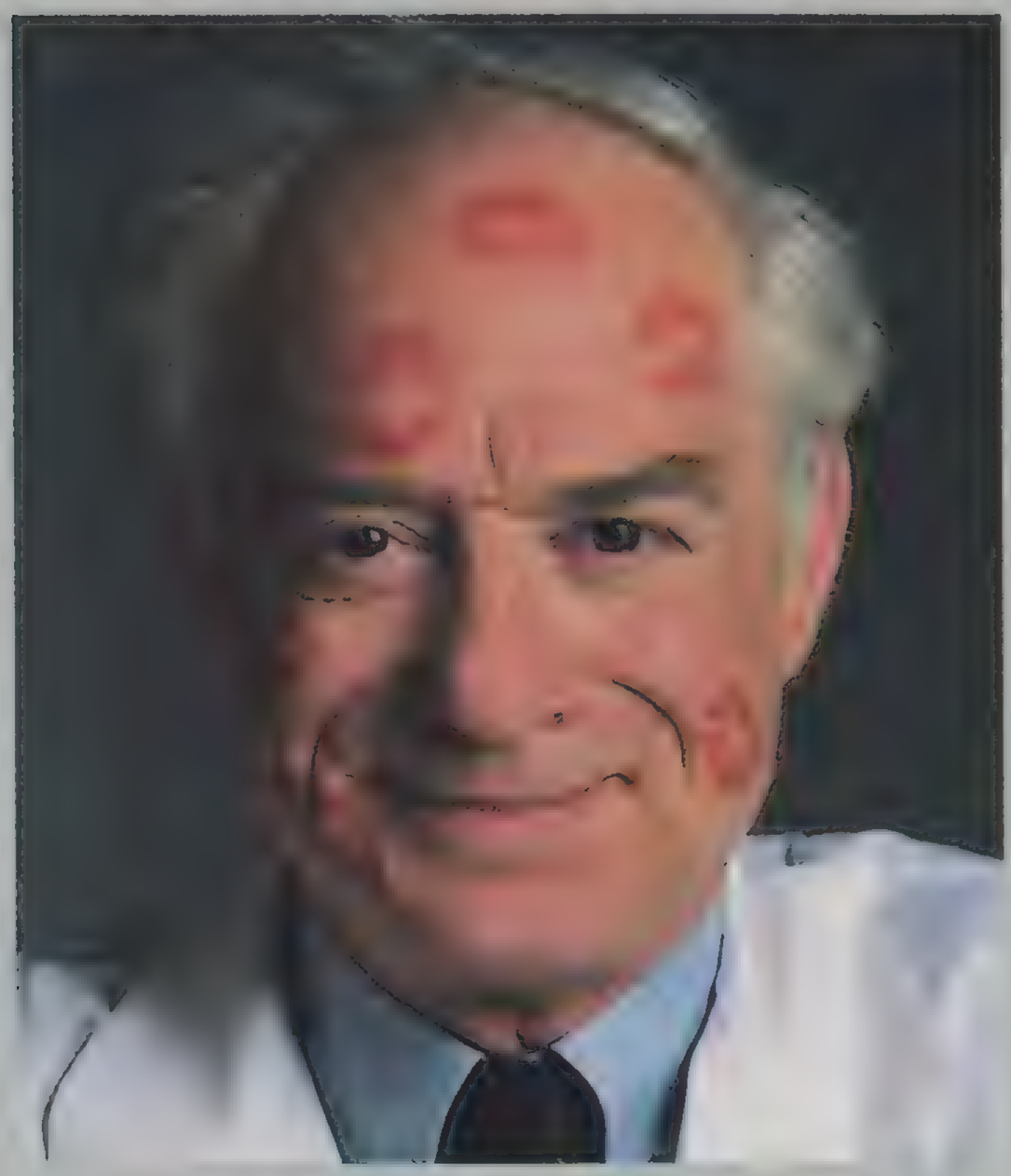

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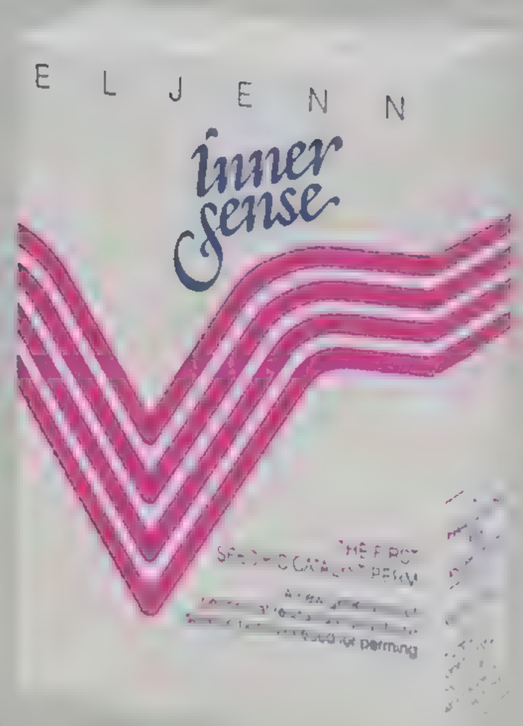

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Talking about books

Diane Johnson dines off Mailer . . . Robert Jay Lifton probes "black holes in the brain" . . . Ann Beattie's hyperactive idyll . . . Nancy Lemann's terrific first novel . . . Philip Roth's latest identity crisis . . . Colleen McCullough's millennial neurosis . . . cultural phallacies . . . the language of time . . . more

A Moveable Roast

MAILER: His Life and Times. By Peter Manso. Simon and Schuster. 784 pages. $19.95
Reviewed by DIANE JOHNSON

Imagine yourself having strayed into somebody else's family reunion. It is after dinner, and the guests, mostly unknown to you, have settled down to reminisce. Their conversation, at first desultory, centers around a colorful relative named Norman, from whom, perhaps, they hope to inherit money, and whose exploits over the years have mesmerized or infuriated them. Ignoring your general ignorance of the details, the speakers allude to events that you cannot quite pick up on. What is Maidstone? What was the stabbing? Time periods converge. You aren't sure what happened when, or, indeed, what has happened, but after a while you begin to figure it out. You can see that one of the speakers is Norman's mother, and there are some other elderly ladies. Few of the speakers are young.

The absent Norman emerges as an interesting, lively man, talented and successful as a writer, who has thrown himself into life with curiosity and energy, and from time to time has made Mistakes. You find yourself admiring Norman, but as he is not present, your attention is drawn instead to the speakers themselves, clustered around the table, growing excited. Their characters, their personal situations, their little boasts, and the mean things they say about each other—these begin to have the fascination and abstract comic quality of a play arranged, perhaps, by someone as sly and clever as Norman. You find that you have favorites among the speaking characters and eagerly await their next remarks. Such is the effect of Peter Manso's oral history *Mailer,* a compendium of testimony from people who have known the writer Norman Mailer.

After Norman's mother ("I thought Norman was perfect . . .), my favorite Mailer friend is a woman called Adeline Lubell Naiman: "He sometimes says he should have married me. It goes back to that cocktail party . . . Norman saw me as representing all those bright, sassy, glamorous, confident Radcliffe women with style and so-called chic, the ones that were unobtainable. I suppose that's why he chose Bea."

Evidently poor Bea, the first wife of Mailer, didn't go to Radcliffe. Bea isn't at this gathering; neither is another wife, Lady Jeanne. These two come off rather better than the others. Of Bea, "nobody liked her," says Norman's cousin Marjorie "Osie" Radin. "I had felt Bea wasn't good for him," says Norman's mother. "Right from the start she wanted to be top banana. Her mother had been top banana and that's where she learned it." Lady Jeanne was evidently a titled Englishwoman. ("I wasn't overcome with the fact of her royalty, not a bit," says Norman's mother.) "I recognized in Jeanne another me in some ways," says Adeline Lubell Naiman.

Beside Mrs. Naiman, you might find yourself drawn to Jose Torres, a former light-heavyweight champion through whom it emerges that Norman was interested in boxing, though it never says why, or where, or how he boxed. Also interesting are a number of agents, guys, drinking buddies, and broken-down novelists who have a certain way of talking and a lot of anecdotes about being drunk in bars, fighting, or—more accurately—threatening to fight. Listening to these men ("Soon Norman comes in and sits down, puts those peepers on me and says 'Listen, you don't call my girl friend Baby.' I just melted through the fuckin floor. I felt terrible"), one suddenly realizes that macho isn't really an abiding characteristic of the male American writer, and it isn't some glandular and instinctive masculine affliction so much as it is a period mannerism—like twenty-three skidoo—of certain decades of American social history. It's only worth feeling offended by on behalf of those (including, it would seem, Mailer himself at one period) who seem trapped by it, emerging almost as the creations of a satirist. Here is Harold Conrad, a sports writer and prizefight promoter, talking of Beverly, one of the Mailer wives: "She was tough, and I remember once I grabbed that broad's shoulder, and she was hard, like a fucking rock." There's a lot of talk in that vein.

Cartoonist and writer Jules Feiffer remarks that the people in Mailer's group, "which later became known as the New York Literary Establishment, were all pretty much in the business of putting themselves on the map." No doubt those people will be more amused than people who don't know them by the bitchiness with which Mailer's friends and relations discuss each other. But even without knowledge of the people involved, the rivalries are amusing and produce whatever narrative coherence the book has. You already know what has happened to Norman Mailer; now you find yourself wanting to know whatever happened to Bea Silverman. You plan to read the works of Francis Irby Gwaltney, a Southern friend from Norman's army days who, like Norman, wanted to be a "major" writer, and whose sad, revealing letter to Mailer gives some intimation of how heavily the patriarchal weight of their literary fathers, with their pretentious injunctions to alcoholism and greatness, weighed on the backs of these poor little Harvard freshmen and *(Continued on page 148)*

PHILLIP BURKE

Diane Johnson *is a novelist and critic, and the author of "Lying Low" and "Hammett."*

Talking about books

(Continued from page 147) army privates: "You're goddam right I'm going to be a major novelist. I wouldn't have started writing if I hadn't thought I could. Please don't be surprised to find yourself thinking the same thing." (Mailer's charming letters to Gwaltney are some of the nicest things in the book.)

Larry Alson, once Mailer's brother-in-law, remembers the attitude of the ambitious writer in the 'forties as being "ready to knock out the existing champ. [James] Jones was saying 'I'm not sure Styron's in our class, while Norman insisted, 'Yes, he is, he belongs there,'" an opinion one gathers Mailer later revised.

The Styrons come in for a lot. "Rose Styron? What can I say? She's a very strange gal. I didn't like her and I didn't get along with her. She was a pain in the ass," novelist Chandler Brossard remembers. Of Bill, he says, "This weak bullshit southern boy..." And critic John Aldridge says, "Styron was being very, very calculating in his efforts to ingratiate himself with people who might matter to his career." Paul Krassner, former editor of *The Realist*, remarks "that for any oral history everybody makes themselves come out looking good. It's very funny..." It is, because the combined effect of people trying to make themselves look good is that everyone looks rather bad, except Mailer, who seems above the backbiting, shirttails neatly tucked up, stepping high through the muck, laughing.

Just as one can't wait for the remarks of Adeline Lubell Naiman, or to see what people will say about the Styrons, one becomes fascinated with the tricks the characters have, or which the clever editor imputes to them, of self-presentation: "I'm on the board of the MacDowell Colony, and they asked me to head the committee to choose the 1973 recipient of their literary medal," critic and novelist John Leonard says. "By '72, when I became executive director of *Playboy*...," Arthur Kretchmer recalls. "I was a wit—the Cambridge style," Mrs. Naiman remembers. "But Norman and I were rather close for several reasons," army buddy Clifford Maskovsky says. "First, both contingents, both floors [in the barracks], were above-average IQ."

All this is great fun for the reader. It's a question whether it is of much significance, say here, in California, where, as one of the characters puts it, "people haven't even heard of Louis L'Amour, let alone Norman Mailer." Perhaps, in the fullness of time, the observant and witty editorial presence of Mr. Manso will return and inscribe between the paragraphs his own assessments and some explanations of what these people are talking about. As it is, the speakers are so intent on themselves that Mailer's own life, and even his work, which only a few speak of interestingly, remain matters left to another book and to the judgment of literary history. But no doubt future literary historians will be as diverted as we by the rich and funny details presented here.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PHALLIC EMPIRE: If ancient Athens took human form, it would be a randy stud with a permanent erection and a hang-up about his mother. A radical opinion, yes, but then Eva Keuls's research for **The Reign of the Phallus: Sexual Politics in Ancient Athens** (Harper and Row) was radical, too. She studied hundreds of Greek vases, many unearthed during the Victorian age, then closeted away because of their graphic sexuality. Keuls concludes that the Athenian male, adored daddy of Western civilization, was more absorbed in contemplating his own phallus (and those of others) than the Platonic Forms.

Keuls's book is snappy, provocative, and always evenhanded as it details how Mr. Athens projected his obsession on everything in sight—his temples, art, drama. The hallowed symposium was, in fact, no rarefied lit-crit salon but an orgiastic initiation rite in which the young Athenian man was taught to wield his phallus as an instrument of power over slaves and women.

When Keuls rummages around in the Athenian male psyche in search of the impulses that brought about this "phallocracy," she discovers his near-paranoid fear of domination by women, and a full-fledged womb envy. Because he longed to absorb the generative power of the female, he had his male gods produce superstars such as Athena from their heads or thighs, or, if all failed, snare an anonymous nymph for a one-night stand. But in real life, Keuls points out, this envy often translated into taking possession of a woman's body in a violent or callous way.

In 415 B.C., somebody sliced the phalluses off Athens' sacred Hermes statues. Keuls's riveting argument—that those responsible were women's cults protesting Athens' ruthless treatment of its females and its colonies—turns what could be a dry academic treatise into an important, and subversive, book. —DEBORAH MASON

DAZED MANIA: "You know what happens here? In the late afternoon the cows walk into the field." Into this pastoral, the characters from Ann Beattie's new novel, **Love Always**, come frolicking. They work at *Country Daze*, a magazine of smart swipes. The editor, Hildon—what my mother would call a "smoothie"—gets his sexual titillation by crunching beer cans one-handedly while wearing faded jeans and a "Born-to-Lose" T-shirt. He is fooling around with Lucy Spenser, who, as Cindi Coeur, writes an archly inappropriate advice column. As for his wife, she joins a feminist commune that advocates "hyperventilating and examining your breasts to subvert the enemy."

There is also a teenage soap opera actress—Lucy's niece—who's caught taking nude pictures of the man commissioned to make Barbie-doll-like replicas of her. And a token homosexual imported from New York who quips on cue.

It's all a little too manic. "If you couldn't ignore things, making jokes seemed a feasible alternative," says one of the characters. But the novel lacks the complexity of true comedy; and the people, unlike those, say, in Beattie's *Chilly Scenes of Winter*, seem more appropriate for the magazine's comic strip. Self-indulgent, with a flimsy notion of morality, they don't deserve a reader's loyalty or interest. —SUZANNE HART

("Books" continued on page 150)

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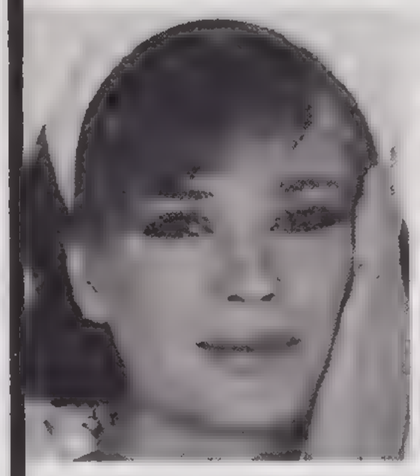

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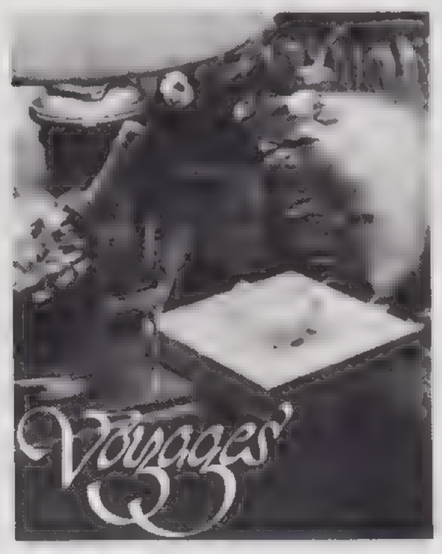

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Talking about books

Black Holes of the Mind

VITAL LIES, SIMPLE TRUTHS: The Psychology Of Self-Deception. By Daniel Goleman, Ph.D. Simon and Schuster. 256 pages. $17.95
Reviewed by ROBERT JAY LIFTON

Under extreme conditions, the mind may close itself off from a threatening environment. Survivors of Hiroshima remembered how, within minutes or even seconds of the blast, they simply ceased to feel. They could retain a sense of what was happening around them but underwent what one described as a "paralysis of the mind." That reaction, which I came to call *psychic numbing*, protected the mind from being overwhelmed by images it simply could not absorb.

Related psychological maneuvers can occur under everyday conditions as well—maneuvers in which feelings are muted or absent, or in which one simply has no awareness at all of events taking place. Daniel Goleman, psychologist and *New York Times* behavioral science correspondent, had the interesting idea of exploring what is known about these "blanks in experience" or "lacunae." His theme would be "the trade-off between anxiety and awareness": the mind's tendency to sacrifice certain perceptions in order to minimize fear and pain.

He could well have begun with the work of Pierre Janet, a gifted contemporary of Freud, who made these "black holes of the mind" his life's work. Janet observed that there occurred in the neuroses, and especially hysteria, what he called "narrowing of the field of consciousness." The mind tended to abandon certain experiences, which would then become separated from the rest of the mind, and would more or less independently produce neurotic symptoms. In making these observations Janet remained remarkably concentrated on how feelings—and impaired feelings—affect psychological health.

But Goleman begins in a more contemporary place: the neurochemistry of diminished sensation. From there he moves briskly through some clinical research on stress and Freud's early model of the mind, and then to recent work by cognitive psychologists, who tend to focus specifically on thought process and memory. From them Goleman takes up the concept of "schemas," a term originally used by Kant and which is now used to suggest certain mind sets that greatly influence what and how we think: how we take in or reject impressions around us according to their "fit" with prior experiences.

By combining this principle with the increasing evidence from cognitive psychology that unconscious patterns of perception determine "what will and will not enter awareness," Goleman can then declare that "the pieces are in place" for constructing a model of how the mind scans and selects information. But the rest of his book suggests that the pieces are not yet in place, or at least that we require more pieces.

Since a major recent development in psychology has been the increasing recognition that the entire self is involved in even the most minute, seemingly specialized form of mental activity, Goleman wisely connects questions of knowledge and memory to concepts of self. When describing how the self, intent upon avoiding anxiety, will fend off certain perceptions and "skew" attention, he invokes the provocative argument of the social psychologist Anthony Greenwald, who believes that the self "fabricates and revises history" with biases that "correspond disturbingly to thought control and propaganda devices." Goleman quotes Harry Stack Sullivan, the gifted American psychoanalyst who did so much to elaborate the concept of the "self-system," to show "how suavely we simply ignore great bodies of experience."

But then, as Goleman casts about through more cognitive psychology, observations by Dostoyevsky on secrets we keep from ourselves, John Dean's memory, and so forth, we begin to find that our *own* attention is being skewed. The narrative falters; the connections seem forced.

The problem lies in what is also the book's strength: its inclusiveness. Goleman puts together *all* the pieces coming from divergent approaches—with such intelligence and industry that he comes close to succeeding—but all the distinct models and concepts cannot quite come together, and in some cases they probably should not.

Yet, in the last few chapters, Goleman recovers his stride as he invokes Irving Janis's research on "groupthink," a pattern of collective defenses and blind spots that besets decision-making groups and that led to such fiascos as the Bay of Pigs invasion and the Watergate break-in. He is also served well by Erving Goffman's concept of "frames," shared definitions of situations that organize and govern people's involvements in social events. And there are compelling passages about the systematic construction of collective lacunae by Nazis and Communists, ending in Yevtushenko's declaration about his country's younger generation's ignorance of Stalin's crimes: "The truth is replaced by silence, and the silence is a lie."

The very clarity of that declaration makes Goleman's general stance suffer by contrast. The first part of his book's title comes from Ibsen's statement: "Deprive the average man of his vital lie, and you've robbed him of happiness as well." At the end of the book Goleman hedges about the matter, acknowledging that, while certain shared lies have to be left alone, "truths must be told if we are to find our way out" of our collective movement toward nuclear disaster. Then again he says, "Some blind spots . . . help us to survive in the face of painful truths." No doubt all this is true, but the limp ending is the price of the book's essential externality. Goleman always seems to be explicating, never quite speaking from within the material. We miss the kind of voice that creates its own narrative by asserting its own intellectual and moral stand. But if in this way we are left disappointed, we also emerge better informed.

THE BIG CHILL: People who pick up Colleen McCullough's **A Creed for The Third Millennium** (Harper & Row) because they cried over *The Thorn Birds* and loved Richard Chamberlain are in for a surprise. Her latest novel has traded romance down under for the fantastical beyond. In the year 2032, the threat isn't nuclear warfare—it's an insidious ice age that's turning places like Greenwich, Connecticut, into Siberia. Millennium neurosis has supplanted agoraphobia as the housewife's hot disease, and the cherry blossoms are blooming later this year.

McCullough's futuristic musings take a sudden turn when she offers us, as a way out of the dilemma, her very own Messiah—complete with cross to bear and religious symbolism so overt it makes *Pilgrim's Progress* seem complex.

The government conducts a top-secret search for the perfect candidate to shepherd Americans through these troubled times, and finds Dr. Joshua Christian, who bludgeons his audience with his fervent faith. They love it, but if this were Billy Graham's evangelical hour, I'd switch the channel. One thing's for sure: oratory's tough stuff for a mini-series, or a book.—S.H.

("Books" continued on page 152)

DAVE SHANNON

Robert Jay Lifton, M.D., *distinguished professor of psychiatry at CUNY/John Jay College, is the co-editor of "In a Dark Time."*

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Talking about books

The Marketing of Taste

SENSATIONAL DESIGNS: The Cultural Work of American Fiction, 1790-1860. By Jane P. Tompkins. Oxford University Press. 256 pages. $17.95

Reviewed by CATHY N. DAVIDSON

What *does* become a legend most? More people followed Artemisia Gentileschi's coffin to her grave than followed Raphael's, but who boasts a Gentileschi above the living room sofa? Is it that quality endures? That the masterpiece prevails? Or has Raphael had a better press agent?

These are the kinds of questions Jane P. Tompkins raises in *Sensational Designs*—big questions about the origins and manifestations, the economics and politics of that elusive quality we call "taste." How is it that yesterday's junk can become today's collectible and tomorrow's prized antique?

Essentially, Ms. Tompkins argues that not mere happenstance but a definite calculation governs many cases of resurrection, transformation, and discovery. In her first chapter, wryly titled "Masterpiece Theater: The Politics of Hawthorne's Literary Reputation," she traces the conspiracy that fostered Hawthorne's rise from marginal status. Stories such as "The Minister's Black Veil" or "Young Goodman Brown" were first published anonymously, and were no more nor less highly regarded than the mass of popular magazine fiction of the time. Who could have foreseen their coming glory in the high school and college English syllabus? Hawthorne's first major breakthrough was a highly laudatory review of his *Twice-Told Tales*, a review written by one of the most celebrated poets of his generation, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Harvard professor, and also, not coincidentally, Hawthorne's old classmate. With Longfellow's "unbiased" endorsement of Hawthorne as a "man of genius," the stage was set for other cultural Brahmins to praise Hawthorne's work and for his eventual canonization by teachers, scholars, and publishers.

MARK YANKUS

Ms. Tompkins' book is deliberately controversial. By questioning the mechanisms by which literary reputations are marketed, she undermines some cherished assumptions about the intrinsic nature of great literature. "For the idea of 'the classic' itself is no more universal or interest-free," she notes, "than the situation of those whose business it is to interpret literary works for the general public." Disputing Samuel Johnson's "classic definition of a classic, as a work that had withstood the test of time," she argues polemically, methodically, and convincingly that classics are "man-made, historically produced objects" created out of a defined set of institutional assumptions and practices.

These practices can turn on matters as minor and accidental as the cultural authority of one's old college chums, or they can embody pervasive and pernicious considerations of race, gender, and class. There is, for example, little financial or academic reward to be gained by republishing the poems of an otherwise forgotten nineteenth-century Black woman, whereas a study of Hawthorne or Hemingway might well garner for the biographer substantial royalties—and tenure, too. Yet another book on either of these writers also further validates his "major" status, and the whole circular process spins steadily on. In short, Ms. Tompkins maintains that the test of time, far from identifying classics, mostly replicates or even compounds a society's record of omissions and oppressions.

That last premise is the most revisionist and visionary in this provocative and learned book. Why, in particular, have so many women writers, celebrated during their time, passed into anonymity? Is it because their friends did not teach at Harvard? If Jane P. Tompkins' study succeeds in its mission, it will not only force us to rethink notions of taste, but should itself contribute to the making of taste. Creating new classics to serve these times means reevaluating a cultural moment in which many social roles once thought fixed are being challenged and reappraised.

("Books" continued on page 156)

Cathy N. Davidson *is the author of "The Experimental Fictions of Ambrose Bierce."*

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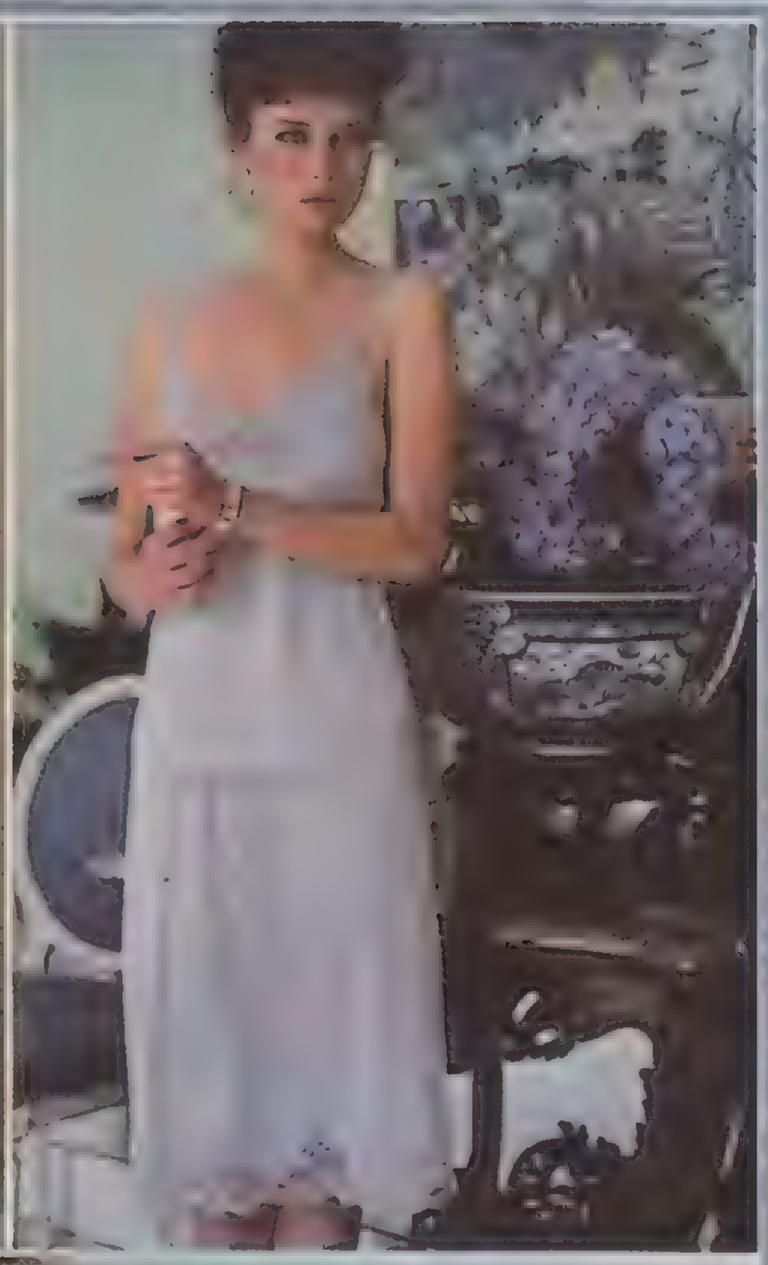

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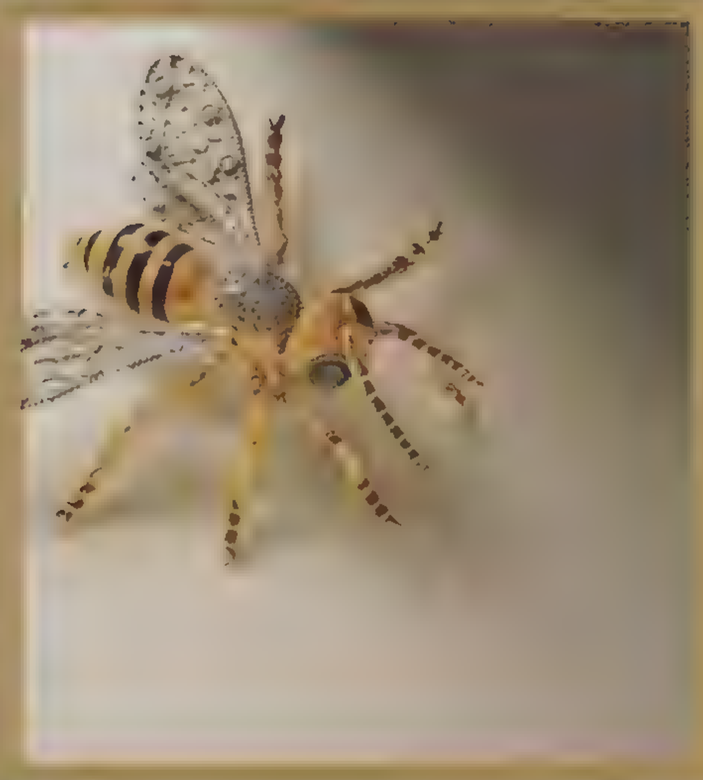

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Talking about books

LOUISIANA MAGIC: There are gallant and generous men who can "take chaos—though not [their] own—and turn it into a calm simplicity." Louis and Claude Collier, father and son, are two such men, and Louise, the narrator of Nancy Lemann's novel **Lives of the Saints** (Knopf), is obsessed by them. In a New Orleans overgrown and green, redolent of old beaux and nervous breakdowns, the men's troubles are masked by lightheartedness. Claude was mixed up with shady racetrack people and "all Louis wanted to do was think about Byzantine empires." Louise is like water to their gin, a steady companion to an intoxicating substance.

With the mysterious subtlety of great writing, Lemann sketches the affections between people without ever saying anything directly. You are led into a vague understanding of some things, and through lyrical repetition, a clear understanding of others, the way life is alternately hazy and bright. *Lives of the Saints* is a tremendous first novel. —DANA COWIN

LYNN KOHLMAN

A MUNDANE PASSION: Thomas J. Peters and Nancy K. Austin's **A Passion for Excellence** (Random House) is less a book than a compendium of testimonials from a new-age business revival meeting: listen to one's customers! show pride and enthusiasm for one's work! reward innovation! "empower" employees! Bosses and employees both, from a host of companies that have done it right, bear witness to this outline for a return-to-basics management scheme, with amplification coming only from a few checklists for improving one's own business.

Mr. Peters (one-half of the phenomenal best-seller *In Search of Excellence*) and Ms. Austin (the co-author of *The Assertive Woman*) admit that their book is merely a "Whitman's Sampler of the passion for excellence observed and celebrated . . . . at five hundred seminars." (Don't bother totting up the speakers' fees; it will hurt too much.) And, indeed, some of their folktales from the enlightened effectively challenge hurtful establishment notions. Who has ever worked for a corporation who wouldn't revel in owning—that is, being *really* responsible for—his work? Who wouldn't champion the debureaucratization of her office?

What's bothersome is that all these good ideas are buried in the evangelical and ill-considered language that made Peters' recent PBS appearance, also called *A Passion for Excellence*, so unbearable. By opting for an est-ian plunge into self-promotion, Peters and Austin bypass introspection and somehow demean that which is virtuous, altruistic, and complex in us.

I'm not arguing with their observations so much as with the undiscriminating way in which they make them. Sure, President Reagan's enormous popularity supports their claim that "all leadership is show business." But their comparisons turn odious when they liken the symbolic gesture of getting rid of executive parking spaces to Martin Luther King's march on Selma.

Finally, however, it's their wrap-up that galls: "The price of excellence is time, energy, attention and focus, at the very same time that energy, attention and focus could have gone toward enjoying your daughter's soccer game . . . . But we think the renewed sense of purpose, of making a difference, of recovered self-respect, is well worth the price of admission." (I find Ms. Austin's presumed participation in that passage disquieting—could a woman really believe that?—but, then, she is an "assertive woman," who has co-written a book on excellence that mentions almost no women.) In any case, the message is plain: new-age managers may decentralize their offices, and they may remember to hand out "rewards" to their profits-enhancing employees, but the operative ethos is only millimeters removed from that which created the organization man of the 'fifties.

Nothing changes—the customer was always right long before the McKinsey Company started listening to the tickings of corporate hearts—but it is the uncertainty of today's world that gives Peters' and Austin's eternal optimism its punch. And it is probably the emptiness of our emotional lives that makes us comfortable applying the word "passion" to an endeavor so essentially mundane as corporate showmanship.

—SUSAN BOLOTIN

PHILIP ROTH'S MIRROR: Philip Roth is an artist and a provocateur. That's why he doesn't just "collect" his works; he has to add a little something. In *The Prague Orgy*, the novella-length epilogue to his previously published "Zuckerman trilogy"—all now in one mordantly titled volume, **Zuckerman Bound** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)—Roth gives us a last look at Nathan Zuckerman, the self-castigating hero of *The Ghost Writer*, *Zuckerman Unbound*, and *The Anatomy Lesson*. The effect is like adding cornstarch to pan-drippings: in a word, gravy. Three slender and in some ways slight novels thicken into a trilogy, *(Continued on page 156)*

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Talking about books

(Continued from page 155) and dinner is served.

The Nathan Zuckerman of *The Ghost Writer* was a somewhat predatory young idealist with literary goals. The Nathan of the next two novels was an aging reprobate with a bad back, a worse conscience, and a crippling overdose of success. This Nathan of *The Prague Orgy* promotes the work of censored Eastern European writers—but his motives, as always, are suspect. In Czechoslovakia to rescue the stories of an unknown Yiddish writer from the hands of a hurt and compromising woman, Nathan confronts his shabbiest self: "Everyone believes I am visiting Prague to commiserate with their proscribed writers when in fact I am here to strike a deal with the woman full of *touha* [longing] on my lap."

More provocation: Philip Roth is famous for publishing censored Eastern European writers, an admirable line of work that has, in large measure, contradicted the impression that Roth might resemble (or even *be*) the vain and lascivious Zuckerman. By suggesting this identity, Philip Roth once again outstrips his critics, and raises new questions about the authenticity and sincerity of American writers who, perhaps because they are not officially censored, are often ruthlessly self-censoring, or generous to a fault.

Zuckerman is sent home from Eastern Europe like an abject child, aware that "to be transformed into a cultural eminence elevated by the literary deeds he performs would not seem to be my fate." Could it be that cultural eminence is death to writers—especially troublemakers like Norman Mailer, William Styron, or Philip Roth? If so, Roth, by provoking the reader into identifying him with his character, may have discovered the secret of failure—or should we call it success? —CATHLEEN MEDWICK

THE LANGUAGE OF TIME: The days of the week seem inevitable, as natural as a "hello." But why seven days? Unlike the year or the month, the week has no tie to the rhythms of the universe. It is entirely man-made, a convention, a language of time that exists, as does language itself, only by agreement. The week's invention, writes Eviator Zerubavel in **The Seven-Day Circle: The History and Meaning of the Week** (The Free Press), "was one of the first major attempts by humans to break away from being prisoners of nature."

Zerubavel's book, if a little tough to read all at once, is a delight to be dipped into and savored. Trivia hounds, astro-buffs, and history nuts alike will discover unlikely treats—from the fact that suicides take place disproportionately on Mondays to Stalin's attempts to wipe out religion in the Soviet Union by creating a new, five-day week with no Sunday.

The week we know, according to Zerubavel, stemmed from the Jewish myth of Creation and their fourth commandment, which instructs

Jews to rest every seventh day. The ancient Greeks, by contrast, counted off ten-day *dekades*, and the Romans followed an eight-day cycle picked up from the Etruscans. The seven-day week invaded the West at about the same time as Christianity. But the names of the days remain positively pagan: Monday, Tuesday, etc., derive from Babylonian astrologers' charts of planetary influences. –MARION ASNES

DAVE SHANNON

BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON: The United States has ten thousand long-range nuclear weapons targeted at the Soviet Union and its allies, but all their power will be of no "use" (if that's the right word) if they cannot be launched at appropriate targets at an appropriate time. This is the specter raised by Daniel Ford in **The Button: The Pentagon's Strategic Command and Control System** (Simon and Schuster). Ford argues convincingly that the Pentagon's system of command, control, and communications (C^3) functions poorly even in peacetime and has little chance of surviving the opening of a nuclear war. The idea of fighting a protracted, limited nuclear war, so beloved by the Carter and Reagan administrations, is a bad dream. After the war's first minutes, no one in command would have the slightest idea what was going on.

So far, so good. Maybe this will deter the deskbound strategists from pursuing their limited-war fantasies. But Ford finds a dire implication in the C^3 shambles. The Pentagon has tolerated a nonsurvivable system, he argues, because military leaders never have had any intention of fighting a limited nuclear war. At the first sign of trouble, they're planning to launch everything we have at the Russians in a preemptive strike. Ford fails to prove this thesis. America's C^3 failings could just as easily have resulted from bureaucratic infighting, inefficiency, and incompetence (all well-documented by Ford) as from military defiance of civilian leadership. Still, there is an alluring logic to a preemptive strike if war ever seems likely, and it is not hard to believe that military commanders will find that logic compelling. —**Edward Zuckerman** *is the author of "The Day After World War III."*

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the best of wines

Splendor in the glass—the charming Pinot Noir is a rare and earthy pleasure

By Martin Gersh

I must confess that I cherish Pinot Noirs above all other red wines for their earthy charm, beauty of taste, and sheer seductiveness in the glass. Fine red Burgundies—the most renowned of the Pinot Noirs—are genial, captivatingly fruity, never severe or overly aggressive even to a wine novice. They are the very antithesis of the more austere and challenging Bordeaux that require an educated palate to be fully appreciated.

A fussy vine demanding special weather and soil conditions, the Pinot Noir is the problem child among the grapes that yield the world's great reds. Many vintners in France and elsewhere compound its difficulties through overproduction and other questionable practices that reduce the wines' intensity and longevity. The end result: a perennial scarcity of top-flight Pinot Noirs.

Fortunately for all of us who covet them, some marvelous red Burgundies made in the better recent vintages do regularly show up at good wine shops, augmented by excellent Pinot Noirs from California, the other area from which the best examples currently derive. As a category, fine Burgundies today are undeniably the most expensive wines in the world; yet it would not be far-fetched to describe many of those reviewed here as bargains at their price. So too are the California Pinot Noirs.

While we are celebrating this classic grape, I should mention that a major percentage of all French Champagnes are made from the self-same Pinot Noir. Interestingly enough, until Aldo Rainoldi in the Lombardy region of Italy recently developed his two outstanding *méthode champenoise* wines from the great Nebbiolo grape, the Pinot Noir, to my knowledge, had been the only red grape used successfully anywhere in the creation of sparkling wines.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Savigny-les-Beaune 1981, Les Lavières (Domaines du Château de Beaune) An especially attractive, bold, spicy, large-scaled red Burgundy showing an interesting salty-sweet finish. Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $11-$12.

Robert Mondavi Winery Pinot Noir Reserve 1981 A lovely, very polished wine from Napa Valley, California—satiny, moderate-to-large in body, with a delectable plum-like fruit component. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 5¾-6¼ hours. $13-$14.

Schug Cellars Pinot Noir 1982 (Schellville Vineyard) Again from California, this is a dazzlingly fruity, powerhouse Carneros-Sonoma County Pinot Noir that manages to be surprisingly graceful at the same time. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5¾-6¼ hours. $10-$12.

Gevrey-Chambertin 1980 (Joseph Roty) Exhibiting a harmonious fusion of all its constituents highlighted by a black-currant flavor element—a complex, rather mysterious Côte de Nuits of nice size and notable finesse. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $19-$22.

Clos du Bois Pinot Noir Private Reserve 1974 Big, robust, tremendously flavorsome, with piquant varietal fruit presence—a noble Sonoma County wine of rare quality. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 9-11 years. Aeration: 2-2½ hours. $23-$25.

Clos de Vougeot 1982 (Alain Hudelot-Noëllat) Genial, beguiling, with fine body and discreet cherry-like fruitiness, this delicious Grand Cru is actually a steal at its price. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5¾-6¼ years. $20-$22.

Pommard Premier Cru 1982, Chapponières (Domaine Billard-Gonnet) Extraordinarily smoky and spicy, with lively fruitiness that culminates in a provocative salty-sweet finish—a brilliant Burgundy of important size from the Côte de Beaune. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 6¼-6¾ hours. $18-$21.

Beaune 1979 (Pierre Bourée Fils) Destined to be impressively long-lived, this is an exquisite Pinot Noir of modest scale featuring a vivid boysenberry-like fruit constituent. Vintage rating: Very good. Best drinking: for the next 17-18 years. Aeration: 6¾-7¼ hours. $18-$20.

Pernand-Vergelesses 1978, Clos Berthet Monopole (P. Dubreuil-Fontaine Pére & Fils) Solidly put together, displaying a pleasingly tart cranberry-like flavor element, this is a vigorous, fascinating Burgundy with truly impressive aging credentials. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 16-18 years. Aeration: 7-7½ hours. $16-$18.

Chalone Vineyard Pinot Noir 1981 Markedly spicy, with aromatic raspberry-like fruitiness—a terrific, ample-bodied Pinot Noir from California's Monterey County. Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 9-10 years. Aeration: 3¾-4½ hours. $19-$21.

Nuits-Saint-Georges Premier Cru 1982, Les Murgers (Alain Hudelot-Noëllat) An admirable bottle from the Côte de Nuits—highly sophisticated, graced with characteristic Pinot Noir varietal fruitiness and a long-lingering aftertaste. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-14 years. Aeration: 5¾-6¼ hours. $20-$22.

Schug Cellars Pinot Noir 1981 Totally French in style, this is an urbane, very beautiful Napa Valley Pinot Noir of generous size, with pinpoint concentration and a marvelous red currant-like taste aspect that climaxes in a ravishing sweet finish. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $13-$14.

Clos des Lambrays 1982 (Domaine des Lambrays) Velvety in texture, fairly large-bodied, with penetrating violet-scented fruitiness—a remarkably fine Grand Cru. Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 6¼-6¾ hours. $25-$30.

Mayacamas Vineyards Pinot Noir 1980 A monumental California wine in the mode of a first-quality Chambertin, ornamented with classic peach-plum fruitiness—simply wonderful! Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 17-18 years. Aeration: 6½-7 hours. $13-$14.

Morey-Saint Denis 1978 (Georges Lignier) This is an eminently civilized and splendid Burgundy from the Côte de Nuits—tightly knit, with a cassis-like fruit component. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 4½-5 hours. $18-$19.

Pinot Noirs are never severe or overly aggressive even to a wine novice

Robert Mondavi Winery Pinot Noir Reserve 1980 Handsome and romantic, with subtle blackberry-tinged fruitiness—a beautifully integrated Napa Valley wine. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 12-13 years. Aeration: 5-5½ hours. $13-$14.

Château de Pommard 1979 From Burgundy's Côte de Beaune, this distinguished single-vineyard Pommard is titanic, densely fruity—fabulous! Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 14-16 years. Aeration: 5½-6 hours. $30-$33.

Savigny 1976 (Pierre Bourée Fils) Still very youthful, serious in manner, small-to-moderate in size—an exemplary wine whose taste and style are more reminiscent of a fine Bordeaux than a Burgundy. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 9-10 years. Aeration: 2½-3 hours. $14-$15.

Chassagne-Montrachet 1978 (Pierre Bourée Fils) Deep-toned, moderately full-bodied, with a ripe plum flavor aspect—an exuberant, perfectly crafted red wine from the Côte de Beaune. Vintage rating: Excellent. Best drinking: for the next 16-17 years. Aeration: 6-6½ hours. $14-$15.

Charmes-Chambertin 1980 (Joseph Roty) Comparatively introspective for a Burgundy, revealing a restrained and pretty prune-plum fruit constituent—uncommonly fine. Vintage rating: Good. Best drinking: for the next 13-15 years. Aeration: 5¾-6¼ hours. $29-$31.

Échézeaux 1982 (Mongeard-Mugneret) Well-integrated, of abundant size, adorned with scintillating raspberry-like fruitiness, this Échézeaux is an absolute gem! Vintage rating: Fair to Good. Best drinking: for the next 13-14 years. Aeration: 6½-7 hours. $25-$29. ▽

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Shades of meaning:

From wooden window blinds, artist Charles Giulioli creates visions of paradise. Wall hangings for people with blind ambitions

By Barbara Plumb

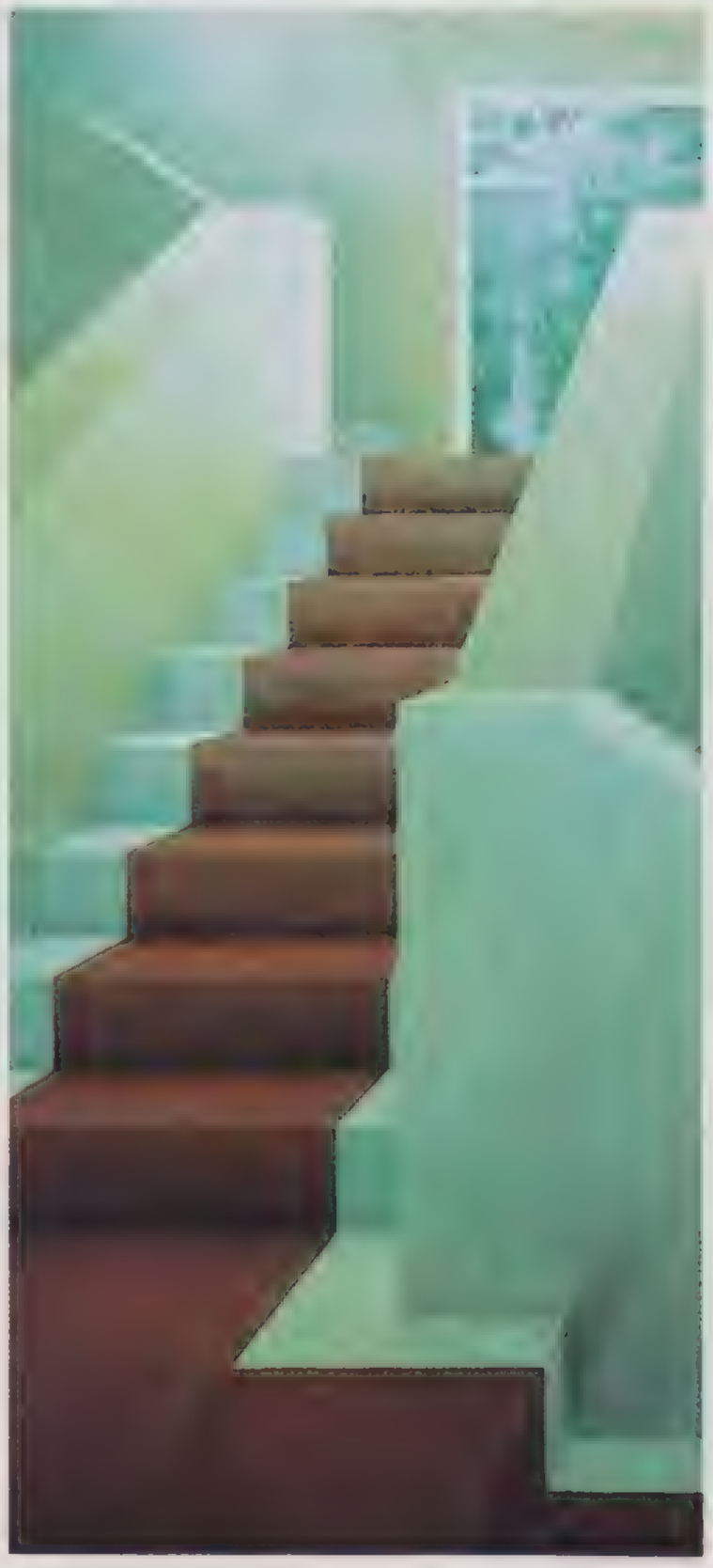
French artist Charles Giulioli began his career by combining science and art, but he was soon persuaded to abandon engineering in order to devote all his time to painting. "At the beginning the scenes were always through a window or door," Giulioli recalls. "It is the dream that adds to the reality."

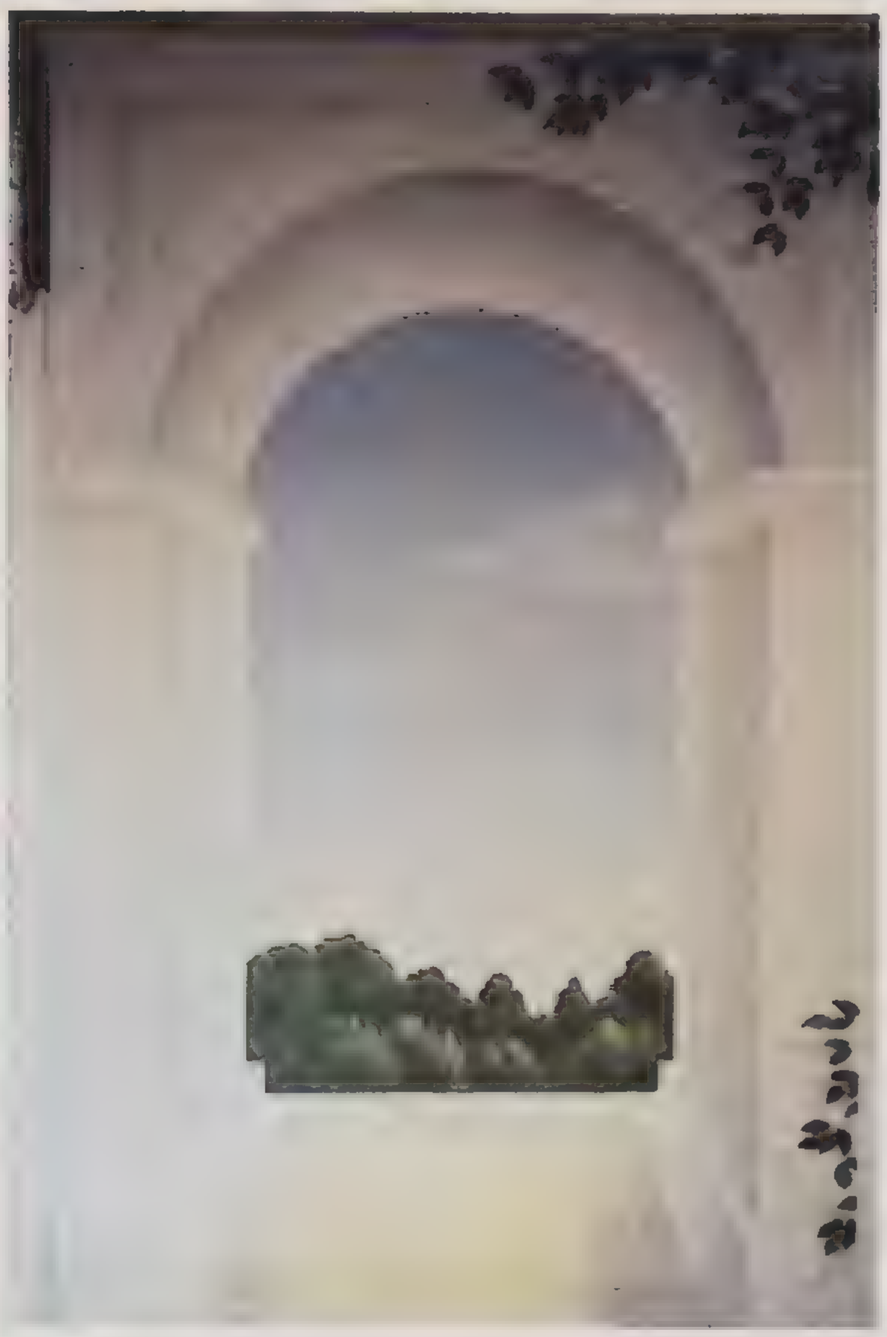
Escape is one of the secrets of the strong appeal of Charles Giulioli's paintings. With acrylic paint on slatted wood shades, he creates fantasy environments. They are usually large architectural settings, often combined with landscapes, but rendered in pastel colors so as not to overpower a room. "It's not painting you just look at; you feel its presence and atmosphere," Giulioli says.

A consistent feature in Giulioli's painting is a barrier in the foreground. A path leads through darkness to light and "paradise" in the far ground. The transition is heightened by the idealized perspective. "The idea is being where you are and going to the other place," Giulioli says.

Giulioli originally chose shades as his format because they are convenient to paint on and to carry about. He never intended the paintings to hang at the window, however, but rather on the wall like a tapestry. "Wooden shades give a lightness," he says. "And with architectural subjects they add a grid and texture." His painted shades range in price from $2000 to $4000.

Recently Giulioli has added "multiples" to his creations. He is thermo-printing an edition of shades with an idealized image of a palace room, price $300. They are available by appointment from Charles Giulioli, 60 Lispenard Street, NYC (212-505-0304, extension 1122).





With a Charles Giulioli painting on the wall, it is possible to dream yourself into paradise. Above top: "Jungle," 1982, painted on wooden shades; 5' x 8'. Left: "Staircase," 1985, a rare Giulioli painting on canvas, 3' x 7'. Above: "Arch," painted on 5' x 8' shades, 1982.

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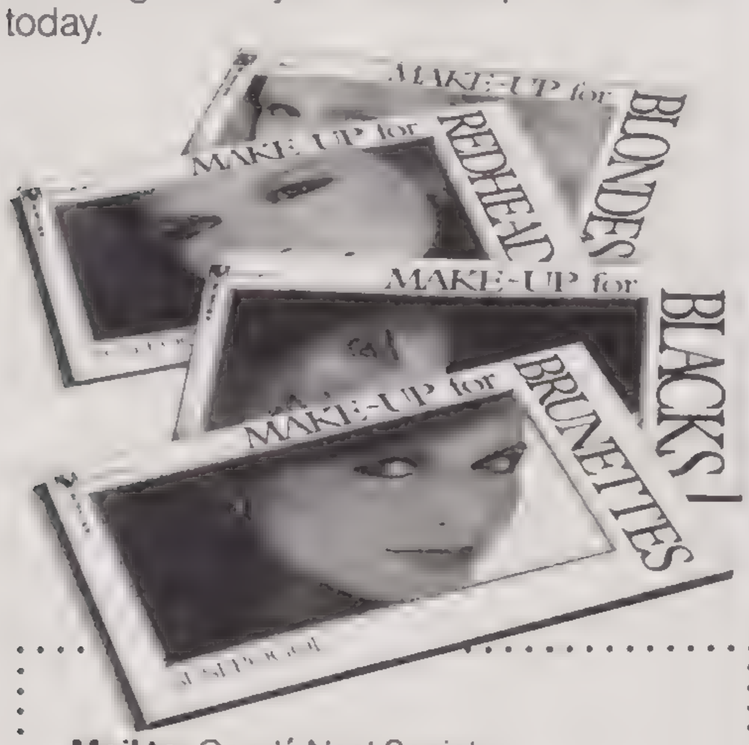

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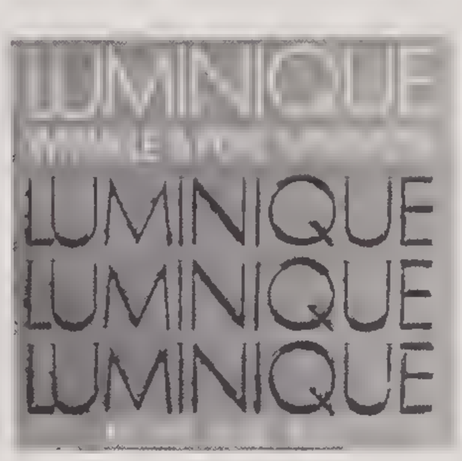

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Inside Italy: mapping the best of Italian interiors, a new book about style, brio, craft

No one does it like the Italians. If national identification were missing from the new book *Italian Style*, by Catherine Sabino and Angelo Tondini (Potter), few readers could have any doubt where the designs originated. There is nothing timid about the Italian look: whether modern or traditional, the gesture is always grand, exuberant, and spirited. This major summing-up of Italian homes surprises in its weighty balance toward traditional interiors; but all the selections are luxurious and sophisticated. One of the most appealing aspects of Italian decoration is the panache with which the designers, for the most part architects, mix old with new, ornate with simple. Their innate flair, coupled with marvelous handcraftsmanship—be it in the execution of frescoed walls, mosaic floors, limited-production furniture, or perfectly lacquered cabinetwork—gives Italian design its special flavor.

The villas, palazzos, castles, apartments, and houses are introduced by the signatures of their owners, comprising a list that reads like a *Who's Who* of Italy's industrialists, fashion designers, furniture manufacturers, nobility, and movie directors. Each residence is shown in color and described in great depth, including spectacular gardens and grounds when they exist. The handsome book includes a useful directory of sources for Italian furniture in the United States and Italy.

The lively spirit of Italy is reflected in its homes. Top: A luscious terrace of roses. Above right: A carved and painted Renaissance hall bench in a 1750 villa. Above: A sumptuous eighteenth-century drawing-room fresco. Right: A contemporary sculpture by Armando Marocco—arrows above, rocks below.

GUY BOUCHET

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food in vogue

The art of the perfect salad...American chefs honor one of the greats ...Is pizza passé?

By Barbara Kafka

A cocky yellow squash—life-size ceramic whimsey by Barbara Eigen—becomes a clever serving dish for a vibrantly cool summer sorbet

Pizza is the quiche of the 1980s; one meets it absolutely everywhere topped with absolutely anything. It is cooked in specially made, hand-tended brick ovens with wood fires and in toaster ovens and microwaves. There are goat-cheese and duck-sausage pizzas, vegetarian pizzas, deep-dish pizzas, and populist pizzas—"Ya wan' peppers, anchovies, extra cheese?" There are pizzas big enough to feed an army, the more popular individual pizzas, and the inevitable slices. There are miniature pizzas for cocktails, first-course pizzas starting elegant dinners, and solid pizzas to fill up the stomach for a meal. All this is pretty good going for a hot open-faced sandwich.

It was a bulletin from a friend in California describing Wolfgang Puck's newest pizza—topped with caviar—that gave me visions of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Social implications aside, it would seem that there are not too many convolutions left in store for the pizza unless it is a return to the original: a simple piece of olive-oil-enriched bread dough topped with perfectly ripe tomato slices, some basil, a good slice of fresh mozzarella, and a dribbling of olive oil. I see the *bruschetta*—the same principle but the base is a slice of already baked bread and the cooking location is the frying pan—coming along in Northern Italian fashion to save the day.

The quiche is still with us, not at trendy dinners but at ladies' lunches and chain hotels. The pizza also will not go away; but I hope it will dim back into perspective.

Now, in the season of perfect salad greens, I am moved to inveigh against the puddles of salad dressing, the oceans of oil that drown fresh lettuces in much of our country. I know how this offense happens in many restaurants, even some of the trendiest new-cooking places. The salad is arranged carefully or thrown onto a plate and then the dressing is ladled on top. Either way, most leaves are untouched as the excessive dressing sinks lazily to the bottom. There is no excuse for this anywhere, certainly not at home. What we need are oils with enough flavor, vinegars with taste, and a few carefully chosen seasonings. Then, toss, toss, toss until each leaf is lightly coated.

What a pleasure it is to go to a new restaurant called Sandro's in the space once lugubriously inhabited by The Palace restaurant (420 East 59th Street, New York City, 212-355-5150). Here, the chef, Sandro Fioriti, knows how to treat a salad. He imports from Italy the idea of bringing a cart to your table with a selection of tender young greens, bowls of radicchio, bottles of wonderful olive oils—plain and flavored by him to particular excellence with herbs or garlic—and flavored vinegars that he has infused as well, sometimes with glorious fruits. The salad of your choosing is carefully tossed in a deep bowl and then served up on festive many-patterned plates in a multiplicity of colors from Vietri, a pottery center near Salerno. The salads are radiant.

The restaurant has much else to recommend it—including very reasonable prices. The price structure has a charming simplicity: one price for appetizers, one for soups, one for pasta, and so on, throughout the menu. That outstanding salad array is, by the way, $2.50.

Many of the foods are inventive without being outré. There is *maccheroncelli alla vaccinara*, thick tubular pasta made with oxtail, as well as a striped bass with artichokes. For a wonderful first course try *zampone*, a homemade pork sausage, with polenta and puréed beans. They also offer standbys such as *carpaccio*. There are even desserts of some interest—strange for an Italian restaurant—such as a country-style apple tart. The wine list is varied, carefully selected, and inexpensive. The restaurant isn't open for lunch but keeps going until quite late at night. Go soon before it gets too hard to get into. I think it is a find.

At one point in Sandro's richly varied life as chef, racing car driver for Alfa Romeo, record holder in the free-fall dive from an airplane, and semi-professional boxer, he worked in a famous ice cream parlor in Frascati. He makes very good ice creams in the restaurant. My midsummer creation is a fresh peach sorbet—all the flavor of peach ice cream without the fat. If you are lucky enough to discover white peaches, you will have the *sine qua non* of the sorbet.

(Continued on page 171)

Salad à la cart at Sandro's in NYC; Italian greens: pontarelle, arugula, radicchio anointed with fragrant oils

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food in vogue

(Continued from page 168)

■ FRESH PEACH SORBET

(4-6 servings)

2 cups sugar
1 pound fresh ripe peaches—white are best
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Bring sugar and 2 cups water to a boil in a two-quart saucepan. Boil for five minutes. Cool in the refrigerator. Run the back of knife firmly over the skins of the peaches. This will loosen the skins so that the peaches may be easily peeled. Stone the peaches and purée the flesh with the lemon juice in a blender or food processor. Combine the purée with the sugar syrup. Freeze the mixture in an ice cream maker. Serve as soon as possible.

A very pretty way to serve this or any sorbet is in the brightly glazed miniature or life-size pottery fruits made by Barbara Eigen of Eigen Arts. They have recently come on the semi-commercial market after being handmade craft items for several years. Eigen turns out pears and apples, as well as the squash above: They are available at Lee Bailey's shop at Henri Bendel's in New York City, I. Magnin in San Francisco, Marshall Field's in Chicago, and a score of other stores. Her pitcher made in the form of a knob of fennel is slightly dotty and enchanting.

Another summery presentation for a simple dessert is made possible by the work of Marion Grebow, also a craftsperson who has emerged into small-scale commercial production. Her plates and pitchers draped with low-relief, naturally colored grapes are available at the Gazebo, in both Dallas and New York City, and at Vanderbilt and Company in St. Helena, California. Grebow also makes delightful plates strewn with morning glories and other flowers. The grape plates cry out for a bunch of the real thing to be set off by a creamy cheese like brie or a light one like chèvre—a perfect ending for a hot day's meal, and no work.

It's very nice to see the art potters making themselves accessible to a wider audience and venturing beyond the sober good taste of the earth colors.

One of the pleasures of my work is meeting the new breed of women chefs—well, they would have to be a new breed wouldn't they—there were almost none previously. They are a feisty group with plenty of education and a multitude of desires, among which is to run a good restaurant. Anne Isaak is an exemplar of the breed. Slight, dark-haired, and glistening with intelligence, she has just opened the already outrageously popular Petaluma (1356 First Avenue, New York City; 212-772-8800) with the prodigious Elio Guaitolini of Elio's restaurant. The new restaurant is named after the town in Northern California where she grew up on a failing chicken ranch with her Russian professor father. Petaluma's new food is American-Italian style, the inventive pastas and simple grilled dishes—rather than resolutely Californian—baby vegetables, exotic seafoods, and odd flavor combinations.

The design is a somewhat surprising, Post-Modern rendition of Mediterranean with an unevenly daubed blue ceiling, carnelian columns, simple Italian leather chairs, and an open grill with the handsome, if somewhat inevitable, pizza oven blazing away in a rounded white plaster wall. The prices are low, and there are no reservations. We wish Anne well with this creation before she again takes up the novel in the lower drawer of her desk—and that was written before she married the editor.

I suppose it is inevitable that it is hardest, at least for me, to write about those things that mean most to me. I envy and am suspicious of the confessional novelists—does that grand outpouring of revelation and emotion really conceal as much as it reveals? That it is why I have written nothing about James Beard since his death. It simply means too much to me. His life and writings have been crucial for all of us as well as for a group of younger American chefs. They have decided to do something at the same time glorious and practical in his honor. On June 3rd, in NYC, fourteen of them from all over the country will cook at a benefit for Citymeals-on-Wheels, the admirable organization that brings meals to the housebound elderly. It was the one charity about which Jim felt passionately.

The chefs will cook in the grand open plaza at Rockefeller Center, the one over which Prometheus sheds a golden splendor. The surrounding American Festival Cafe and all the other food service areas will be open with wine bars—contributed by the great American wineries—liquor bars, and more foods. All the money will go to feed meals to the elderly for whom the government currently only provides meals on weekdays—no weekends, no holidays. The expenses and a lot of the effort have been underwritten by Seagram's.

One of the pleasures will be to wander around watching the cooks prepare what you are eating, to watch Paul Prudhomme of K-Paul's in New Orleans wield his black-iron skillets, Larry Forgione of New York City's An American Place (named by James Beard) sauté and simmer, Jonathan Waxman (formerly of California, today of Jams in New York City), cook up specialties. Alice Waters, Wolfgang Puck, James's dear friend Seppi Renggli of the Four Seasons, Felipe Rojas-Lombardi who used to assist James before he went off to run the restaurant at The Ballroom, Bradley Ogden, and Jimmy Schmidt—but I lose track—will all be there.

It should be a fabulous evening. For a contribution of $250 (made out to the Fund for Aging Services) sent immediately to Citymeals-on-Wheels at 280 Broadway, New York, NY 10007, you can be one of the lucky attendees. While you are there, say hello and we will lift a glass together to that great man of American cooking, our progenitor, James Beard. ▽

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entertaining

Dressing up picnics: fanciful ideas for well turned out alfresco meals, tips from hostesses **By André Leon Talley**

Un-hampered: dressed-up fare for an artful picnic, above, includes cold herbed chicken in mayonnaise sauce, wines, salads

Come June, picnic addicts turn their infectious enthusiasm to *en plein air* entertaining, to delightfully spur-of-the-moment gatherings or well-planned out-of-door meals with elaborate style. Scenes out of late Victorian or French Impressionist paintings are widely emulated in Europe and, at times, a Viscontian opulence abounds (in Luchino Visconti's *The Leopard,* one filmed outdoor meal was laid out on damask linens, with butlers serving the guests). Continental picnic-goers do not, for the most part, trust to derring-do: historically, English hunt picnics—and French royal hunt refreshments—repeated the excessive splendors of indoor dining. In *The Wilder Shores of Love* (Carroll & Graf), Lesley Blanch vividly recounts this out-of-doors high style as part of heroine Jane Digby's romantic wanderings from England to Damascus. Explains Blanch, a picnic aficionada herself: "The rustic joys of a picnic should be rather sophisticated . . . a rich and exotic snack. To drink, I like white wine or fresh pomegranate juice, which I discovered on Turkish picnics along the Bosphorus. I also like the Bulgarian habit of using enormous melons as wine coolers: to make room for the bottle, they scoop out some of the rosy flesh."

ON THE LAWN, BY THE SEA...

Isabelle d'Ornano lives in an apartment of great fin de siècle elegance on the Left Bank in Paris; her style has influenced both decorators and hostesses in Europe and America. In the country, she might have a buffet around the swimming pool, "but I do have one real picnic a year in England on the annual 'Parents Day' at my children's boarding school. Family day picnics are an important social event, as elegant as Ascot. The English even go as far as bringing along chairs, tables, cushions: I think that takes the charm out of it. I prefer a plaid shawl to put on the lawn, but it must be a plush picnic—Champagne and cold salmon. Champagne with strawberries is typically English fare for the regatta season; I might try Champagne with fresh raspberries. Everything has to be impeccable, as elegant as a dinner at Maxim's: this is a very civilized event. The English have always brought a special elegance to being outside, enjoying the pleasure of good drink and food. Even dress is greatly considered. Jeans and pants are not very much the thing. I would wear a big romantic shirt, very flat but elegant shoes for walking about. Most English mothers wear huge, almost Edwardian hats."

Arielle Dombasle thinks of a picnic as an exquisite and poetic fête—"like an Impressionist painting—with porcelain dishes and carefully prepared food!" says the actress who played a steely French countess in the television miniseries *Lace*. Very Berthe Morisot, she would wear a straw boater from Lanvin in Paris, plaid and polka-dot scarves as hat bands, add pearls to a frilly white shirt, a graceful skirt, and flat ballet slippers.

Maryll Lanvin, wife of Bernard Lanvin and designer of Lanvin ready-to-wear in Paris, sports a parasol to avoid the sun on family boating picnics. "We have a house by the sea between Biarritz and Bordeaux, and we often take a boat out in the neighboring islands. Luncheon is packed in a fitted wicker hamper from Harrod's, and we always take lots of ice in a portable icebox. I like everything to be handled with a certain sense of style—nothing sloppy. Food is prepared specially to be eaten with the fingers . . . little lambchops or small brochettes on wooden picks. I always take Thermos bottles of hot water to make tea or coffee on the spot, lots of water, and never alcohol unless a guest particularly asks for it."

Lesley Blanch believes finger food should be minimal. "Picnic food should, above all, be easy to eat. Personally, I don't want to bother with knives and forks. I would take caviar sandwiches and Turkish *boreks* which are little puff pastries filled with white cheese, chopped spinach, or minced meat. Of course, the essential ingredient of a successful picnic is the view. That is the sauce!"

RICH PICNICKINGS

From Elizabeth David's classic English cookbook, "Summer Cooking," first published by Museum Press in 1955, two ideas for outdoor dining:
Prawns with watercress: In a jar, put cooked, peeled prawns, salt and pepper. A separate container holds French dressing made with lemon juice, not vinegar —plus a good handful of finely chopped watercress.
Pan Bagna: Cut a long loaf of French bread in half, soak halves in a bit of salt water then olive oil. Layer on slices of tomato, small pieces of celery hearts, pitted black olives, a few anchovies. Close loaf, put a fairly heavy weight on top for half an hour. Slice this Provençal sandwich for serving.

HAUTE HAMPERS

For frightfully right picnic utensils, old and new: At Valerie Wade Antiques, 89 Ebury Street, London, a turn-of-the-century leather valise is fitted with a fold-out table, white linen napkins, tea service for four, a silver primus for heating water. From Wade, Francis Ford Coppola recently bought a green metal suitcase that opens into a table with four benches. T. Anthony, in New York City, has wicker picnic baskets ranging from $95 to $800. Some come with plaid blanket, gingham napkins, porcelain dishes. Picnic chic in Paris: At Au bain Marie, 20 rue Hérold, a lunch box in pinewood is fitted with porcelain accessories for a picnic for two; Hermès (Rue Faubourg St.-Honoré) has a picnic trunk complete with vacuum bottle and service for two in silver-plated metal. At Vito Giallo Antiques, New York City, old paisley shawls and cushions are ideal old-fashioned picnic accoutrements. A rosewood and brass liquor box is fitted with four decanters, eight glasses.

TESSA TRAEGER

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Music is the theme of the Metropolitan Opera Guild's forthcoming fortnight in the Soviet Union, September 27-October 12. Besides providing great seats for ten operas, concerts, and ballets in both Moscow (its Bolshoi Theater pictured, *above*) and Leningrad, the Opera Guild's "Russian Adventure" promises backstage tours, meetings with Soviet artists, lavish luncheons, gala dinners. An overnight excursion to the city of Suzdal is also part of the package—as are day trips to Zagorsk, Klin, Archangel, Vladimir, Petrodvorets, Pushkin, Pavlovsk. A Leningrad luxury: independent sight-seeing/shopping via chauffeur-driven car. For further details (price not available at press time), contact the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 1865 Broadway, New York NY 10023—or see the Travel Guide on page 178.

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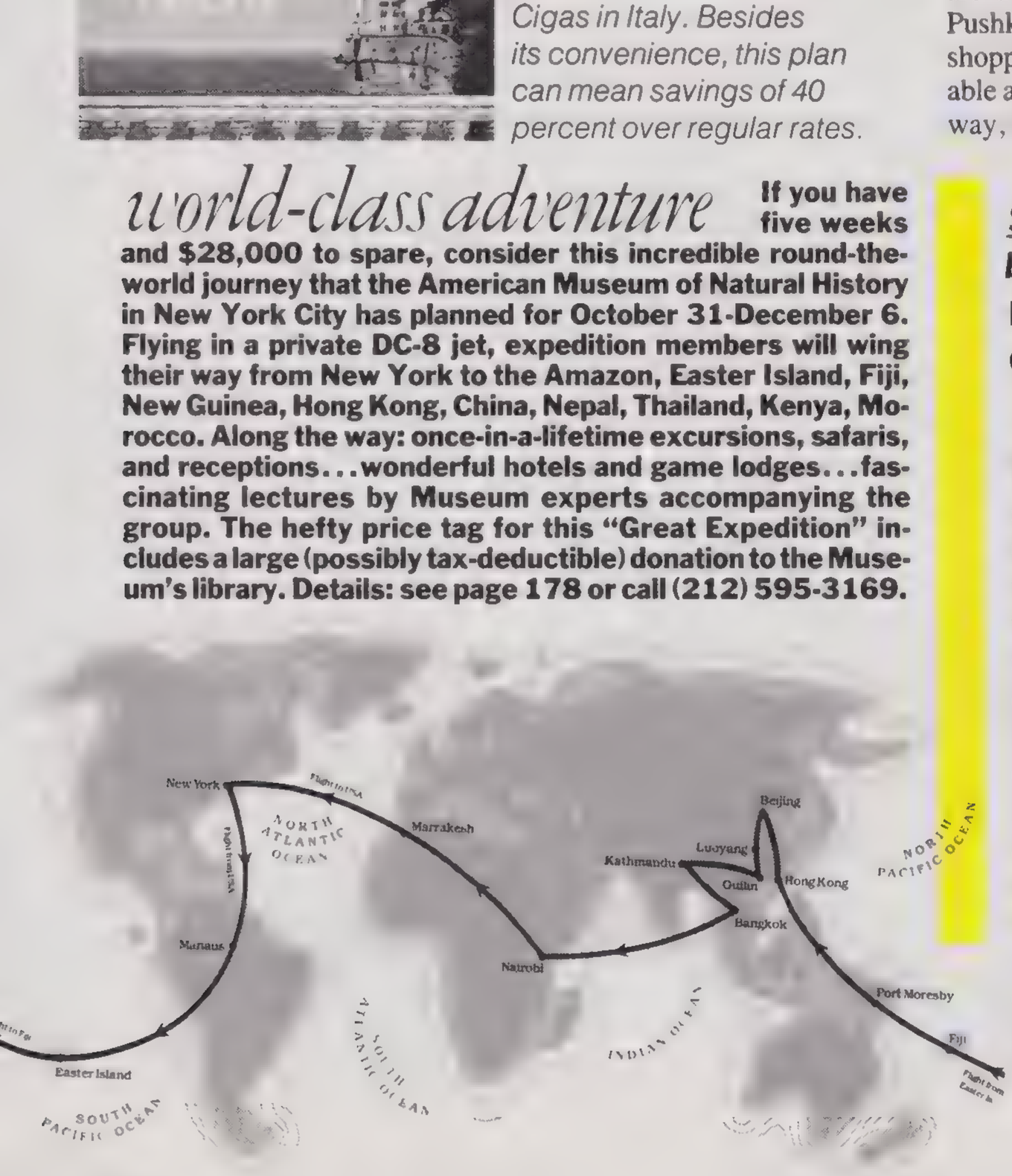

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Photo, *top*: S. GLATTER/F P.G

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Inside the Paris Ritz—

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By Barbara Kafka

In one of my best daydreams, I am fabulously wealthy. I have a choice of furs for every mood and climate. Chauffered limousines await my whims. My sheets are washed and ironed every day. Impeccably starched servants bring me breakfast. My secretary calls to get me luncheon reservations and I, perfumed and sinuous in satin, glide through doors of iron and gold into the luxurious air of *fin-de-siècle* Paris.

Well, I will never have the wardrobe; but there is one place where, if I discard all crass thoughts of money, I can slip briefly into the dream as if it were custom-fitted to me. For this privilege, I gladly abandon my sensible shoes and rumpled travel attire to arrive in my glamorous best. I leave the day-to-day as I leave the gate of the plane and am instantly met by the comforting presence of the Ritz: a smiling, discreetly blue-garbed young man who manages my baggage and steers me to a waiting limousine. Stop-time has begun.

I ask the driver to take me by way of the Place de la Concorde. After a little winding through one-way Paris streets, we sweep down the Rue de Castiglione past Sulka, where the best conservative men's shirts are custom-made; past Morabito, where they would happily make me fitted luggage in lustrous crocodile. On we go to circle the tall column—Napoleon's booty—in the center of the Place Vendôme, whizzing by glittering windows of jewelry fit for Josephine, finally coming to rest outside the gates of the Ritz. Abandoning my bags and the car, I enter the hotel secure in the knowledge that everything will be taken care of: my dream is the same as César Ritz's was. Here, in this gracious classical building, indivisibly a part of the square that architect Mansard designed to be a glory of the French aristocracy, Ritz created *the* standard for international hotels.

Ritzy... It's the Ritz... Putting on the Ritz. In 1898, when César Ritz opened the hotel of his dreams on the Place Vendôme, he gave the world a new word for elegance, one that has not been surpassed since. It comes to us filtered now by memories of Chanel, who lived at the Ritz; Hemingway, who drank there; and countless novels that have been set there. In 1979, the hotel was sold and I waited for desecration with trepidation. Instead, there appeared the most loving, the most lavish of restorations.

Rooms and suites are rich with French *boiserie*, glazed in subtle colors. In one of my favorite living rooms—an attic-like space with dormers and only the hint of a view over the Place—walls are upholstered with floral chintz. Traditional French layers of window dressing keep out the treacherous night air; these are drawn back by day with heavy braided-silk cords to reveal large French windows, which, in some rooms, overlook the quiet back garden.

Despite gloriously comfortable beds, doors padded so no noise can keep me awake, couches I long to sit on for hours, lamps with enough power to read by, and closets with good hangers, the most luxurious areas of a Ritz suite may be the bathrooms. In addition to the one off the bedroom, there is an extra off the living room—so if two are sharing a suite, they can both soak before dinner.

These days, I am no longer so easily impressed by the omnipresent bidet now found in hotel bathrooms, nor do even the gifts of good soaps, shampoos, and bath caps surprise me—but oh, my friends, and ah, my friends, the marble, the deep tubs, the thick peach-colored terry-cloth robes, the washcloth mitts (to take with you if you wish), and the lighting so flattering that I am not afraid to confront myself in the mirror first thing in the morning....

Of course, that morning already has been made graceful by an impeccably presented breakfast, wheeled in on a table set with damask napkins that, when unfurled, crackle forth the Ritz emblem. French newspapers and *The International Herald Tribune* arrive to be read over a cup of coffee *(Continued on page 178)*

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the paris ritz

(Continued from page 176)

that is amazingly good for France—and ample. Equally important, waiters enter at just the right moment to remove the table.

When I pick up the phone to try to reach a business colleague, the operator, in a miracle of tact and efficiency, addresses me by name and sounds as if she were glad to help me locate an abstruse phone number. By now, happily restored, I go downstairs in a remarkable elevator—oval, padded, with wood trim and a domed ceiling, the doors curved to slide into the walls. After I leave my key at the desk, I walk on red carpet out the front door: a taxi is found and I am handed in as if I were as fragile as my fantasy.

Much as I love Paris and exploring its streets and being tempted beyond resolve by the bacchanal of shopping that stretches from the Ritz along the Rue Cambon and both ways along the Faubourg St-Honoré, I am happy to get back to the Ritz to be welcomed. . . and to consider a real English tea off the long central corridor or a drink in the charming low-seated bar that overlooks the garden. I prefer this bar to the historic Hemingway bar—where Hemingway and his pals hung out in the 'twenties over dry Martinis—on the Rue Cambon side of the hotel. (Chanel used the Ritz's Rue Cambon exit when she walked to work.) Hemingway's famous bartender is gone and perhaps too much sprucing has taken place in his old haunt. When I first came to Paris eagerly seeking culture and a tie to those great times of the Americans in Paris, I could still find their echoes here; today, they have been curried out of existence.

In their place, throughout the Ritz, is a consistent luxury. The garden, on a spring day, may still be the best setting for ladies' lunch in Paris. It's not that the food (the most elegant of seafood salads, or even something as self indulgent as a *poussin* stuffed with cubes of *foie gras*) isn't serious enough for men, or that men don't go there for business lunches; it is that there must be some romantic tender places in the world where women look wonderful, where hats seem to belong, and where I might even be inspired to wear one of my many pairs of white gloves I still have carefully folded away. The garden of the Ritz is one of these places.

The Ritz's dining room, the L'Espadon Grill, is formal—no blue jeans or half-hour lunches. It has been refurbished and polished and given a chef who walks a discreet line between the classic and the new. It is protective, enveloping—a perfect place to spend New Year's Eve if too much celebration and the threats as well as the promises of expectation make you, as me, a little sad, a little nervous.

In addition to the history, the beauty, and the opulence of the Ritz, there are small filigrees of luxury that mark this grand hotel. When I go out at night, limousines are always available to take me to a restaurant where the concierge has got me the best of tables; and they will fetch me, pleasantly wined, when it is time to go home. Should I wish to leave my purchases at a Paris shop, they will be picked up almost instantly and delivered to my room by one of the concierge's young men. The lighting and the mirrors in the little room that holds the safes are marvelous—good enough for me to adjust even the tiniest piece of jewelry. The olives in the bar are firm and sharp. Always. Welcome to the world of perfection in detail. ▽

ELLIOT ERWITT/MAGNUM PHOTOS

The Ritz dining room: men in waiting

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travel

Icelandic summer: an encounter with the wildest, most unspoiled—and the most literate—country on earth

By John Julius Norwich

Iceland's Great Geysir, near Reykjavik; when W.H. Auden paid it a visit in the 'thirties, it "refused to oblige"

In their *Letters from Iceland*, W.H. Auden and Louis MacNeice translate a verse from an old Icelandic lullaby: *Sleep, you black-eyed pig./Fall into a deep pit full of ghosts*. It was, I think, this poem that first whetted my appetite for seeing Iceland for myself. Any race that could survive so splendidly robust an upbringing must, I felt, be a breed of supermen. Besides, had I not heard that their country was the wildest and most unspoiled in the world? I accordingly set out in the summer of 1974, with my wife and fourteen-year-old son, on a two-week camping trip. We traveled in huge buses with abnormally high wheelbases, for bridges are rare in the interior of Iceland and the innumerable rivers have to be forded as best one can. In the company of ninety-two Germans and a Tunisian who, like us, seemed to have got in by mistake, we crisscrossed lava fields and glaciers, rhapsodizing over the scenery, complaining bitterly about the food, meeting not a single Icelander apart from our guides, and at regular intervals collectively stripping off to immerse ourselves in pools and crater lakes heated by some considerate deity to perfect bath temperature. We enjoyed it all enormously and dined out on it for months—though none of us, I suspect, would have been terribly keen to do it again.

Last summer, just ten years later, it was all very different. This time the journey was undertaken not on our own initiative but at the invitation of two dear diplomatic friends *en poste* at Reykjavik, Iceland's capital city. Our week's stay, they told us, was to be divided down the middle, half of it to be spent exploring the west coast (where I had never been) and half in the capital, venturing out for day excursions and then whooping it up with the Icelandic *beau monde* at night. It sounded like an admirable plan; so, indeed, it proved to be.

Iceland's only international airport—at Keflavik, *(Continued on page 180)*

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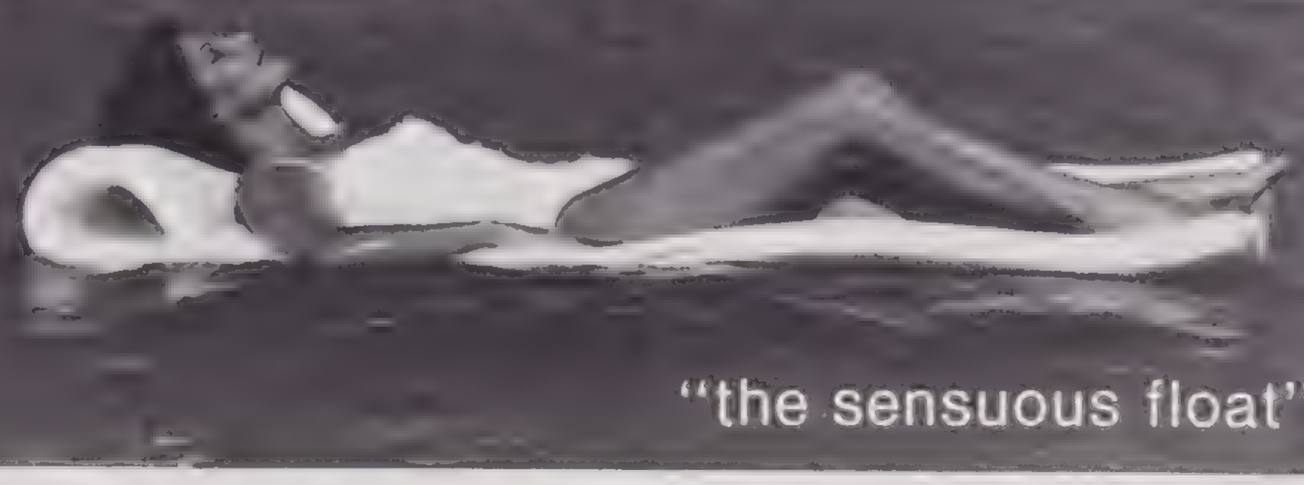

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iceland

(Continued from page 179)

some thirty miles out of Reykjavik—stands in the middle of a gigantic *NATO* base, from which constant watch is kept over the northern approaches to the Atlantic. The airport has, in consequence, a distinctly military atmosphere—in sharp contrast to everywhere else in the country, where no uniform is ever seen except on the occasional policeman. The airport also has a duty-free shop into which every *arriving* Icelander instantaneously plunges, emerging a few minutes later with huge crates of beer. The reason for this seemingly inexplicable behavior is that—while every other form of alcohol is freely available—real beer, thanks to some curious legislation, is obtainable only in this way. (The "near beer" sold throughout the country tastes fine, but packs regrettably little punch.) What is most unusual about the Keflavik airport, however, is the fact that it is possible to drive from the terminal all the way to the outskirts of the capital without encountering a single other car. (We actually met seven on the afternoon of our arrival, but it was a busy day.)

The airport road runs over low tawny hills, utterly treeless (the lack of trees is what gives Icelandic scenery its wild originality), but encrusted with a wonderful greenish-yellow moss that glows a burnished gold in the sunlight; from time to time, a few puffs of steam on the right betray the presence of hot springs; and then, on the left, there suddenly appears the sea. I still remember my astonishment at its color: a blazing cobalt blue, richer and deeper than I have ever seen—even in the Mediterranean.

Again and again, as one travels through Iceland, one is struck by this extraordinary quality of light: sometimes soft and watery as in Ireland, with oblique shafts of sun slanting through broken cloud, suddenly illuminating some distant hill and bathing it in Technicolor greenness; sometimes, as on the day of our arrival, so blindingly clear that one might think oneself in Greece. What makes it more beautiful still is the fact that, even in the Icelandic summer, the harsh flat glare of an English or American noon simply does not exist; instead, that marvelous golden light with its long shadows—which we normally associate with evening—prevails throughout the day, while the sun remains apparently stationary for hour after hour, an inch or two above the horizon.

And so we came to Reykjavik itself. With a population well under one hundred thousand, one might think of it at first as little more than a modest market town; but that idea is quickly dispelled upon discovering that it is the home of one Icelander in three and the center of one of the most astonishing—as well as least known—of Western civilizations. Certainly no other community of comparable size can boast an opera, a ballet, several theaters, and at least *forty* publishing houses—this last figure explained by the fact that Iceland, in terms of the number of books sold per capita, is by far the most literate country on earth. The

country can claim, in Halldór Laxness, an author of international stature and a winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature; and there are few important books of whatever provenance that cannot be found, in the original language or Icelandic translation, in any of the excellent local bookshops. (The only notable exception is provided by the works of Beatrix Potter—small furry animals being unknown in Iceland and consequently of no conceivable interest to Icelandic children.)

The national love of drama is equally remarkable: 80 percent of the people go regularly to the theater (the corresponding figure for England is one and one-half percent) and local playwrights are so numerous, prolific, and talented that theaters suffer a chronic *embarras de richesse*, with more good plays offered to them than they can stage.

That first evening, at a dinner party for twenty-four, we met the leading actress of the national theater and her playwright husband. Before the meat course was over, he was singing, by popular request, the satirical songs for which, *inter alia*, he is famous; and by the time we left the table, some half-dozen others—including, it must be said, myself—had followed suit in different ways. After dinner there were more songs—Icelandic, English, and American—accompanied by a superb local pianist; the conversation flowed as copiously as the wine—everyone spoke impeccable English—and I remember thinking, as I fell into bed, that I had seldom enjoyed an evening more.

Despite our late night, we were up early the next morning for a journey along the southern coast to Skogafoss, one of Iceland's loveliest waterfalls. (The country may not have many trees, but the waterfalls are in a class by themselves.) Our route took us through the legendary landscape of Iceland's twelfth-century sagas. Like most people, I suspect, I had never tried to read an Icelandic saga; but our hosts were

Gullfoss, most majestic of Iceland's many waterfalls

experts, their car full of paperback translations, and after a page or two I was riveted. The great thing about the sagas, I discovered, is their pace; the action never stops for a moment. (I understood, too, why the favorite television program in Iceland recently was *Dallas*: it is simply a saga in modern dress.) Another thing about the sagas is their immediacy. The Icelandic language has changed hardly at all in the past eight hundred years; and the average Icelander can—and does—read the sagas as easily as the morning paper. More remarkable still, perhaps, is the fact that many of the farms that belonged to the great heroes of the sagas still exist today, occupying the same fields, hills, and stretches of river. Thus, to the native reader, the intervening years have shrunk to almost nothing.

Of our three-day journey round the western fjords, I retain a wild jumble of memories. Much of the time the weather was less than kind, with a chill wind and dark grey clouds hanging villainously low. Picnic spots had to be chosen with care in this rugged terrain. For our last lunch, nonetheless, we sat beside one waterfall with a view of sixteen others. Our first dinner, by contrast, was at a small, utterly isolated hotel, and was prepared by a young Frenchman who could easily have earned himself at least two stars in the *Michelin Guide* if he had stayed at home. We had prepared for the meal by walking the quarter-mile down to the sea, where two seals stared at us from the shallows with an attention every bit as rapt as that which *(Continued on page 182)*

DAVE G. HOUSER

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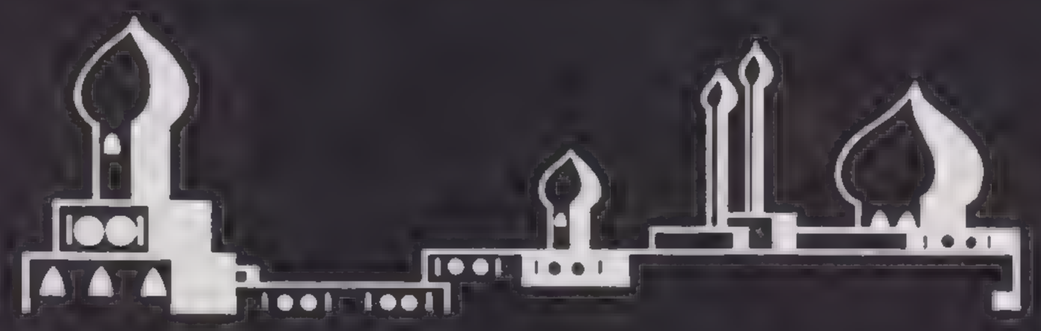

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(Continued from page 181)

we displayed toward them.

Then there was the night we spent on Flatey, a tiny island in the northern of the two huge bays that shape the western coast. Our host was a young composer who had been there for the past two months, setting a cycle of poems (written by a man who was described to me as Iceland's answer to Dylan Thomas) to music—for orchestra, choir, and ballet. These poems had recently been translated by our diplomatic friend; and that evening, after dinner and by the light of oil lamps (there was no electricity), the composer read the short poems in his soft, lilting Icelandic, pausing after each one while the translator followed with his English version.

For me, that night was the most magical of all. It was, however, almost matched by the last day of our tour when, after an hour spent attempting to catch a salmon (alas, it was the worst salmon season in living memory), we drove in blazing sunshine to the grandest and most majestic (though not the largest) of all Iceland's waterfalls, Gullfoss. That same day, we also visited the ravishingly beautiful national park that marks the spot where, in A.D. 930, the Icelanders established the first parliament in the world. This strange and numinous place, only some thirty miles from Reykjavik, is the spiritual heart of Iceland: green mossy meadows surrounding a still and silent lake, with rolling hills in the distance and an occasional plume of steam rising from the turf. Against a rock face to the west, edging a limpid pool, is the little natural amphitheater where, in those early days, the laws of Iceland were recited annually and where, today, the Icelandic flag—a white-bordered red cross on a blue ground—flutters eternally.

On our last night in Iceland, our last dinner was with two of our new friends who had promised to give us a taste of their national cuisine. Auden and MacNeice speak darkly of the dried fish ("the tougher kind tastes like toe-nails, and the softer kind like the skin off the soles of one's feet") and of the hákarl ("half-dry, half-rotten shark . . . owing to the smell, it has to be eaten out of doors"), but both of these delicacies were, mercifully, spared us. What we got were cubes of whale blubber on sticks, a country pâté of sheep's head, potatoes in a sweet white sauce, and smoked lamb. It was not, perhaps, what I would have chosen in a London restaurant—but, then, we weren't in London.

The next day, alas, we were. Yet I feel Iceland to have somehow entered into my blood, and even the writing of this article has made me long to return. No other country in the world can provide that extraordinary combination of civilization and savagery, of creativity and barrenness, of past and present, of heat and cold. Nor, I believe, are many other peoples so quietly secure and confident in themselves. The Icelanders never pine for what they don't have. They love their climate; they do not feel the lack of trees; they are not drilling feverishly for oil. They have no grinding poverty and little unemployment. They cherish, rightly, a fierce pride in their country and its history, their culture, their language, and their literature. They have a longer life expectancy than anyone else in the world and no television on Thursdays. They are, in short, a happy people. ▽

Architecture, Icelandic style: restored nineteenth century sod houses with turf walls and roofs

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travel

Letter from Managua: In a country brutalized by war, an American woman traveler considers the possibilities of peace

By Olga Carlisle

The story of the Managua Inter-Continental is short but tumultuous. Built in 1969, with sloping sides like those of a Mayan temple, the hotel survived with hardly a crack the earthquake that hit Managua in 1972. Sharing the headlines with the disaster was Howard Hughes—who had been living in seclusion on the top two floors of the Inter-Continental and who fled the country a day after the quake. Then in 1979, during the civil war against Nicaraguan dictator Somoza, the hotel was again in the news since it served as headquarters for Somoza's press corps. One night, on secret orders from the rebel forces, the staff of the hotel is said to have walked out under cover of darkness, leaving the Somozans stranded. A few days later, the Sandinistas were victorious.

Today, this luxurious air-conditioned oasis seems at once a memorial to the wealth and autocratic power of the Somoza dynasty and a symbol of the present (Sandinista) government's hospitality to all visitors, but especially to any willing to assist it in defending the Revolution and rebuilding Nicaragua. In the rooms and public areas, foreigners and Sandinistas meet in endless rounds of conferences and deal-making. Businessmen from East and West, journalists, fact-finding U.S. congressmen, Russian technicians, Swedes, Frenchmen, young and some not-so-young Americans eager to help the Nicaraguan people, a few adventurous tourists, and filmmakers all stay at the "Inter." Right now, much of the third floor is occupied by a well-known U.S. cinematographer and his crew, shooting a feature-length film about current events in the country.

Managua—and the Inter-Continental—are stages where both Sandinistas and visitors play their parts. We play ours. My husband is researching a book about the U.S. Marine occupation of Nicaragua during the 1926-33 period. He is on the track of documents, surviving witnesses, background. I am here to assist him and to collect my own impressions and notes on Nicaragua today.

At the hotel, everything is theatrical, reminiscent of Rick's place in *Casablanca*. The bar is shadowy, full of rattan, whispers, young Nicaraguan couples holding hands, middle-aged men making deals in various languages. Out in the lobby, the newspaper headlines tell us that on the borders there are skirmishes, a simmering, deadly war—but beyond the bar by the swimming pool, preparations are being made for a night of tropical partying. A huge buffet is set up while a trio of guitarists plays exuberant Latin tunes. Fiestas, a way of life throughout Central America whenever conditions permit, never end at the Inter-Continental.

Before going to bed on our first evening in Nicaragua, I look out at downtown Managua. Only a few buildings stand in a vast, otherwise empty terrain, a battlefield during the civil war. Beyond lies a moonlit lake edged with dark volcanoes. The city, devastated by earthquake and war, has never been rebuilt. On our radio, an urgent government broadcast announces a new outrage: a Soviet tanker has been damaged by a mine in Puerto Sandino. We have come to a city under siege. After the broadcast, we switch to shortwave. Suddenly, Arthur Miller's voice comes on; he is talking about the new production of *Death of a Salesman*. The warm, New York-accented voice is somehow reassuring.

In the morning, we set off for my husband's first appointment at a cultural institute. It is

BERNARD G. SILBERSTEIN/F P.G.

not easy to find one's way in Managua; street names are scarce, numbers nonexistent or meaningless. One is directed by references to landmarks ("sixth house west of the old courthouse").

In burning heat, we make our way along fractured sidewalks bordering a busy thoroughfare, past gutted houses with makeshift living quarters, an abandoned garden in tropical bloom, a metal worker's shed, an uprooted swimming pool, a gas station, chickens, dogs, naked dirty children and festively dressed children—while cars, trucks, buses raise clouds of hot dust. After several wrong turns, we find the institute, a beehive of Sandinista activity in a once fashionable cul-de-sac. Busy as they are, the young people there are friendly and helpful to the North American visitors.

In an odd way, however, I get more of a sense of what is happening in Managua from the public rooms of the Inter-Continental than from our forays into the city. So, next morning, when Henry rents a car and drives off to various new appointments, I decide to stay behind, venturing on walks on my own and taking in life at the hotel. My impression of the hotel as a stage persists. The prosperous Nicaraguans come here to enjoy rum colas in the last bastion of capitalism. In muffled tones, they complain that once again the opposition paper, *La Prensa*, is delayed because of government censorship. The young chargé d'affaires of the British consulate is straight out of *The Alexandria Quartet*, wonderfully witty in the best British style and generous with arcane gossip about the various rivalries taking place within the government.

Two Soviet engineers with thick necks and a conspicuous way of keeping to themselves provide comic relief. In the Brasserie, where the buffet breakfast is abundant and delicious, I sit near enough to their table to overhear them. Will they whisper about arms shipments to Salvador? No, they discuss whether serving meals buffet style doesn't encourage citizens to stuff themselves.

They are not happy with their meal. The tea is lukewarm and the lemons lack bite. (The lemons are limes.) Meanwhile, their wives enjoy the pool patio, where they discuss knitting, patterns, and dieting. At a corner table, three swarthy mustachioed men glower in my direction. Libyans? Quite possibly. Faced with bankruptcy, Nicaragua takes financial support wherever it can find it. The Soviet Union is said to be somewhat tightfisted with its aid to Nicaragua.

I make friends with some of the members of the American film crew who fill the hotel with banter and splash happily in the pool. They are as much under the spell of Nicaragua as I am: the women of Managua are so pretty, so slim in their simple T-shirts and skirts; the lake in the distance is so blue; the starry nights are so balmy.

One day toward the end of our stay, a young couple, friends of friends in San Francisco and working residents of Nicaragua, come to share a luncheon of seafood with us at the hotel. She is working in the field of job safety and health. Her friend, an architect, is employed in the restoration of historical buildings for use as museums—a project funded by western European governments as well as by UNESCO. With enthusiasm, the young architect tells us about the city of León Viejo, buried in volcanic ash in the sixteenth century and now being dug out, Pompeii-style, revealing a unique ensemble of Spanish Colonial architecture. Our guests seem to love the Nicaraguan people with whom they work. All long for peace.

On our last day, we drive to Granada, the country's grandest city until the middle of the last century when it was destroyed by William Walker, the Tennessee-born filibusterer who made himself president of Nicaragua. We drive through a tropical landscape as lush as a painting by Gauguin but marred by the terrible poverty of the *barrios* along the road. Granada is now a provincial town, a Buñuel set with whitewashed shuttered buildings whose entranceways reveal beautiful sunlit inner gardens. It is Sunday. Granadians sit out of doors in Victorian rockers. Two little girls in their Sunday best dart across the street, chasing a blue ball. A horse-drawn cab rolls by. Women drift toward the baroque cathedral which is opening its doors for vespers. Yet this is the 1980s, and on every other house is a stenciled portrait of Sandino wearing his high-crowned sombrero, his right foot planted forward. The town is serene in the golden afternoon, a vision of a peaceful Nicaragua. ▽

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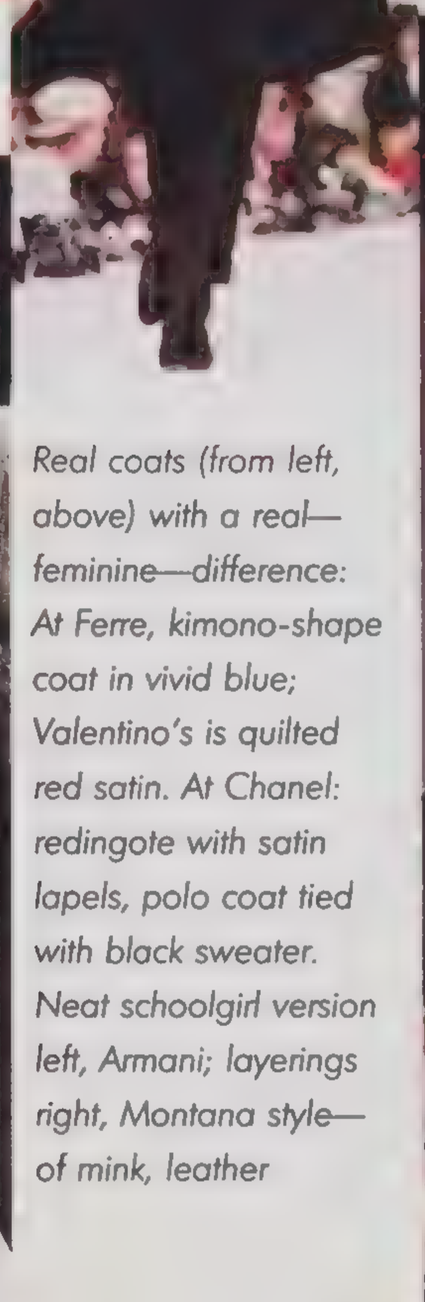
VIEW

BY ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY

Coat drama: the season's news... jersey statements... YSL goes to Beijing... bellbottoms renew... new takes on carpetbags, "animals," ballgowns



GOING TO THE COATS

t's not a question, this winter, of simply buttoning up a topcoat cut like a man's balmacaan. Coats, long or short, are dramatic, full of dash and swing, cut from luxe cashmere, fur, leather. The new proportion is usually long, lean, falls from extended—never extremely broad—shoulders. At Ferre, kimono-shape cashmeres come in yellow, blue, Parma violet; a 7/8 length (the season's other news) is shawl-collared, in electric-red cashmere. Shawl collars and kimono coats swing out at Valentino, Gaultier; the dandy redingote is big news at Chanel and Azzedine Alaïa. For Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld slims his as evening topcoats. "The redingote is one of the most flattering silhouettes for the body," he says. "It works as well on men as on women."

Designers may layer twin-set versions: At Montana, a leather coat tops a full-length mink cardigan. At times, Alaïa doubles his dandy affair, adding an exaggerated peplum jacket. "The redingote is versatile for day or night," he says. "It can be dressy or sporty, depending on the sweaters and leggings." Says Ungaro, of his weightless layers: "As a model went out, I told her, 'Destroy the coat, crush it, feel like it's your favorite cardigan sweater.' " *("View" continued on page 188)*

Real coats (from left, above) with a real—feminine—difference: At Ferre, kimono-shape coat in vivid blue; Valentino's is quilted red satin. At Chanel: redingote with satin lapels, polo coat tied with black sweater. Neat schoolgirl version left, Armani; layerings right, Montana style—of mink, leather

CLAUS OHM, BERTRAND MARIGNAC, HELENE TRAN KIM

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VIEW

STREET BEAT: In Europe, classics such as Chanel suits and Hermès handbags are being taken up by young women and worn with a new twist. Miuccia Prada, designer of Prada accessories, finds vintage Chanel suits at Paris antiques dealer Didier Ludot, wears them with ankle socks and flat crocodile moccasins.

Make mine fake: "It's the new way to play around with glamorous shapes in a non-serious way," says WilliWear designer Willi Smith, who takes the yellow of India for his fake Persian lamb outscaled coat, teams it with black-and-grey trousers. Watch for other "fakes" this fall: everything from "tiger" muffs at Norma Kamali to neon-pink furs at Thierry Mugler.

Sparkle aplenty

The dress scene at night in Manhattan on attractive young socialites is steadily moving toward the dazzling spectacular, the all-out glamour of the ball dress. By day, Angela Kramer, *below*, designs Art Deco jewelry for her company, Rush-Kramer; Courtney Regan (*right*) stays busy working on charities such as Chol Chol (to aid world hunger). By night: both step into splashy dresses such as these Scaasi sparklers. "It's better to be overdressed than underdressed," says Kramer. "The more dramatic I look," says Regan, "the better I feel."

("View" continued on page 192)

MARIO TESTINO. Photos taken at The Plaza Athénée, hotel, NYC. Hair by Max Pinnel for Bumble & Bumble, makeup by Joseph Mendez of Suga Salon

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VIEW

Jersey news

A Dandy Affair: At Stephen Sprouse, battleship-grey velvet and flannel make up new "chauffeur's" jackets for men and women. With bellbottom pants or slim skirts, the idea is modern romance: built on attention to cut, luxe fabric.

For spring, it was chintz. For fall, rich wool tapestry turns up in everything from total turnouts at Ungaro to new carpet bags, *right*, at Ralph Lauren. Maud Frizon now has tapestry bags, shoes. From Scott Crolla: tapestry riding boots.

Chanel took the jersey of polo players off the fields and dressed her generation in easy, simple shapes in the 'twenties; Karl Lagerfeld, for the house of Chanel this season, adds trompe l'oeil gold chains to wool jersey for an outstanding short black dinner dress. Wool jersey is a fabric that dresses up, dresses down; it is a seasonless favorite of women. This fall, more than ever, new wool and synthetic jerseys are affording dashing fashion alternatives, day to night.

At Geoffrey Beene, new variations on wool jersey turn up as dresses, coats, jackets—even as gloves in rich hues such as magenta or forest green. One new, dry texture almost like terry cloth makes the black, slightly raised-waisted jersey coat, *right*. The coat is as easy to wear by day over a taupe jersey dress as over evening pyjamas. Says Beene: "Wool jersey is the most modern fabric. It folds, it packs, it doesn't wrinkle. It gives the nuance of sweater dressing even when it isn't a sweater. It has no connotation of day or night." Other attractive jersey offerings at Beene: modern three-quarter duffel coats in heavy-weight wool jersey laced with shiny ribbon "which gives, at once, textures of both matte and shine."

At Blass, the new evening dress: a long column of wool jersey in rich aubergine, sleeves of navy blue and forest green. "It is the new dress I see, not as a country-weekend solution," says Bill Blass, "but for the woman who goes to a public dinner or gala and wants understatement, a new simplicity at night." Jackie Rogers, who used jersey last winter for evening pullovers, has discovered a textured jersey with the feel of "fine Turkish toweling. It is the miracle fabric: easy to live with, it moves with the body. Women demand wool jersey."

NEWSWATCH:

Jersey dressing at its best in multiples from YSL. In his winter ready-to-wear collection, numbers 1-26 came on the runway made of Racine wool jersey (a fabric he's worked with since the start of his career). New cray-on-vivid tunics top brief skirts, get worn with matching hoods, long double-faced jersey mufflers.

("View" continued on page 194)

RODGER DUNCAN, MARIO TESTINO. Hair by Max Pinnel for Bumble & Bumble, makeup by Joseph Mendez of Suga Salon

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VIEW

YSL's empire -in China

Best-of-the-West dressing in Beijing: a new YSL exhibit

"The great art," Prince Metternich said, 'is to last.'" And that's what Yves Saint Laurent said, in 1983, when The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City mounted *YSL: 25 Years of Design* in its Costume Institute. Now (through July), another exhibit, *Yves Saint Laurent 1958-1985* is at the Palace of Fine Arts in Beijing. This show, like the one staged by Diana Vreeland at the Met, spans the work of the designer who, since age twenty-one, has created not only contemporary fashion classics but costumes for theater and films.

The Beijing show was organized by Pierre Bergé, longtime friend, business partner of Saint Laurent, and the man who has propelled the house into a fashion empire. Saint Laurent, Bergé, and close associates Betty Catroux and Loulou de la Falaise traveled to Beijing for the opening. "We are very honored by this achievement," says Bergé. "It marks another cultural first: museums of prestige honoring Yves, a living designer." Included in the show is some of the new winter excitement shown earlier this year: the evolution of YSL's classic gold evening jacket; a racy evening turnout of ribbed turtleneck sweater, suede skirt, black accessories sparkling with "diamonds." Exhibited, too: a silk shirt, black crepe dinner skirt, embroidered suede gloves in bold colors—a look that's a YSL evening staple.

On the road to Beijing: gold evening jacket, *left;* body-hugging turtleneck, suede skirt, *below*— both on exhibit in China, from YSL's fall '85 collection. At *top:* the men behind the show— YSL, partner Pierre Bergé (left)

Another first: for their ongoing contributions to French fashion, both Saint Laurent and Bergé were awarded the *Légion d'honneur* earlier this year—YSL's presented by French President François Mitterrand.

To watch for: Another YSL exhibition will be at the new National Museum of Fashion, adjunct to the Louvre, after it opens in Paris next year.

("View" continued on page 198)

CLAUS OHM, BERTRAND MARIGNAC Reprinted from Yves *Saint Laurent*, Photo by Duane Michals © 1983 by The Metropolitan Museum of Art used by permission of Clarkson N Potter Inc

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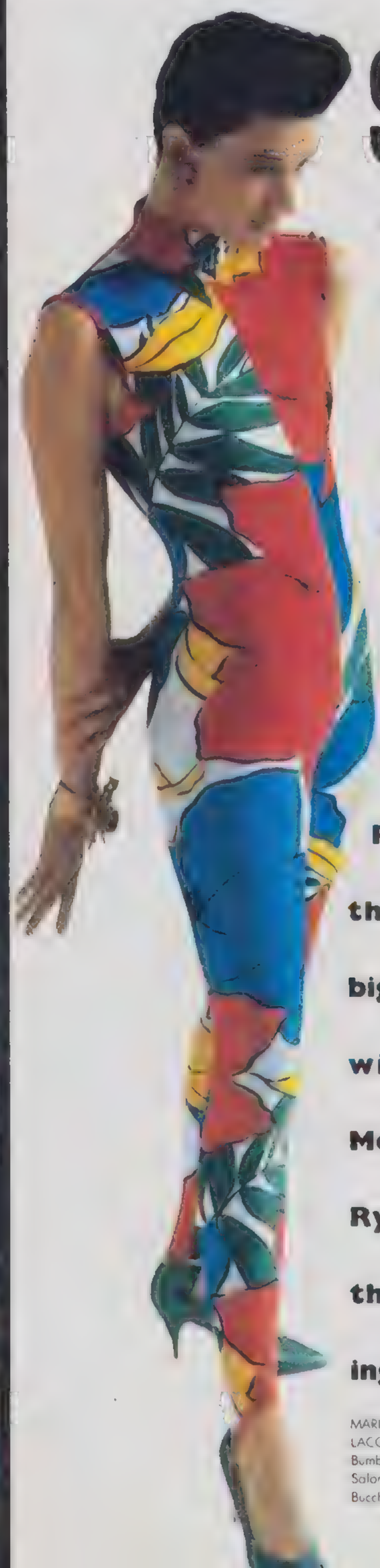
ONE TOUCH

VIEW

PILLOW TALK Tales of the Raj turn up, *right*, as a pillow. This one is made, by Hermès, from one of their classic silk squares. At all Hermès shops.



Stirrup up: One option for streamlined dressing is a Lycra jumpsuit in a vivid 'sixties floral—for summer, *left*; Yvan & Marzia, Paris. Close-to-the-body is also a big Paris theme for winter: At Alaïa, Montana, Gaultier, Rykiel, leggings are the base for dressing for night or day.

MARIO TESTINO. RODGER DUNCAN, BRIGITTE LACOMBE. Hair by Max Pinnel for Bumble & Bumble, makeup by Joseph Mendez of Suga Salon. Hair by Patrick Melville for Pipino-Bucchieri Salon, makeup by Bobbi Brown.

NEWSWATCH: *ON*

TOP OF THE WORLD, ASHA PUTLI'S TALK SHOW ON MANHATTAN CABLE TV MONDAY EVENINGS. PUTLI BALANCES ZANY CHARM AND SERIOUS TOPICS, GUESTS SUCH AS WILLIAM RUBIN, DIRECTOR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE AT NYC'S MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, BRENDAN GILL OF *THE NEW YORKER*. DAY OR NIGHT, PUTLI, *BELOW*, WEARS CHANEL SUITS. "AFTER FILMING ALL DAY, I REMOVE THE JACKET, SLIP ON A LAMÉ *CHOLI* TOP AND A SARI."

(*"View" continued on page 200*)

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VIEW

people in fashion are talking about what's coming...

What's new: body-dressing, sportswear shimmer, a new fit . . . designer view: the style of a (Donna Karan) woman . . . ecclesiastics, equestrians, fall riches . . . .

People are talking about a new season . . . a season, it often seems, of "shape." Shape may mean a defined waist, broad shoulders—translated into a look of lean pants, a narrow skirt and jacket that fits close to the body. What's intriguing is that sense of body-awareness often starts with an underpiece: designers are working unitard-like looks, now, as their individual bases of much of dressing. That can translate as: a shoulder-padded body suit at Stephen Sprouse, a cashmere or wool-jersey maillot at Donna Karan. Over that go sweaters, a jacket, wrap skirt, outer layers. What many of this season's narrow clothes have prompted, too, is a change in the world of lingerie. That undermost piece, now, might provide shape through fabrics with stretch and hold: look for new stretch bodysuits, briefs, pieces with a bit of control for narrow dressing. Some of the newest: padded-shoulder undershirts in stretch lace, silk, or cotton knit. At Hanky Panky, Fernando Sanchez, Donna Giambrone, they provide a new base in a season of narrowness—and shoulder interest.

Something of a switch: In a fall season, at times, of all-out luxurious notions, watch for traditionally "nighttime" fabrics to enliven clothes by day. Day clothes, now, are showing up in everything from lamé to crushed velvet. At Ralph Lauren, gold-flecked Fair Isle sweaters get paired with grey flannels; Calvin Klein works a shirt in a gold lamé glen plaid. Daytime black velvet is a staple at Stephen Sprouse—in a long narrow skirt, a fitted jacket. "Tapestries" are another sign of the season, looking best when used as a single piece: with rich paisley and plaids, the most sophisticated tapestry jacket suit at Ungaro; as a long tapestry skirt at Ralph Lauren with a riding sweater. The idea: added pattern, texture, richness —best worked with a sure hand . . . . "Tapestry" takes a somewhat tongue-in-cheek approach at Perry Ellis. He's done pullover sweaters, some with unicorns, some with whippets worked in the tapestry plan. The notion, of course, comes from the most famous of all: the "Unicorn" tapestries.

New riches: Azzedine Alaïa, for next winter, has come up with the ultimate covering to ward off chilly nights. His new coat is a simple big, long mink—fully reversible to mink inside. The cost? Think in terms of two coats, not just one. . . .

In a coming fall season when ready-to-wear designers are showing plenty of "ski" looks—big tops, skinny pants, turtlenecks, leggings—the world of real ski clothes design is garnering some extra attention. What's coming, for slopes: slim, in-boot pants, big sweaters, anorak jackets, real shine. Rugged arctic-explorer or paratrooper looks compete with paisley or graffiti-print items. "Ski," in fact, closely mimics street fashion. Skinny ski pants, this season, may be found in new light weights . . .but they're not intended to be taken as simply fashionable everyday wear. With the best of "stirrup" fit, they're still very much water, wind, and cold resistant. . . .

If "equestrian" sounds a bit lofty as a fashion influence, this fall also brings some truly American translations. At Ralph Lauren Roughwear, Indian-blanket sweaters, sarongs, tweed "mining" pants. Perry Ellis America has denim stable coats lined with plaid.

"By understanding your body as a woman, you understand comfort. A man can't do that"

Do women design clothes from a distinct—collective—point of view, a view in any way different from men's? Donna Karan, now with her own—brand-new—collection of clothes, says they do and "It's a matter of understanding a woman's body. By understanding your own body as a woman, by the way something fits, you understand comfort. Beyond any design philosophy, I feel clothes have to be comfortable." Karan—much like Norma Kamali—tries fabrics and clothes pieces on herself, makes adjustments as she's wearing them—testing the depth of a pocket, the weight of a jacket, what works. Result, in her new collection: separates pieces, plenty of longer jackets, elastics, knits. "If people say to me that I'm designing for myself, they're probably very accurate. I use myself as a barometer. That's something a man can't do."

What's coming? Plenty of prints, a garden's variety of florals, a sense of softness—in muted colorings and silhouette. What's interesting . . . is that all of these are things to watch for in clothes for *next* spring and summer. News in fabric, reliably, provides the first signpost of a coming fashion season . . . and new warm-weather fabrics are turning up for '86 plentifully printed—with flowers, naïve art motifs, even as wholly original works of art on fabric. Colors run the gamut from muted blond-quartz neutrals to cheery flower-petal—cornflower, lilac, daffodil—shades to discreet darks for city dressing. To watch for: fabrics with a degree of shine, a capacity to drape—new, heavy weights of silk crepe, blended rayons, sheer cottons and cool wools. All point to: clothes with softness, romance . . . and some easy-going, feminine dressing next summer.

For fans of the famous "Kelly" bag, Hermès now has a radical addition. What's new: the "Kelly" with a linen shoulder strap. For working women. . . . "Ecclesiastic" is a favorite adjective of the season—describing, mostly, a sense of coloring—majestic purple, claret red—and a use of rich brocades. In New York, designers—Kamali among them—have found their fashion fabric at La Lame—a common supplier for church hangings, vestments.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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WHAT IS IT ABOUT FASHION THIS MONTH?

. . .A good question. The summer things that were in abundance just a few short weeks ago have all but disappeared. In their place, fall/winter clothes you can't begin to wear yet. What are you supposed to do? You can, of course, ignore the situation and wait until September. But if you still need a few summer fill-ins—and most of us do—and if you're at all interested in what's ahead—and most of us are—then it pays to keep an open mind about fashion this month.

There are summer items to be found if you know where to look. Not a whole wardrobe of basics, but the kinds of things that work—very well—for weekend/vacation/leisure dressing. Consider the following possibilities:

—a sleek, criss-cross back tanksuit in a bold color or graffiti print

—an easygoing, oversized white cotton shirt to pull on over anything—especially, narrow, matching, ankle-cropped pants—the perfect casual replacement for jeans or a warm-up

—a white silk pyjama—easy shirt top, easy trousers—for fast dressing at night

—a hit of tropical print—in a camp shirt or walking shorts

—high-heeled gold sandals to wear with almost everything, day and night.

What all of the above have in common—beside their easygoing summer nature—their availability. These are the kinds of right-now delights you can find in this issue . . . .and in stores.

As for the whole question of fall/winter clothes in June: there really is no avoiding the fact that they exist. By the time you read this, as you know, stores have received—or soon will—their first fall arrivals. The advantage to checking out the situation early: gaining perspective on what is the most important fashion season. This is the moment when designers make their greatest effort; the moment when most of us make our greatest fashion investment. The more you know now, the easier you'll find shopping, whenever you decide to start.

What, then, should you be looking for? The biggest change—you'll see it first, fast—the change in shape. Shape, in fact, is a word you're going to hear, read everywhere. But nowhere does a new sense of shape make more of a difference than it does with jackets. As jackets have become key elements in dressing (for their presence, their "finish"), there's a constant, built-in demand for new and different jackets. It's not enough to keep repeating the old standards, and it's certainly boring to replace the blazer you may already own with yet another one. This fall, designers have acknowledged that fact, and have dealt with it by giving jackets a totally new look.

Result: something distinctly different—jackets that are shaped, fitted on the body—either very short (at or above the waist) or longer (to mid-thigh in some cases).

If you keep your eye on the news in shape, the next logical place to look—coats. No matter what kind of coat, no matter what the length, the shape has changed. The shoulder is different—bigger, rounder, softer. The fit (another word you'll start hearing) is different. The coat is different.

How different is different? The best coats are not only shaped differently, they represent a new kind of coat dressing. Not in the traditional sense of a coat and matching skirt or dress. This is another kind of total look. You might very well find a coat that's rounded, curved, big collared, designed with matching gauntlet gloves and "finished" with racy sunglasses. And when you slide that coat on—with its bigger shoulder, and you pull up that bigger collar. . .and you belt the waist. . .and add those gloves, those glasses—it's a long, long way from throwing on a classic Chesterfield or polo coat. And it tells you a great deal about dressing this fall—about the new way clothes fit and feel, about the new way a look comes together.

Think of it this way: the way clothes *feel* has become a guide to change. It applies to coats, to jackets, and to pants. It applies specifically to the new stirrup pants you'll begin seeing—in great quantity—this month: pants that hold the body in a taut, narrow line. Obviously, when you pull on a pair of stretch or knit stirrups, you're not going to feel the way you do in a pair of grey flannel trousers.

And if you haven't guessed by now: the body dressing that was so much a part of summer, is not going to disappear come fall. Under coats, under jackets, narrowness prevails. How narrow?—that depends on the designer. You'll find the ultimate body dressing—knit maillots with super-skinny knitted longjohns—or the more subtle: shaped jersey dresses that hug the body (the hips!) in a most provocative way. . .the smallness of dinner dresses, gathered and draped on the body. . .very short, narrow skirts with fitted tunics or body-shaped sweaters. . .and that's only a beginning. Narrowness continues to evolve in modern terms (So does lingerie. Something different has to—and is—happening under these clothes. Look for appealing new stretch laces, other stretch fabrics in body suits, briefs, wider bandeau bras).

Admittedly, conversation about line and shape are abstract at best. For fashion to be truly engaging—anytime—there has to be a more emotional element in its appeal. Something that attracts instantly. That something, this fall: color. What starts the issue, the season in the most inviting way (and what made the most lasting impression in Paris after all was said and done): a highly inventive use of color. Not simply brights with black. Not sugary pastels. But charming colors worked in interesting textures: peach wool velours, rose-colored jersey, teal blue satin with fuchsia satin, olive tapestry wool patterned in rose and violet, soft yellow mink.

Signals. . .of a different season, to pick up on starting now. The new colors. New textures. A new richness of detail. The new ways in which you'll see gold—moving from summer to fall—enriching fabrics, sneaking into daytime dressing in unexpected ways. The new surge of hats everywhere guiding the eye to a new proportion (surely, a mixed blessing: while some are perfectly charming; others, perfect mistakes. Use caution). The new explosion of very beguiling gloves—not just with coats, with everything day and night. Clearly, there's a new feeling in the air for ornamentation. What does it mean: it means you have to be careful—there's a fine line between a little more and too much. But it also means the possibilities exist for a more decorative, more feminine, and ultimately, more enjoyable way of dressing. Think back to last fall: to all the menswear, all the strict tailoring. Isn't this a welcome change . . .for a change. ▽

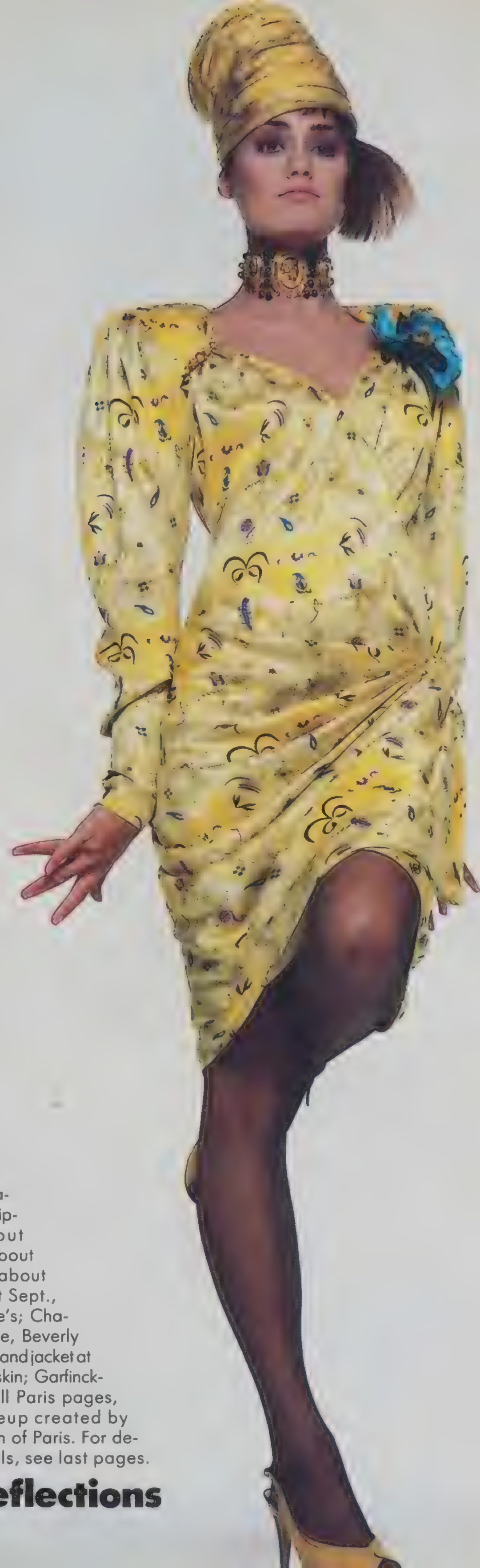
PARIS SPRING

PARIS FALL

new definitions of shape

On these fourteen pages, a look—from the ready-to-wear—at the way a new season is shaping up, literally. A look at the newest, most provocative shapes. All in the most inviting colorings—to get the message across that much faster.

Perfect symbol of change—and changing shapes, *opposite*: Claude Montana's new "coat-dress" in brilliant yellow silk satin. Signal of a different dinner/evening dressing belted over black (here, his wool jersey skirt). Signal of coat differences ahead with its rounded, more pronounced shoulder; the more pronounced collar; the shorter length. Coat, about $1610. Oct., Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Ultimo, Chicago; Apropos, Newport Beach CA; Macy's, San Francisco....Symbol of the season's richness in coloring, texture, and detail, *this page*: Emanuel Ungaro's wrap blouse in floral/paisley print with a deep-color fur hat; colored gloves; decorative necklaces....*Beauty Note:* Part of the season's changes—the longer, softer hair, beautifully shaped. And the makeup: clear, pretty colors—stand out without being overwhelming. *This page*: From Princess Marcella Borghese, Citrino Lumina Eyecolour Mousse; Lumina Lipstick in Rosetto. These fourteen pages: Hair, Ezel for Bumble & Bumble. Details, more stores, last pages.



Reflections of change: The charming smallness, the body-close shaping, the irresistible coloring, *this page:* Emanuel Ungaro's silk jacquard dinner dressing—a series of wonderfully feminine, flirty dresses—each, in a tempting color; each, with a variation on his signature draping and gathering. Here, a soft, side-draped yellow print (Rainbow fabric), about $1095. Sept., Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Houston. . . . Another change to watch: the way a coat complements the season's new shapes. At its prettiest, at Chanel, *opposite:* with Lagerfeld's knee-length coat in bonbon pink fleecy cashmere. Underneath: the news of a shaped jacket, in paler pink wool bouclé; and new-shape cuffed trousers—narrower, tapering—in taupe whipcord. Coat, about $1250; jacket, about $1020; pants, about $450. Turnout Sept., Bloomingdale's; Chanel Boutique, Beverly Hills. Coat and jacket at Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's. All Paris pages, makeup created by Tyen of Paris. For details, see last pages.

PARIS/**clear reflections**

The beat of color—giving an added dimension to the season's news. Nowhere, color used more invitingly, more confidently than at Saint Laurent. A dazzling dinner suit, *left:* teal-blue heavyweight silk satin—and his new jacket shape: bigger, with a narrow matching skirt. The color—the smallness!—underneath: a wrapped blouse in fuchsia silk satin. Jacket, about $1135; skirt, about $370; blouse, about $560. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. August, Bloomingdale's; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY; Bal Harbour; Atlanta; Dallas; I. Magnin....Key to day dressing at Saint Laurent—his wonderful jerseys. The most body-conscious, most talked about, *right:* a new longer, fitted tunic—in dusty-rose wool jersey—belted twice around the waist. Over the shortest-anywhere charcoal wool jersey skirt. Tunic, about $425; skirt, about $230. Racine fabric. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. August at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Philadelphia; Boston; Ft. Lauderdale; Palm Beach; Balliet's. Fashion details, see last pages.

PARIS/**a strong beat**

A theme with interesting variations—the coat. An outstanding example, *opposite,* from Claude Montana: his round-shouldered topcoat —the scale, the oversized lapels, the length—all strong indications of change. And the color! With his skinny grey wool knit long johns. Coat of llama/wool/cashmere, about $780; pants, about $158. Sept. at Bloomingdale's; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Sakowitz; mid-Oct. at Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills....The news under a coat this season—variations on narrowness. At Valentino, *this page,* variations on his sweater dressing: a body-shaped navy cashmere/wool pullover and a narrow fuchsia leather skirt. The coat—in hand—navy/fuchsia. Pullover about $785; skirt about $455; wool coat about $1540. July at Valentino Boutique, NYC; Saks-Jandel, Chevy Chase MD; Valentino Boutique, Washington DC. Sweater and skirt at Valentino Boutique, Palm Beach; Neiman-Marcus; Sakowitz. Details, more stores, see last pages.

PARIS/**a key theme**

The impact of shape, of body-dressing taken all the way—at Azzedine Alaïa. *Left:* Perfect symbol of this collection—and of this season's news—his rounded, cropped blouson with big sleeves, a big, oversized shawl collar in an extra-heavy-ply alpaca/wool knit. And the most body-demanding pieces underneath: skinny Azzedine-seamed stirrup pants in cream wool knit worn (always!) over a matching maillot. Jacket, about $525; leotard, about $265; pants, about $335. July, Bergdorf Goodman; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas and San Francisco; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills....The evolution of evening dressing at Saint Laurent. *Right:* His star fitted jacket, now in a ravishing turquoise moiré, with silver beaded edging, glitter buttons. Over a long, narrow, bias-cut black jersey knit skirt. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Jacket, about $2500; skirt, about $560. August, Saks Fifth Avenue; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Short Hills NJ; Washington DC; Coconut Grove FL; Beverly Hills; Dayton's. Details, more stores, see last pages.

PARIS/**the impact**

PARIS/a new sense

of coloring . . . a new scale—even in fur. *Left:* Claude Montana's pale-yellow mink funnelneck "sweatshirt," with ribbed knit cuffs. It has the scale, the shape of the season's newest tops, the raciness of fur. Here, over his skinny grey knit long johns. Fur, for Birger Christensen, about $12,500; pants, about $214. (Fur, Aug.; pants, Sept.) Bergdorf Goodman; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach, CA. Mid-Oct. at Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. Fur at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas

. . . . And the change in jackets continues, *right,* with Montana's new rounded, cropped jacket in peach wool velours—double faced, almost topcoat weight—an unmistakable difference in shaping . . . and in look: with his remarkable gauntlet gloves, glasses and signature ski sweater. Jacket, about $585; sweater, about $470. September at Macy's, Herald Square; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Saks-Jandel; Hattie; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Sakowitz. Details, more stores, see last pages.

King

The appeal of color when it's used effectively. Color as unexpected, as remarkable as that of Emanuel Ungaro, *left*, worked in rich, unexpected textures/patterns: new tapestries, paisleys, damasks, all in his typically innovative combinations. Here, darkened colors, upbeat, un-heavy: the waist-cropped jacket in rose-patterned tapestry wool over a wrapped, body-draped skirt in woven tapestry wool with a giant paisley print; a tiny paisley-print silk blouse underneath; and pleated satin muffler in a bright pink print—a unique color sense, a unique vision of dressing. Jacket and skirt, about $1295. Blouse, about $425 (fabrics, Etro). September at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC; Houston; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Rich's; Femina, Scottsdale AZ. . . . Color strikes another mood at Chanel—a very charming, very inventive play of brighter color (often, in cashmere) against subtle dark tones. The full effect closeup, *right*: under a deep, rich purple wool tweed jacket, a cardigan of brilliant purple, and a bright orange pullover and muffler—a breath of fresh air! . . . *Beauty Note:* Makeup that strikes the right note with colors like these: lively without being harsh; soft without being pale; makeup in perfect balance. Here, from Chanel, Rhapsody Lip Rouge; Peony blush; Maize/Indigo shadows with Violet Smudge Eyeliner. Fashion details, more stores, see next to last pages.

PARIS/**the undeniable appeal**

King

ACROSS THE BOARD, A MOVE TO NARROWER LINES, MORE FEMININE SHAPES, NEW PROPORTIONS.

ON THESE SIX PAGES: SIGNIFICANT SYMBOL OF THE CHANGE —AND THE SEASON— A DISTINCT DIFFERENCE IN JACKETS

We mean "difference" not in terms of seasonal variations but of a fundamental change of genre. These jackets are distinctly different in look, in shape, and in their effect on the proportion of everything you wear. Day and night, the best have rounded or squared shoulders—strong but not exaggerated; are small fitting in the body; and the length is either very short—just above to just below the waist; or very long—from above to mid-thigh. Either length works perfectly over new-shaped pants or a short narrow skirt or dress . . . On the long side, opposite, a red wool gabardine jacket from OMO Norma Kamali; strong shouldered, narrow and shaped through the body . . . as romantic in its way as an Edwardian jacket. About $860. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. . . . And, on the short side, this page: Geoffrey Beene's above-the-waist small, sleeveless quilted jacket, reversing from black-and-gold to black-and-silver . . ornamental enough to be your best accessory at night. About $1500. Late Sept., Sara Fredericks, Boston; Batliet's; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. To order at Bergdorf Goodman

Beauty Note: Worth watching—the news of pale shimmer in makeup; not all over, just in one spot. *This page,* Estée Lauder's Beige Lustre Automatic Lipshine. These six pages: Hair, Suga of Suga Salon, NYC; makeup, Francois Nars. Details, last pages.

Penn

From Geoffrey Beene, a beguiling, to-the-waist jacket, *this page*, fitted in front, fuller in back (news!), in a beautiful re-embroidered (more news!) gold lamé and lace. (Fabric, Bucol). About $1390. Late Sept., Martha; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA....And from Stephen Sprouse, *opposite*, a day/night jacket of deep purple cotton velvet—long, shaped, buttoned all the way to its small collar...very romantic. About $310. September at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Maxfield, Los Angeles....*Beauty Note:* Two distinctly different choices in lipcolor—both news. *This page*, Lancôme's neutral Melonique shined with Fête de Nuit; *opposite*, L'Oréal's Pink Shock. Fashion details, next to last pages.

A DISTINCT DIFFERENCE IN JACKETS

Penn

From New York, Milan, Paris—jackets tailored as precisely, as perfectly as coats, and often in coat fabrics...but cropped very short. Perfect example, the grey wool flannel one by Calvin Klein, *opposite*: waist-length, nipped in at the "hem," very versatile. About $310. July at Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Montaldo's; Jacobson's. Marshall Field's; I. Magnin....In a different mood, *this page*, the charm of Bill Blass's very new-shaped jacket—strong-shouldered, hip-length, small-fitting...in a very familiar red/green plaid. With a matching knee-length wool skirt and black wool jersey blouse (Jasco Fabrics), about $3835. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Balliet's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, next to last pages.

Penn

A DISTINCT DIFFERENCE IN JACKETS

AT GALANOS (SHOWN *NEAR LEFT* AND PROFILED ON PAGE 130), BEYOND THE OBVIOUS LUXURY, REMARKABLE WORKMANSHIP AND ONE-OF-A-KIND EFFECTS, A CERTAIN CONSISTENCY OF THOUGHT. A TOTAL DEDICATION TO NARROWNESS, TO BODY-CONSCIOUS DRESSING ON THE HIGHEST LEVEL. AN INNOVATIVE, UNEXPECTED USE OF FABRIC. AN UNERRING INSTINCT FOR WHAT MAKES "A WOMAN FEEL BEAUTIFUL, EXCITING." ON THESE SIX PAGES, OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES FROM AN OUTSTANDING COLLECTION— EVENING DRESSING THAT'S UNIQUE, MEMORABLE... ANY SEASON, ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

Galanos... a unique presence

at night

Sheila Metzner

Unmistakably Galanos—wool jersey for evening; a fabric he elevates into another realm, another mood of dressing. The dress, here, in black wool jersey knit—deceptively simple, dramatically cut, as striking as anything glittered, with a diagonal cream knit band at the hip emphasizing the narrowness, the body-close shaping. Dress, about $1995 (Racine fabric). Nan Duskin; John Baldwin. To order at Elizabeth Arden Salons; Neiman-Marcus; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. These six pages: hair, Gerard Bollei at The Galleria, NYC; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Fashion details, last pages.

...a unique presence at night

Remarkable for its narrowness, its luxury, its impact, far left: Galanos' column of white beaded silk chiffon, crystal beading at the neckline—as "all-out" as evening can get. Dress, about $13,190 (Kabat fabric). Martha; Neiman-Marcus. To order at Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; I. Magnin.... Key to Galanos, the way everything—for all the luxury—answers needs. Wonderful example, near left: Nothing less than the perfect black dress, in silk crepe—bared, narrow on the body, unadorned, racy—a dress with unlimited potential. And—even more potential—the new shorter-length jacket in self-embroidered white wool; understated, highly effective, it has the versatility, the strength of a charming accessory. Dress, about $2590 (Lafitte silk); jacket, about $3638 (Agnona fabric). Martha; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Suite 101, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. Fashion details, more stores, see next to last pages.

Sheila Metzner

A particular pleasure at Galanos —following his often unexpected, untraditional approach. Nowhere more evident than in his use of denim as another surprise evening fabric— beautifully finished, seasonless, travel-perfect, it's the base for a very different, very dramatic dinner dressing. Left: The short, narrow denim skirt dazzled with a rhinestone waistband and buttons; and a white silk satin blouse, opened to the waist —sensational! Skirt, about $1790; blouse (Marcel Banziger fabric), about $2020. Saks Fifth Avenue; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Neiman-Marcus; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA; Suite 101, Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. . . .The seduction— the perfection—of shape, right, in a very alluring, very body-conscious, one-piece evening dress: the white silk crepe top horizontally pleated— shaped—on the body, vertically pleated in back, with a narrow, knee-length black silk crepe skirt. About $4100 (Lafitte fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Ultimo, Chicago; Frost Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Beauty Note: The seduction of a more dramatic makeup at night. Here, with focus on a wonderful-color mouth —Elizabeth Arden's Rosepetal Lipstick. Details, more stores, last pages.

Sheila Metzner

...a unique presence at night

Being Bisset

It's not, as today's roles go, such an unpleasant thing to be: forty, fully beautiful, fresh from star slots, this spring, in TV's *Forbidden* and *Anna Karenina.* But Jacqueline Bisset has always seemed a clearly favored—and curiously elusive—quantity. Crisply intelligent, a guarded beauty, Bisset comes with a mind of her own; but even her dressing style-of-her-own is a decidedly down-played one: big pull-on sweaters, pushed-up sleeves, no-color colors—working outfits. She wants clothes, she says, that "don't get in the way of what I'm trying to achieve." That is, in her terms, "contact."

She, in many ways, is the very model of a modern woman; but Bisset's last three films, oddly, have been costumed pics. (Last year, she mined gossamer gold in *Under the Volcano.)* "I've been growing a little tired of 'Contemporary Woman' parts," she says. "I'm all for equality, but I find a lot of what's happening now awfully selfish. Maybe it's all going to be wonderful, I don't know. I've taken my route, which is pretty selfish, I suppose. But I haven't forced it on others, my way of being."

Part of her own way, currently, includes a prominent romance with Russian émigré dancer—and *Witness* Amishman—Alexander Godunov. But this daughter of a British physician father and attorney mother declares independence. "Like most women, I've gone through a patch of trying to be superwoman; and I'm capable of it, as many of us are. But it tears you apart; you end up trying to fulfill everyone's images and, I don't care how long it takes, resentment comes with it. Resentment comes—unless you're a saint, and I've certainly been no saint. Though I've been trying for a long time to be one.

"I find that I'm much more accepting of myself now as someone who doesn't always have to be doing everything. There are women with an extraordinary amount of energy who can pull off pretty much everything, and they seem to be able to give, give, give. But nobody can give all day, nobody. However many exercise classes you take, no matter how much health food you consume, an orange that is squeezed dry is dry. Somebody has to give back to you."

Back to the elusive being, Jacqueline Bisset: "You might see my being on film," she acknowledges. "At times, I seem to invade my own privacy."

Being Bisset: "I like to use fashion behind me," she says. "I want clothes to give the suggestion of a feeling, not to be leading the way for me." Translation, here: a big taupe trench—roomy, easy-going, as immediately appealing as an old friend. Coat, $250 from Agnes B. Hair, these pages, Garren for Garren, NYC; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, stores, see last pages.

Penn

Being Bisset "I'm not particularly fond of game playing," Jacqueline Bisset says. "I find myself going for the line, whittling away anything extraneous." That line, for her favorite dressing, starts with a broad shoulder: left, in a silk jacquard, wide-lapel suit from Emanuel Ungaro Couture. Right: Zoran cotton-knit cardigan—uncluttered, overscale; wool gabardine pull-on pants. Sweater, about $220; pants, $350. Details, stores, see last pages.

Penn

An irreverent guide to the screen's fast-track stars and to summer's hot new sunglasses.

HOLLYWOOD—Is that "Dynasty" 's pouty little heiress Amanda Carrington lounging in her limousine behind "incognito" sunglasses, right, scheming yet another embarrassment for Alexis? Could that be Guy Bennett, dashing political mastermind from "Another Country," sunning himself in the shades, below, while plotting yet another intrigue? And who are all the captivating young faces on the next four pages hiding behind summer's newest hit accessory: sunglasses—in bold, geometric shapes with black frames and very dark, very alluring, lenses? Read on. . . . Dorothy Parker's quip "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses" didn't take into account the likes of Amanda Carrington played by twenty-three-year-old Catherine Oxenberg, right. Or Shady Character's bold "movie star" glasses (about $45). In or out of her shades, wheeling-dealing Amanda always gets the man—or Prince—she's after. Though in real life Oxenberg's mother is actually a Princess, Catherine was born in the States and says her acting career "only looks glamorous." Unlike Amanda, she keeps a "grueling schedule" that begins with a 4:15 wake-up call, and often goes until nine at night. The best part of the role: "getting paid to be bitchy and bad tempered, emotions that are not otherwise socially acceptable" . . . Sunglasses with a great oval shape, with great presence, below, by Robert Claude (about $65), and worn by twenty-three-year-old English heartthrob Rupert Everett. The strong, silent type, he first appeared as the villain in television's "Princess Daisy," and later on the screen in "Another Country." This month, still another rakish role, as David Blakely, the victim of a woman's obsessive jealousy in "Dance with a Stranger." Fashion details, stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

CATHERINE OXENBERG

D: SHADES OF SUMMER

MELANIE GRIFFITH

SHADES OF SUMMER...

HOLLYWOOD—The classic movieland set-up. The camera. The convertible. The fast-track star. "That's really me," giggles spunky, punky Melanie Griffith, star of movie "Body Double," caught hamming it up in a very revealing way, left. That's also a favorite pair of sunglasses—black mirrored lenses with dropped side bands (by Alain Mikli for Claude Montana, about $110). She says that, despite the Hollywood trappings here, "acting is a very giving profession and a serious one"; something she's devoted herself to wholeheartedly ever since age sixteen. . . . Talk of the town . . . sultry Anjelica Huston (daughter of John Huston) "takes five" from a busy acting schedule. Huston, seen right, in tiger stripes and cat's-eye glasses (by IDC for Optical Affairs, about $40), appears this month with companion Jack Nicholson in the film "Prizzi's Honor" and this fall in the New York production of "Tamara." A well-known model and actress, Huston, who would eventually like to direct, says a key to success is putting aside time to be alone. "When I'm working hard, I make sure to get in my massages, masks, long soaks in the tub." . . . Fashion details, stores, next to last pages.

ANJELICA HUSTON

Helmut Newton

NICOLLETTE SHERIDAN

SHADES OF SUMMER...

HOLLYWOOD—Caught in the act. . . again! It's Taryn Blake, left, the over-indulged, over exposed, wayward teenage model of television's "Paper Dolls," trying to work her feminine wiles on an unsuspecting jewelry dealer! The reai-life star behind the role and the glasses—black-framed, with an asymmetric design, a spray of rhinestones at the corner (by Alain Mikli, about $110)—actress Nicollette Sheridan. She'll "reemerge" this fall in a new television movie and series called "Dark Mansions." Though Sheridan also began her career as a model, the similarities, she says, end there. She only dabbled in the profession until acting swept her off her feet. She isn't an American—though she sounds like one. "I was born in London and brought here at ten. When I had to stand up and read in class, everyone snickered at me, so I practiced and mastered the American accent. Today," she laughs, "I speak two languages: American and English". . . . It looks like Sela Ward, who played Hilary Adams on television's "Emerald Point," has hit the jackpot again, below. The big mirrored lenses (by Optical Affairs, about $62) can't disguise her response to obvious good fortune. Her latest coup—a "juicy" part in the comedy Western film "Rustler's Rhapsody." Twenty-eight-year-old Ward, an art major in college, left her Mississippi hometown a few years ago, with "no desire to act." All it took was a job in a New York audio-visual company and a few months of "starving" to change her mind. A handful of acting classes and commercials later, Ward was hooked; then she landed her first bit part in the Burt Reynolds' movie "The Man Who Loved Women." She's been in the money ever since. . . . Fashion details, stores, next to last pages.

These six pages: Rupert Everett's hair and grooming, Yetty Stutzman. Catherine Oxenberg's hair and makeup, Joanne Gair. Melanie Griffith's hair and makeup, Daniel Blanco. Anjelica Huston's hair; Peter Savic; makeup, Daniel Blanco. Nicollette Sheridan's hair, Victor Vidal; makeup, Francesca Tolot Sela Ward's hair, Peter Savic; makeup, Daniel Blanco. All for Cloutier

SELA WARD

Helmut Newton

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

The Consummate Actress

Serene, ardent, dreamy, volatile, light and dark—Vanessa Redgrave wears her heart on her face and is so superb her greatness is almost taken for granted. This season Redgrave stars in two films that ring with the eloquence of her enormous talent

By Benedict Nightingale

Not long ago Vanessa Redgrave plaintively insisted that "I never wanted to be a star, or a superstar, or even a microstar." But her own talent continues to seem oblivious to that wish, as do the critics and the public. After *Isadora* and *Julia* and *The Bostonians*, she's a star, maybe even a superstar. She's also something more important, a good actress, maybe even a great one.

How good, how great, Americans will get plenty of opportunity to judge this summer, because this summer she'll be seen on American screens of all sorts and sizes. In the movie *Wetherby* (see page 54), she's a provincial schoolmarm in lonely middle age, a performance acclaimed in her native Britain for its sensitivity and strength; in the movie *Steaming*, she's one of several women who barricade themselves in a municipal bathhouse threatened with closure; and in the TV film *Three Sovereigns for Sarah*, she plays a victim of the Salem witchhunt.

Redgrave is an actress whose versatility critics have fought and failed to encapsulate. They've called her a "Grace Kelly with warmth," a "Garbo with lusty humor," and even, heaven help us, "the hip Julie Andrews." But such comparisons tell us little or nothing about her more intricate and ambitious efforts. How do you sum up the terrible gravity of her Emmy-winning performance of Fania Fénelon, survivor of Auschwitz, in the TV movie *Playing For Time*? You don't. You can't.

The role that first made her name, the one the reference books still describe as her favorite, is as sunny as any Shakespeare created, Rosalind in *As You Like It*. When she played it at Stratford-On-Avon in 1961 even the harder theater critics were on their feet at the end, applauding what one of the hardest described as "a creature of fire and light—not acting at all, but living, breathing, loving." Today, too, you can sometimes see the same radiance, artless and curiously youthful, on that long, bony forty-eight-year-old face. It was there in the movie *Yanks* as a British wife who timidly launched into a wartime affair with an American officer. No one can be in love quite as freshly, quite as unguardedly as Vanessa Redgrave. That's not at all her offstage, offscreen image, of course. There she is the vehement and sometimes shrill crusader for radical causes, from the creation of a Palestinian state to the establishment of revolutionary socialism in Britain. But how do you distinguish the part of a fire that dangerously burns from the part that warms and gives light? Those who dislike some of the ways Vanessa Redgrave's feelings express themselves should perhaps remember some of the other ways they do so, the incandescent characters that have proceeded from the same heat source: her rapturous Isadora Duncan, her vital and charismatic Julia. Maybe you can't have the performance without the politics.

Does this make her acting sound more like a natural phenomenon than a matter of craft and hard work? Actually, it's both. Vanessa Redgrave's preparation for a part is usually meticulous. She'll immerse herself in research, reading all the background material she can find, and of course she'll take great pains to look right. For Fania Fénelon, she *(Continued on page 314)*

Benedict Nightingale *is a London critic and writer who last year served as the Sunday theater critic of "The New York Times."*

Penn

Hair and makeup by Pam Geiger

Don Correia (above) is used to stepping into the shoes of giants. He replaced Tommy Tune in "My One and Only," and he's about to re-create Gene Kelly's most famous role (above right). Twyla Tharp is directing the move to Broadway; Adolph Green and Betty Comden have adapted the script that gave them such headaches in 1950 (lower right).

Chris Callis

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

Singin' in the Rain: The Great American Musical

Twyla Tharp's bold new stage version of the classic American film—all singin', all dancin', all hummin' along—should bring Broadway to its feet. Quel reprise!

Movie Still Archives

Irrepressible optimism. Hollywood insiders laughing at themselves. The *best* songs. A title number so joyous that hordes of sensible adults have splashed through puddles in tribute to it. *Singin' in the Rain* is simply one of the best movie musicals ever made.

Now, choreographer/dancer/director Twyla Tharp, who makes a habit of confronting her idols (Balanchine, The Beach Boys, Sinatra), is at it again—with the first stage version of *Singin' in the Rain,* opening on Broadway this month. "I'm taking on Gene Kelly, the father figure," she says. "It's the classic situation: in order to propagate one's father, one frequently has to move him over".

What she's also taking on is one of the most predictable story lines ever written. From first misunderstanding to last embrace, this tale of true love discovered on a sound stage during the switch from silents to talkies delivers every imaginable movie cliché—all wrapped up in one glorious celluloid gift. And it's brilliant. As François Truffaut, who made his own homage to the cinema, *Day for Night*, out of love for *Singin' in the Rain*, once wrote: it is the movie's artifice that keeps it "from ever seeming old-fashioned."

The late silent movies, which *Singin' in the Rain* roasts so mercilessly, are the ones that Twyla Tharp finds most courageous, inventive, estimable. "This show, which we are making look like the 'twenties, is much more a tribute to the cream of the silents—and to their realism—than the movie version was," she says.

"That's the beauty of musicals, and why they are so difficult to do. They imply a reality; yet they're complete fantasy. We know we don't sing to each other instead of talking, but there are ways in which you can make people believe that that is a reality."

But are there ways to overcome the natural terror of rechoreographing dances that are part of our cultural memory? "I think of it as restoring the choreography," Ms. Tharp explains. "In the movie, the chorus girls look like they're trained dancers. In reality, those people had no training. So what you have to do is *untrain* sophisticated and technical dancers—and then get them out of unison. Those girls were *never* together. And that's what Truffant was talking about when he said 'artifice.' Anyone else would think, 'Unison: that's artifice.' Wrong. Out-of-unison is artifice. It's like the Greeks who, in order to make their columns appear straight, put curves in them."

In her direct and purposeful way, Twyla Tharp is articulating not only her dream, but ours. Who hasn't ached to tap dance like Gene Kelly at his smoothest? To sing like Debbie Reynolds at her most artless? To bounce off walls like Donald O'Connor at his wackiest? This *Singin' in the Rain* may not satisfy *our* fantasies, but the fun could be more than vicarious when Ms. Tharp (with the help of Don Correia in the Kelly role, a cast of relative unknowns, and her regular dancers) faces off with another of her gods. —SUSAN BOLOTIN

Ruth Orkin

The Umbrellas of Beverly Hills

While Comden & Green labored over the screenplay for *Singin' in the Rain*, they let off steam making a parody of *Sunset Boulevard. Singin'* became a classic. What about *Camden Drive?* By Betty Comden and Adolph Green

Everyone knows that the movie *Singin' in the Rain* was released, and that over the years it has garnered its share of acclaim. But *Camden Drive*, another film made around the same time and involving some of the same people, will never be released. Not even hot-eyed, panting film archivists are searching for this lost masterpiece because they never heard of it. And why should they have? Unlike *Singin' in the Rain*, it was not co-directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, but by Donen alone. Also unlike *Singin' in the Rain*, it did not star Gene Kelly, who appears in only one tiny but telling cameo bit, whereas the true stars are ourselves.

This sixteen-millimeter, ten-minute movie, which some might sneeringly relegate to the genre "home," lies a-moldering, lost to posterity forever during a move from one apartment to another, perhaps filched from the van by some moving man, an avid film buff who for all these years has been running it secretly in his cobwebby cellar. Little does he know or care that we wrote it while we were in Hollywood working on what became *Singin' in the Rain*.

Every morning we would report to the MGM studio at 9:00 A.M. or thereabouts and disappear from *(Continued on page 314)*

Betty Comden and Adolph Green *are authors, lyricists, and performers in the theater and film.*

PEOPLE
ARE TALKING
ABOUT

Who's Hot

sting

"The pursuit of knowledge," Gordon Sumner told "Rolling Stone" a few years ago, "is what alleviates the pain of being human." English rock stars are notorious for their pretensions, but Sumner's eloquence seems real. Which may be why the lead singer of The Police seems more comfortable onstage as Sting. Drenched in sweat, a vein bulging in his forehead, Sting at work seems to be a man galvanized by ambivalence toward his most successful role. Like other over-thirty rock stars, Sting has grown leery of a profession inhospitable to age. Rumors of his leaving The Police abound and his "pursuit of knowledge" has lured him into film.

"Sting could be a very successful actor," a Hollywood insider told "Esquire" in 1983. "The only thing that may limit him is his own taste, if he always wants to play the dark prince." This month he's typecast as the mad scientist in "The Bride," a new "fairy tale" version of the Mary Shelley gothic, with Jennifer Beals. But with his English blonde hair, his health-spa physique, and his upwardly mobile face, Sting has the unilateral appeal of a soap opera star. And as Meryl Streep's lower-class lover in "Plenty," due out this fall, Sting may have finally found a down-to-earth vehicle.

Paolo Rovers

Jamie Lee curtis

After a notorious career as the "Body Girl" in B-movies, Jamie Lee Curtis goes mainstream as John Travolta's leading lady in *Perfect!*, a health club romance, out this month. This time pecs' bad girl plays an aerobics instructor. That's what we call pumping irony.

"I'm not an advocate of the health craze," says Jamie Lee Curtis. "It's about the physical elite rather than the brain elite. I wish it could be the other way around."

Currently co-starring with John Travolta in *Perfect!*, a *Sturm und Schvitz* saga set amidst the California health club scene, Curtis knows whereof she speaks. Based on a *Rolling Stone* article by Aaron Latham, directed by James Bridges, *Perfect!* follows a reporter (Travolta) who's looking for an angle and gets thrown a curve—in the shape of an aerobics instructor, Jamie Lee Curtis. The physical elite and the brain elite meet cute.

Jamie Lee Curtis is no stranger to such connections. The daughter of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, godchild of Universal Pictures Chairman Lew Wasserman, "the most powerful man in Hollywood," Jamie Lee Curtis has an impressive pedigree . . . But her presence shrugs, So what?

Unlike the similarly entitled Jane Fonda, whose genes translate, jaw first, into the kind of unmistakable screen persona that steals the show, Curtis—even with her intelligent fox face, voluptuous body, and baby-Bacall voice—belongs less to her heritage than to her peers, a new generation of actresses who seem to define themselves by disappearing into a role. (One might even confuse Curtis *(Continued on page 312)*

Hair by Ezel for Bumble & Bumble; makeup by Margaret Avery

Denis Piel

Evelyn Hof

New York abstractionist Joanna Pousette-Dart (opposite) makes large, free-spirited paintings that display some of the scale, intensity, and spontaneity (note the drips!) of Abstract Expressionism. She was virtually born into the Abstract Expressionist tradition: her father, Richard, is a noted member of the first-generation Abstract Expressionist school. Fred Brown (above), a Georgia-born New Yorker, favors subjects that reflect the sizzling energy of black music and dance. His brusquely outlined, blatantly hued figures suggest an affinity to Picasso, Beckmann, and Romare Bearden, as well as to graffiti art.

RULE BREAKERS

In reaction to minimalism, a group of young American artists are reinvigorating painting—with arresting content, jarring colors, and explosive forms

By Barbara Rose

RULE BREAKERS

For anyone looking at contemporary art, the changes in the past few years must seem a radical rupture with recent modernist styles. Who, for example, could have predicted that the minimalist esthetic of "less is more" would be replaced in the 'eighties by the very opposite idea that more—intensity, space, imagery, paint—is literally more? After the famine of colorless, imageless, expressionless art, perhaps it was inevitable that artists would hunger once more for the feast of contrast, drawing, detail, and human drama outlawed by the strict canons of late modernism.

Although the new international style has not been called "maximal art," the retrieval of the full potential of art as an experience that is not only optical but also tactile, not empty but full of incident and life, not entropic but energetic is what the new headline-making international style is all about. No one has really figured out how American art, once the beacon of the avant-garde, fits into the general scope of the new wave of Neo-Expressionist figurative and painterly styles dominating the taste of today. Certainly, now is the time to do so.

During the 'sixties and 'seventies, when minimal art stripped forms down to their bare essence, it seemed unlikely that figuration, thick impasto, poetic metaphor, operatic brio, visible brush strokes, and bright, brash color should dominate the art of the 'eighties. Yet that is precisely what happened, both in Europe and in America.

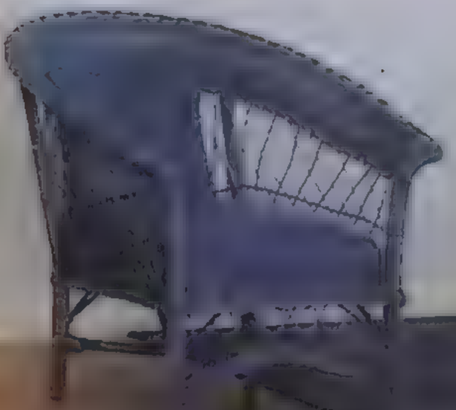
The how and why of what happened, however, is quite different abroad than it is in the United States. In Europe, much of the impetus behind Neo-Expressionism, often referred to as the German-Italian connection or the "Transvanguardia," resulted from the rehabilitation of German Expressionism. Suddenly, the art that Hitler had branded "decadent" looked fresh and new again. In America, however, the early, figurative phase of Abstract Expressionism was rediscovered *(Continued on page 250)*

Katherine Porter, an Iowa-born Maine painter, combines luminous color with zigzagged and spiraling forms, as in "A Postcard from North Antrim" (above) of 1982. Her allusions to cosmic imagery relate her work to the metaphysical and transcendental side of abstract art, particularly to the nature-based abstractions of Dove, Hartley, and O'Keeffe.

Derek Boshier (right, top), an Englishman working in Houston, comments with humorous irony on American cultural myths and life styles. His work can be seen in "Fresh Paint: The Houston School," currently at P.S. 1 in Long Island City, NY (through June 23).

A wild kingdom of natural critters gone slightly berserk in their ongoing struggle to survive is a dominant theme for Melissa Miller (right), who lives in Austin, Texas. Her paintings recall the intense, exaggerated works of artists Delacroix and Barye, noted for their romantic treatment of wild animals. Miller's dramatically charged paintings are rendered with bravura, as in this image of bears preying on salmon as the fish swim upriver to breed and to perish.

Courtesy David McKee Gallery, private collection



Evelyn Hofer

RULE BREAKERS

(Continued) as a fresh source of meaning, with the subjective content springing from the unconscious. Abstract Expressionist painterliness, large scale, and humanistic concerns were blended with recognizable popular imagery to produce an art that is both powerful and linked to daily life.

As Pop Art itself came to resemble supergraphics, artist after artist turned back the clock to the early years of the mythic images that inspired the Abstract Expressionists during the angst-ridden decade of the 'forties. Redefining originality as a personal and subjective vision of the world, they have rejected the rigid authoritarian rules and regulations that proscribed the use of drawing, deep space, value contrasts, representation, and overt emotional or political content. Inspired to rebel, certain unconventional rule breakers, however, decided to forget the commandments of good taste and decorum, such as that painting must be abstract, flat, literal, and an object, to opt for freedom and intensity of personal expressionism.

But it would be both simplistic and incorrect to see such artists as Fred Brown, Joanna Pousette-Dart, John Alexander, Derek Boshier, Katherine Porter, Melissa Miller, and Peter Saul as the direct descendants of the Abstract Expressionists, although there is certainly more connection between their aims and ideals and those of the New York School than there is between their art and the Neo-Expressionism of the Germans and Italians and their American extensions, such as Julian Schnabel and David Salle.

It is true that these young Americans are against rules and regulations in the same manner that the New York School rejected the hermetic forms of Cubism for the messier painterliness of Expressionism and the imaginative spontaneity of Surrealism. Unknown for the most part to each other, they have one thing in common: they are the boat rockers, the odd individualists who, in the best tradition of the American "loner," are not joining anything.

Like the members of the New York School, they come from all over. Some, like English painter Derek Boshier, were raised in Europe. Others such as Melissa Miller and Peter Saul

The unfortunate sunbather above, is not getting a symmetrical tan, possibly because no two of her body parts match. With puffs of cigarette smoke shooting out of her ears and a rubbery-looking foot emerging from her chest, she appears to be undergoing a grotesque metamorphosis. She's the brainchild of Peter Saul, who lives in Austin, Texas, where he parodies popular culture and politics in a jazzy, updated surrealist style that refers simultaneously to comic strips and television commercials. The combination of biting satire and tightly structured compositions in Saul's pictures creates a bizarre and original tension between style and content.

The agitated brushwork of John Alexander's paintings reflects the forty-year-old artist's dedication to an expressionist style of swampy imagery—suggested by the detail of wading birds (right)—tied to his Southeast Texas roots. Alexander is outspoken in his admiration for the painterly art of De Kooning, Goya, Ensor, Munch, and Johns.

show in Manhattan, but choose to live elsewhere, where the pressures for conformity to the latest style are less pressing. Only Joanna Pousette-Dart, daughter of painter Richard Pousette-Dart, one of the pioneer members of the New York School, has direct connections with Abstract Expressionism. Their heroes are De Kooning, Gorky, Krasner, early Pollock, and late Guston—figurative painterly expressionism strong on drawing and content.

Modern art has swung back and forth between harmonious abstraction and anguished expressionism. Industrial and mechanical forms have been alternately embraced and rejected, exalted and ridiculed. Perhaps the common denominator of much contemporary art is a total rejection of the homogeneous, bloodless technological society. This would explain why artists like Fred Brown, who draws his subject matter from the world of black music, seen not with naïveté but as Max Beckmann or Picasso might have interpreted it, or Derek Boshier, who has adopted the mythology of the Western cowboy as a major artistic theme, have recourse to American folk cultures for inspiration.

Within this context, Melissa Miller's romantic wild animals make sense, along with the cosmic landscapes of Katherine Porter and the brawling beasts in John Alexander's delirious world of swamp creatures and Southern Baptist religious themes. These young American artists are working with imagery that is overcharged, an emotional circuitry that is as overloaded as their surfaces are laden with pigment. What is refreshing about their work is the lack of cynicism and nihilism, and a commitment to an art that attempts to give the viewer as much as is physically and emotionally possible. Their art may be impacted, operatic, and rhetorical, but it is not involved with cheap thrills, clever pastiche, or pleasant decoration.

Breaking rules is always harder than making them, but it is far more important in keeping art a living enterprise.

Evelyn Hofer

SUCCESS: ON OU

In 1985, American women have taken a searching look at "success"; they're finding out what it is—and isn't. *What it's not:* a hard-edged masculine aspiration to topping the corporate ladder, making a closetful of money, and wielding power over others. *What it is:* enjoyment of a life that brings you contentment and satisfaction, whether that is becoming the most capable mother on the block or the toughest person in the boardroom—or both.

We asked nine women and one man to speak about what success can mean to women and to assess its hazards and rewards. Vogue reporters taped talks with the panelists in their own settings; the guests now meet on these six pages and find themselves in agreement: success is getting what *you* want. —Edited by Lorraine Davis

Have we changed the meaning of "success"?

"Making it to the top isn't the only definition of a good and full life. . . . People should have a variety of ways to live, including arrangements for those who want to put a whole lot of time and psychic energy into their personal relationships."

—Jean Baker Miller, M.D., *clinical professor of psychiatry at the Boston University School of Medicine and author of "Toward a New Psychology of Women" (Beacon Press); married, mother; interviewed by Susan Bolotin*

"We could define success as living up to one's potential and becoming fulfilled by doing things over which you have a sense of control, that are sufficiently rewarding, that bring dignity and respect."

—Rosabeth Moss Kanter, Ph.D., *professor of sociology and of organization and management at Yale University Graduate School of Management; author of "The Change Masters: Innovation for Productivity in the American Corporation" (Simon and Schuster); mother of a five-year-old son; interviewed by Shari Miller Sims*

"I still feel that it's very important for a mother to have the opportunity, for the first six months or so, to be at home with her baby without any cost to her career."

—Louise J. Kaplan, Ph.D., *psychoanalyst, mothers-infants researcher; author of "Adolescence: The Farewell to Childhood" (Simon and Schuster); married, mother of two; interviewed by Laura Flynn McCarthy*

Duane Michals

UR OWN TERMS

VOGUE'S TENTH AMERICAN WOMAN SYMPOSIUM

Jean Baker Miller: Women haven't redefined success *enough*. The big troublemaker is that an awful lot of women, especially the more advantaged and high-powered ones, have accepted the notion that you have to make it to the top on the fast track, which is the generally prevailing model for men. And some women have found that "success," especially if it means only "beating out" the other person or only getting a certain title, just doesn't feel really good. It's a very different thing from using and enlarging your abilities productively.

It's important for women to realize, first of all, that not all men make it to the top, and also that making it to the top isn't the only definition of a good and full life. Maybe it's not even the best one, in terms of what makes life satisfying, of what you really want in the end, what matters.

It may be better to remember that, in the past, work life, life in the public world has been built on a very linear course, an heroic image of man as the worker. But for the man, there was always some other person there—namely, the woman—filling in all the other parts of life, all the personal relationships. And the heroic image also assumed that life was short; whereas today, there really is time for a lot of things. People should have a variety of ways to live, including arrangements for those who want to put a whole lot of time and psychic energy into their personal relationships. With children, more psychological devotion and sheer time and energy are required; but with or without children, there really would be enough time, if you weren't feeling that you would be cast out if you stepped off the track for a minute.

Men are pressured not to deviate from the mold—they believe that if they're not successful, they're not manly, they didn't make it. And if women could say, "Wait a minute, maybe this isn't so great for anybody, for me or for you," there certainly would be a lot of men, particularly younger men, who would see the point.

Women's ambivalence about success may be coming as a response to their inner needs and conflicts as well as part of a general trend toward conservatism in our society. First of all, women *are* blocked. They can make it into the lower and middle levels in academia or business; but then they start getting blocked, and they can't move higher. That's not the fault of the women; that's external.

Further, women (like everyone) need to feel deeply connected to other people. Most people do not want to feel isolated or alone. It is still hard for women to find good relationships in work or personal life, but relationships that don't allow for the woman's expression of her feelings also make for emptiness.

We may always have conflicts, but if there were recognition and provision for more parts of life, a lot of women could be happier. I think the really bad thing for women is not to recognize that the societal structures are not good enough, and to turn and blame it on themselves. It's not women's fault, but the danger is that women internally think it is. Despite the stress and strain, a woman who has more than one role is happier. Overall, a housewife or mother who is also taking part in the rest of life will feel better.

Rosabeth Kanter: We could define success as living up to one's potential and becoming fulfilled by doing things over which you have a sense of control, that are sufficiently rewarding, that bring dignity and respect, instead of focusing on getting enormously rich.

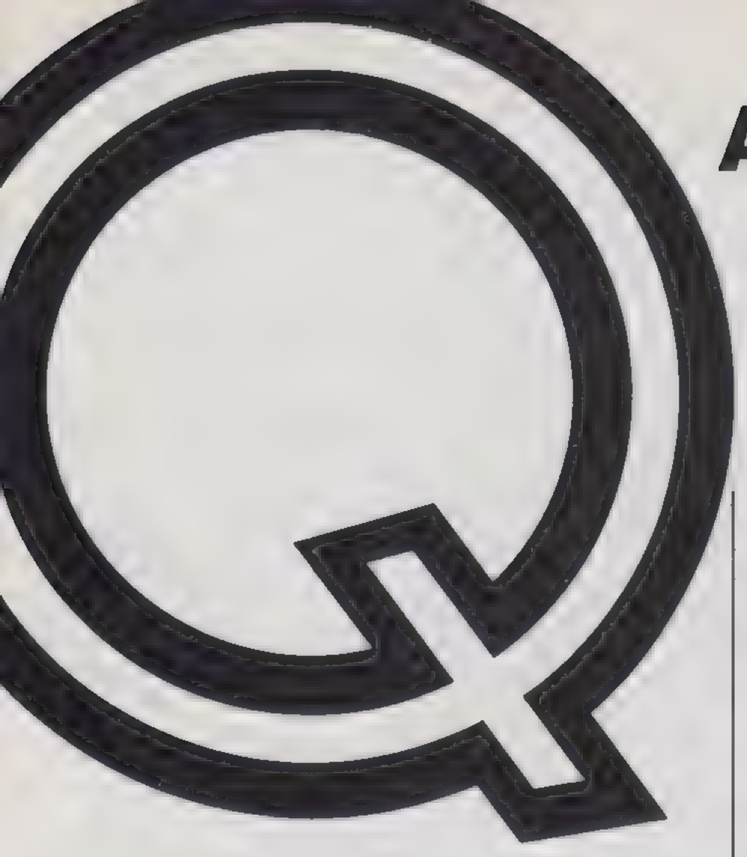
The numbers on women's success at work are not in yet. We are still not beyond the point at which we have more than one woman on many corporate boards, at the senior-officer level, even the level below that in most companies. I have spoken at many top-management courses, and I still enter many rooms in which there are no other women, or only one or two.

I feel that the period between 1965 and 1995 is a period of transformation that will fundamentally change the ways corporations are organized and do their work. Women and their presence in the workplace are a big part of that, as is a general trend toward more people-conscious, people-sensitive organizations that are less hierarchical, more team-centered, innovation-conscious, and change-oriented.

Louise Kaplan: My definition of success would have to do with the inner life of a person, and I would say it's something like this: a capacity to have pleasure without damage to relationships you have with other people. I think there's a crucial balance between one's own self-esteem and the capacity to relate to other people that may be essential in what I would call success.

As far as what drives people toward success, the first thing that one would think of is some sort of narcissistic aggrandizement, a way of promoting one's self-esteem. One would hope that the career choice would be a bit more than that—that it would include a concern with productivity for the rest of the world, that it would provide a certain amount of pleasure for the person engaged in it.

It may be easier for men to get pleasure out of what they're doing and to maintain a level of self-esteem in their jobs and careers. The usual explanation is that women are much more involved in relationships than they are in promoting themselves and getting pleasure out of what they do. When you look at *(Continued on page 315)*



Are marriages threatened when women succeed at work?

Rosabeth Kanter: I think, frankly, that trouble over success between wives and husbands is one of those made-up issues. Relationships are a personal matter; if a person's identity is so fragile that it is dependent on their always feeling that they are doing better than the people close to them, that they have someone to dominate, then that person doesn't truly feel satisfied with him- or herself.

People who feel strong and respected in what they do realize that the fact that one occupation happens to get paid more than another—even a lot more—can be a trick of the marketplace, a trick of fame.

There are now more and more men who are being put into positions in which they go places as their wife's escort, in which they play the role of the corporate wife, so to speak. Sometimes husbands find it a kind of shocking experience at first, but eventually it becomes amusing. I think I probably resented going places as my husband's wife much more than my husband does accompanying me now because I was always seen as just "the wife." When my husband comes with me, even if people don't know him beforehand, it is always assumed that he has another identity besides simply being my husband.

I think it all comes down to the fact that there needs to be a little humility about success. With humility, success is shared—something for us, not me alone. In many ways, what's missing in the world at this moment is simply human courtesy and compassion. With more of it, a lot of these supposed conflicts would disappear.

Nannerl Keohane: I think it really is important to stress that every couple comes to terms with success in their own way, and it is sobering to recognize that success has been the rock on which a number of marriages have foundered.

Success on the part of either partner can make for great difficulties for the other one, and we all know cases in which women have found themselves lost and left out by husbands' successes or in which men have found themselves feeling somehow less important because of their wives' successes.

The one major stumbling block that I would see is "commuter marriages" with jobs in two cities, which is something that a lot of people get into that becomes quite a strain and difficult. But apart from that, marriages can take on a kind of rhythmic pattern, as ours has. It's almost like a tunnel with two lanes moving through it. One partner is ahead for a while, and it seems that the one in the other lane is never going anywhere, and then the second car moves ahead and goes past the first car. But if you're both fortunate and talented and ambitious, chances are that over time the trips will equal out.

Louise Kaplan: I think that people who marry today have an understanding with one another, at least among people who have choices, people to whom the social order gives the most support.

In these marriages, there seems to be a conscious or unconscious agreement on a supportive equality. The revolution in marriage that has taken place certainly benefits them; but it was uprooting to people who had married with a different agreement in which the man would be the breadwinner and the woman would stay home, and then the woman began to want something else—and got it. Suddenly here was the woman being extremely, and in some cases, more "successful" than her husband—she may have been making more money, becoming more famous, but was not necessarily feeling very successful inside because she had the feeling that her own aggrandizement took place at the expense of a relationship that was very important to her. It was a very humiliating position for certain men to be in. This was not included in the terms of the original marriage.

I think if you have a different understanding about equality in the marriage to start with, the marriage has a better chance of working out and the man doesn't feel threatened if his wife earns more money than he does. A lot of men would, in fact, love to be taken care of in a certain way, and maybe would like to stay home with the kids, too.

I don't agree that men are not nurturing.

Will her career stop if a woman stays home to raise children? What happens to her children if she doesn't?

Barbara Ehrenreich: In one poll you'll find men saying that they expect the woman they marry to stay home with children for a certain period; and, in the next one, they'll be saying "but she'd better carry her own weight financially." Now that's just not possible, as we know.

You can't take five years off to raise a child and leap right back where you were in many occupations. You can't do it. But I think that for a woman with a job a baby can be a possible way out with honor when she has gotten really tired, burned out, frustrated, bored, or perhaps even harassed out and she's not acknowledging it.

There still is discrimination that just wears you down everyday in many situations. A man—say a black man, to make some analogy—feeling burned out and also having to deal with the constant abrasion and little hints of discrimination, doesn't have an out that's honorable. What can he do? He can just quit, and then people will say, Bill couldn't make it. But a woman can still have a baby. She won't come back to that job in many cases if she takes a few years off, and she'll lose status, but it's not the end, there's respect for her. And to me it's sad if having children becomes a way out of a work world that is not meeting our needs or is taking too much of us and not offering enough.

My optimal society is not one in which everybody has a job for the sake of working. It may be that raising a child is an intrinsically better thing to do, however that's going to be defined, than some job you may be doing.

I'd rather raise any number of children than work making nuclear missile warheads, just to take an extreme example; but in defense of the rat race, I'd say that the women who can drop out and stay home for years with

their babies have to have some kind of middle-class income.

Many of us are going to be supporting ourselves and probably supporting our children at some point in our lives; that's an external pressure that is very real. I certainly feel it, as it gradually dawns on me that my kids may insist on going to college in a few years if I can't dissuade them somehow, and that means pressure to make upper-middle-class amounts of money. And women are not paid as much as men are.

I think women with families definitely are working on average twice as hard as men; there's no question. You know, it's not only the sick children, it's whether there's milk in the house when the kids get home from school. A whole range of things. Men I know well and could call colleagues are not rattling off in the back of their heads, "Have I defrosted something for dinner? If I haven't what will we do?" A million errands have to be done. Men don't work as hard, no question.

To change our situation, men have to change. They'd have to come over to our side of the gender gap, and we'd have to decide that endlessly pouring money into military spending was not what we wanted to do anymore. That there were human purposes that we wanted to put our resources to as a nation. It just seems so clear to me that nuclear weapons aren't defense, and that we're going to have less and less to defend anyway if we let the infrastructure run down, the chemical pollution pile up, and the social infrastructure of just human decency and civility collapse in this country.

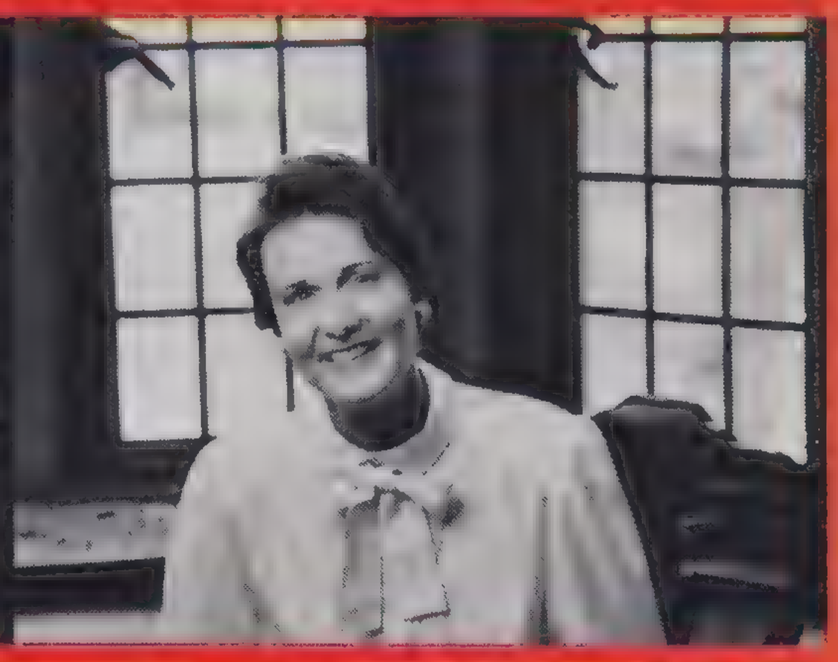
I want to say something about child raising. There's no such thing as "quality time." You can't come up to kids and say, "All right, I have forty-five minutes, let's have a little quality *(Continued on page 317)*

"In my utopia, high-quality, loving, subsidized child care is considered a right for everybody. . . . The minimum wage has been raised so no woman is working full time and still living in poverty. That would be success. And maybe we need to redefine success in a less individualistic way."

—Barbara Ehrenreich, Ph.D.,
expert on women's health, feminist writer, author of "The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight from Commitment" (Doubleday); married, mother of two children; interviewed by Amy Gross

"I'm sure that people would be deluding themselves if they thought that money and/or power, fame, or the ability to enjoy the 'perks' of office aren't important. Of course they are, but it's also important to be in a position where you can accomplish something."

—Nannerl Overholser Keohane, Ph.D.,
president of Wellesley College; associate editor of the feminist journal "Signs"; mother of two children, stepmother of two more; interviewed by Marion Asnes



"I think, ultimately, people have to face the fact that children require time, and that they have to carve out a situation that accommodates that need in children."

—Niki Sauvage Tsongas,
mother of three; now attending law school; married to Paul Tsongas, former U.S. Senator from Massachusetts; interviewed by Marion Asnes

Joe Wrinn/New York Times — Duane Michals

SUCCESS FOR THE VOLUNTEER

The American volunteer traditionally has been a woman, and over half still are, whether you're talking about politics, health or child care, world peace, or education. Some ninety-two million volunteers in the United States (according to a 1983 Gallup poll), 56 percent of whom are women, provide about seventy billion dollars' worth of services per year. But, on every level, voluntarism has become more professional, owing in part to more career women's volunteering, but mostly because all women's lives today are busier than before.

"There are more opportunities for women, more challenges; and I think they've begun to take greater advantage of what's available to them in the community, and on the state and national levels," said Carole Hart, President of the National Association of Junior Leagues. "Women have to prioritize where they're going to spend their time, a piece of which is going to be a volunteer commitment; there's a recognition that we all have different abilities and skills and desire to perform in different ways."

With new reasons to volunteer, the demography of voluntarism is changing. The same Gallup poll revealed that the so-called "baby boomer generation," men and women ages twenty-five to fifty-four, showed the greatest increase in the percentage of volunteers from 1981 to 1983. In 1983, 76 percent of all professional/business men and women volunteered, making those occupations the largest contributors of volunteers of any career category. "With cutbacks in federal funding, with President Reagan's emphasis on voluntarism, there is commitment on the part of some volunteers to pick up some of the slack not covered by the public and private sectors," said Carole Hart.

Some women may choose volunteer positions that supplement the paid work they do. "Something that's been good for me was to look for a volunteer activity that complemented my professional life but didn't duplicate it. The voluntary sphere gives you the opportunity to stretch your talents and abilities, without great risk and to really contribute something," said Dorothy Ridings, National President of the League of Women Voters. *(Continued on page 319)*

SUCCESS AND GOOD HEALTH

Does working—and being successful at it—have an impact on a woman's health? According to the most recent research, the answer is yes—and it's a positive one.

More and more studies now show that women who have multiple roles—who have jobs, a spouse, even children—enjoy better physical and mental health than those women who face fewer challenges. While experts caution that this could simply reflect the fact that healthy women are better able to take on the demands of combining job and family, others feel that, especially for women, working may actually be a health-promoting activity.

Work and sick days Women who combine a job and marriage—with as well as without children—report fewer short- and long-term illnesses and are more likely to rate their own health as "good" or "excellent" than are women without paying jobs, says a new study based on the National Health Interview Survey (NHIS) of 1977-78. Even single working mothers, while less healthy than women who share child-rearing and -support responsibilities with a spouse, proved to be healthier than nonworking women regardless of their marital status or family size.

"Involvement in activities that use one's skills and education, that offer social contacts and intimacy, and that provide income, probably helps women maintain good health or even improve their health," noted the study's coauthors, Lois M. Verbrugge of the University of Michigan and Jennifer H. Madans of the National Center for Health Statistics. What was most predictive of a woman's ill health: inactivity, a lack of challenges. At every stage of life, from age seventeen to sixty-four, women with no roles—no job, no children, no spouse—suffered the worst health overall. In a separate study, Yale University psychiatrists found that working could be therapeutic in helping a woman to recover from clinically diagnosed depression—and that depressed women who held paying jobs were less impaired in their daily tasks than were equally depressed housewives.

Work and heart disease While it is well known that women are less vulnerable to heart disease than men at every age, the latest research indicates that working can make a difference. When Helen Hazuda, Ph.D., of the University of Texas Health Science Center, profiled the health of over one thousand San Antonio-area women between age twenty-five and sixty-four, she found that, even when slight differences in health habits were taken into account, the women who worked had a higher ratio of "good," heart-protective HDL cholesterol to "bad," heart-endangering LDL cholesterol than those women who had quit their jobs or never been employed. Noted Dr. Hazuda: "Working may have offered these women a sense of control over their lives, a range of possibilities for fulfillment that in some way lowered their heart disease risk independently of other health parameters."

What about women whose jobs do not allow for very much of a sense of personal control—such as those women clustered in the "pink collar" clerical/secretarial ranks? A recent report to the American Heart Association by Suzanne G. Haynes, Ph.D., of the National Center for Health Statistics, indicates that their heart health prognosis may not be as favorable. When she compared the incidence of heart disease over the course of ten years in 389 working women and 580 working men aged forty-five to sixty-four, she found that women were particularly vulnerable to cardiovascular problems as a side-effect of jobs that combine high demands—rigid deadlines, frequent overtime, high psychological pressure—with low personal control. Women in these jobs suffered a *three-fold* increase in heart disease risk—a risk that was most pronounced for those women with low to normal cholesterol levels, women otherwise in little danger of developing heart problems.

Women's health: a matter of control? What these studies indicate in terms of preventive health measures: that those companies that are developing more egalitarian, less hierarchical management systems may not only be boosting productivity but helping to improve the long-term health of female employees, especially those not near the top rungs of the corporate ladder. Supporting this theory as well: the somewhat surprising finding of Verbrugge and Madans that housewives of the late '70s proved to be markedly healthier than their early-'60s counterparts. What seemed to make the difference: the fact that in the '70s, women who were housewives had chosen their own roles, rather than having them dictated by society. It is this sense of freedom, of control—in *and* out of the workplace—that may turn out to be the most healthful change of all.

—SHARI MILLER SIMS

Has job stress affected us physically? What about delayed motherhood?

"Given the numbers of women's deaths caused by cigarettes each year, women should recognize that, while many health and societal issues are important, smoking-related issues make everything else pale."

—Virginia Ernster, Ph.D.,
associate professor of epidemiology, University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco; married; two children; interviewed by Shari Miller Sims

"The risk of low birth weight, prematurity, or stillbirth may be 50 percent higher for women who postpone childbearing; but risks must be weighed against professional and personal fulfillment." **—Trudy Berkowitz, Ph.D.,**
far right, assistant professor, obstetrics and gynecology, community medicine, Mt. Sinai Medical Center in New York City; married; mother of two

"In pregnancy, the ability to manage sugar diminishes very clearly beyond the age of thirty-five." **—Nathan G. Kase, M.D.,**
near right, dean, Mt. Sinai School of Medicine, NYC, professor of obstetrics and gynecology and of reproductive science; married; three children. Both interviewed by Dorothy Schefer

"The aim of the spiritual life is not some boring off-key hymn singing and tedious pronouncements about God. It is a life of simple happiness in being."

—Ann Bedford Ulanov, M. Div., Ph.D.,
professor of psychiatry and religion at Union Theological Seminary, NYC; psychoanalyst, author of "Receiving Woman: Studies in the Theology and Psychology of the Feminine" (Westminster Press); married; mother of one son, stepmother of three; interviewed by Deborah Mason

Pam Barkentin Duane Michals

Virginia L. Ernster: Women's adoption of the smoking habit came at a time when it was related to women's emancipation in general, a dumping of the double standard. In addition, during WWII many women who had never worked before were drawn into working as part of the war effort. Today, cigarette advertising directed at women still portrays the independent, successfully working or creative woman who is modern in her looks and attitude.

In men, the less education a man has the more likely he is to smoke; in women, the demographics don't seem to break down as clearly. Women who are college educated, though, are more likely to have quit smoking than women who have less education. Women who have reached managerial levels, however, are still as likely to smoke as pink-collar workers. Today, fully 29 percent of adult women smoke cigarettes and a higher percentage of teenage girls smoke than do teenage boys.

As of 1985, lung cancer will cause more deaths among women than any other type of cancer including breast cancer. Two-thirds of women diagnosed with lung cancer will die within a year of the diagnosis.

Given the numbers of women's deaths caused by cigarettes each year, women should recognize that, while many health and societal issues are important, smoking-related issues make everything else pale. Women are realizing that they can take responsibility for their own health; not smoking cigarettes is a major step to take.

Trudy Berkowitz: There are really no firm data to show whether there have been any major increases in infertility since women entered the workforce in large numbers. There were a couple of national surveys in the 1960s and the 1970s that suggest that there may have been some increase in infertility particularly among younger women, and it's thought that may be due to pelvic inflammatory disease, which can result from sexually transmitted diseases.

There definitely has been an increase in the demand for infertility services: there's much more awareness of infertility problems and also of the resources and facilities that are available for correcting such problems. Also, because over the past decade more and more American women are delaying childbearing, the rate of first births to women in their thirties has increased more than 50 percent; that means that there's a shorter time period for fulfilling fertility. Another factor is that infertility increases some time after the age of thirty; and because of the baby boom period there are a lot more women in that thirty to thirty-nine age group now.

There's a recent Swedish study which is based on a very large number of pregnancies that looked into whether women in their thirties, as compared to those in their early twenties, have an increased risk of adverse pregnancy outcome. And what they found was that women who were having their first pregnancy in their thirties were at an increased risk for stillbirths and for having prematurity, low birth-weight (less than 5½ pounds) infants. There was no increased risk in early infant death, but otherwise women who had postponed childbearing were having more problems. The increased risk may be 50 percent higher than for women in their early twenties.

Unfortunately, the timing of pregnancy is an area where women don't have total control. We want women to be aware that there are certain risks of delaying childbearing; at the same time, those risks should be weighed against whatever benefits there are in terms of professional fulfillment, personal fulfillment, financial security and so on. It's an equation that has to be considered.

Nathan Kase: The old situation of postponement of pregnancy beyond, say, thirty-five being hazardous to the mother has probably diminished as the health of mother at any age has improved. There are, however, some residual problems that are probably physiologic, for instance, the increased risk of developing a form of diabetes within pregnancy. Even as early as age twenty-five the ability to manage a sugar load can diminish in pregnancy, but it becomes very clear beyond thirty-five. That may impart certain risks to the fetus and certain risks to the mother, indirectly, because these babies, if the situation is uncorrected, can be very large, with morbidity associated with delivery, either forceps lacerations or the need for Cesarean-sec- *(Continued on page 319)*

Can a spiritual dimension help, for ourselves and our communities?

Ann Ulanov: Most women who are called toward a spiritual life are called there whether they are successful or not. For women who are very busy, women who are trying to put together parts of their lives that for our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were separate choices—such as career versus family—I think the need to be in touch with whatever they experience as spiritual may be greater because the stress is greater, and there is danger of being consumed by all the many good things they are trying to do. The question comes up well, what for?

It's very tiring, as you know, to work all day and come home and cook dinner, and to be present, if you have children, to your children, and to the person you love, if you are married, to your husband. And where are those sources and resources to be drawn from over a decade or two decades?

So *(Continued on page 311)*

Horseback riding, American folk art, and French country furniture are among Robin Duke's greatest passions. In transforming an old stable into a Long Island country home, Mrs. Duke succeeded in combining all three interests. Wyndcote Barn's sunny entrance hall (opposite) features a folk art chandelier and a Canada goose decoy atop a French butcher's table. One of her husband's ambassadorial flags stands in the corner.

First person rural

Robin Duke's dream house—an old barn that she relocated, remodeled, and polished into a country retreat, a haven for simple pleasures after decades of globe-trotting

By André Leon Talley

Karen Radkai

Robin Duke, for years, had longed to breathe new life and atmosphere into an old barn, hidden away behind tall hedges on a corner of her mother-in-law's property in Southampton, Long Island. In its heyday, the ninety-year-old building had quartered up to fourteen horses and their attendant grooms; and every time that Mrs. Duke looked at the disused barn, she envisioned her dream house, a pleasingly rustic, French-accented country retreat.

It took years for Robin Duke to persuade her mother-in-law and clan matriarch, the late Cordelia Biddle Duke Robertson, to let her relocate and renovate the former stable. And now, after a two-year-long total overhaul of the structure, Mrs. Duke and her husband, diplomat and foundation executive Angier Biddle Duke, have settled into "Wyndcote Barn," where they enjoy the pleasures of country life after decades of globe-trotting. "We can hide out, sort of go underground, if we want," said Mrs. Duke, who likes to drive out for weekends of swimming, biking, and horseback riding along the beach.

Relocating the barn was not as difficult as Mrs. Duke anticipated. "I had never moved a building before, so I thought, 'what fun! how fascinating!' It wasn't frightfully expensive, and they showed me how they do it on steel girders. First they hoist the structure, and then they put these beams or girders under it, and then they pull it on a truck with pulleys with great big enormous chains. It all seemed so primitive and simple." She had the barn moved about 150 yards away from its original location and into the center of a parcel of land that is roughly two acres. "We also rotated the barn, because I wanted the big upstairs loft doors to face the ocean."

While the barn movers were in the process of repositioning the structure, Mrs. Duke said, "Could we raise it up about two or three feet? It would really give so much drama to raise the height of the first floor." So the foundation was built up before the building was set down on it. "Those additional three feet—from fifteen to eighteen —make an enormous difference."

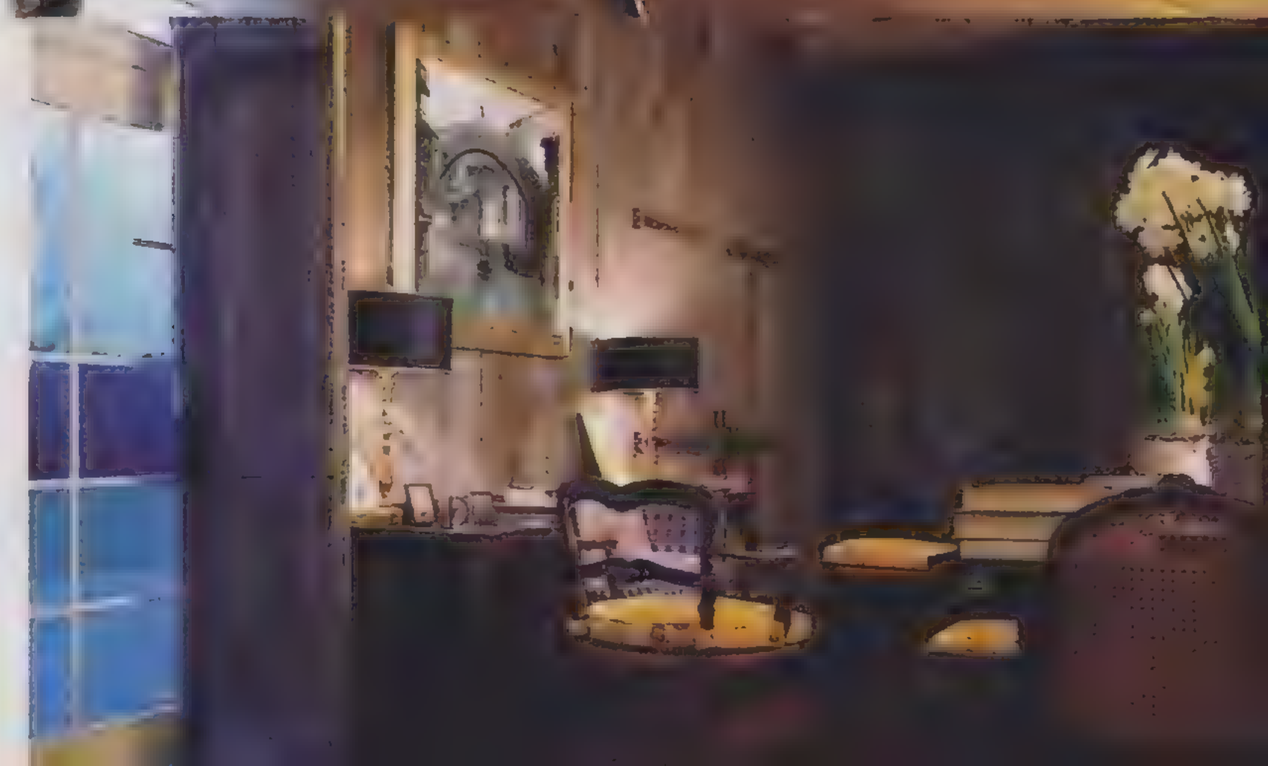
Next came the well-weathered New England barn siding, which for Mrs. Duke "makes" her large living room. "You have to look at batches of siding," she said, "to make sure they all match. I'd buy two barns because I wanted to do my kitchen, my dining room, and the big room in barn siding; and so, as a consequence, I did a lot of matching and mixing and refining. We finally got just the nice grey weathered color that I love. My family has been laughing ever since, because when you buy old barn siding, all the knots start to pop when you put it in a steam-heated house."

Robin Duke was determined to make her house a place that captured a sense of traditional country charm. She cut into the wall facing the front lawn and added two pairs of large doors with half-circle windows above, shuttered from within by the barn siding. The shutters were hung on outsized iron strap hinges: one antique pair found in New England, *(Continued on page 263)*

Karen Radkai

First person rural

The living room is paneled with weathered barn siding for a warm, rustic look. French doors with semicircular windows above are shuttered from within to enhance the impression of intimacy and seclusion. The round-arched windows are counterpointed by a semicircular wood panel—an eighteenth-century French carving—over the doorway to the entrance hall. The furniture in the room is predominantly French country, found on many shopping excursions and snapped up with Mrs. Duke's customary zeal.



Robin Duke partitioned the dining room (above) from the kitchen with one of the stable's original—and much kicked—horse stalls. Her major architectural change was the addition of a bay window. She chose Mexican tiles for the floor to convey an earthy country atmosphere. Left, top: Mrs. Duke relaxes on a living-room love seat. Left, below: A collection of European plates is displayed on an eighteenth-century French sideboard, decked out on top with nineteenth-century tobacco canisters. "I bought those in England for my husband because his family has been in the tobacco business. None of us smokes, and we don't even approve of smoking."

First person rural

(Continued from page 260) another pair copied from them by an artisan in Vermont.

Mrs. Duke even recycled the horse stalls, using the partitions architecturally as freestanding walls between kitchen and dining room, as an entryway near the front door, and on either side of the driveway.

Inside, the house's cozy country atmosphere immediately embraces visitors in the entrance hall, where an American hand-painted wood chandelier features a barnyard menagerie of a horse, a cow, a pig, and a lamb. "I go to a lot of craft shows, and I found that piece of folk art made by a Kentucky craftsman. I think American craftspeople are virtually unsung. And they do wonderfully amusing, whimsical Early American themes, which I adore.

"I've always done my own houses," Mrs. Duke said. "I just have the best old time decorating. I would go mad if I took professional advice. Why would I want to call in someone else to do exactly what I know how to do? This is an eclectic bag—a few nice things and some of the most awful stuff, which I love. Some pieces I've had for thirty-five or forty years."

This afternoon, Mrs. Duke had just driven out from Manhattan, eager to take her daily swim before picking up her husband, who was arriving on the 5:00 P.M. jitney from New York City. Mrs. Duke's weekdays in the city are filled *(Continued)*

Karen Radkai

(Continued) with committee work on behalf of causes such as family planning and child-maternal health care. She is national co-chairman of the Population Crisis Committee and the former president of the National Abortion Rights Action League. Her husband, a descendant of tobacco tycoon James Buchanan Duke, served as United States Chief of Protocol during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and was appointed Ambassador to El Salvador, Spain, Denmark, and Morocco.

Mrs. Duke's country entertaining is informal, but efficiently planned. "I would be very unhappy if I couldn't do it all on my own. I'm perfectly capable of taking care of my own house, my little world here. I don't like cooking, but I've learned to make a very good *crème brûlée*. Dinners are always for eight at the round table. In summer, I use the upstairs loft, which has an ocean view, arranging round tables of ten, two of them for large dinners."

After years of collecting French country antiques, Mrs. Duke now likes to juxtapose solid French pieces with homey examples of Americana, such as the eighteenth-century painted ladderback chair that she found in Water Mill, Connecticut, for $40. Despite such rare and lucky finds, she claims, "There is nothing rare, splendid, or grand about any of the objects.

"I am an inveterate collector. I love certain antiques. I suppose as I'm getting into my coffin, I'll be looking at that last beautiful object, asking: 'How much?' "

Karen Radkai

First person rural

"I always wanted a child's bed at the foot of my bed, something I could drop blankets on or flop down on myself," said Mrs. Duke, who finally got her wish in her Wyndcote Barn bedroom (above), where she keeps a child-sized American spindle-post bed piled with pillows. She converted an adjoining tack room into a sitting-room/study (right), where she writes at a hand-painted drop-front French desk, found while driving through Aix-en-Provence. She discovered the eighteenth-century French mantelpiece on London's Portobello Road.

Sign of the times: men's hot response to their own "slow the clock" products

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Expectations are high for the innovative, hardworking new skin- and hair-care products for men about to arrive on the nation's beauty counters—pore polishers, skin exfoliators, botanical balms, beard softeners, warm-up shaving systems and cool-down "martini" flushes, rinse-off and/or scrub-off masks, not to mention new fragrances that will carry names of men as different as Muhammad Ali, BR (for Burt Reynolds), and Perry Ellis, and fragrances—skillfully created for men—by names long cherished by women, such as the just arrived Lauder For Men in a dramatic, not-to-be-missed fluted crystal flask from France, Giorgio For Men, Calvin by Calvin Klein, Eau de Cologne Imperiale by Guerlain, Jovan Musk Evening Edition, Oscar de La Renta Pour Lui, and Halston (101).

WILL HE—OR WON'T HE

—succumb to the "promises, promises" always inherent in skin-care products for women, now beginning to pervade the bold new world of skin savers for men? Here, the first highly visible facial mask for men, which promises "instant results," the clay-based Aramis Basix Rinse Off Mask (from their new Fragrance Free, Bio-Botanical Skin Care for Men line), manfully worn by actor Rupert Everett, who will be fully visible in his July release film, *Dance With a Stranger*.

Helmut Newton
Details, last pages.

The main endeavor? Not to produce an anachronistic male peacock but to bring about more positive self-improvement that recent surveys have revealed the American male is very definitely looking for—and why not?

For instance, men find wrinkles more distressing than balding as a sign of aging—according to a survey carried out recently by The Collagen Corporation, in which one thousand middle- and upper-income American men over thirty-five years old were interviewed, face to face, by members of an independent research firm. Their answers were later analyzed by Louise Atcheson, Ph.D., assistant clinical professor of psychology, University of California Medical Center, San Francisco, who pointed out other key findings—that 78 percent of those interviewed reported their greatest concern about aging is loss of stamina/physical decline; that they were exercising more and eating less to ward off visible signs of age. More than two-thirds said for reasons of self-esteem and/or career advancement, they approved of a man having a "medical procedure" (cosmetic surgery) to combat signs of aging. When asked, "Do you think there is a taboo in our society against men who express concern about looking older?" 75 percent answered with a resolute "No." Dr. Atcheson noted that as all involved *knew* they were answering a questionnaire on aging, they had already expressed a willingness to face up to the subject by agreeing to the survey in the first place.

You could say Buckminster Fuller's metaphor "the trimtab factor" sums up what man is looking for today to offset—with minimum fuss—visible signs of aging, apparently just as disturbing to him as "to her." The trimtab—the tiny rudder attached to a much larger rudder which easily turns a huge ocean-going ship with very little pressure—was coined by Buckminster Fuller to point out how a small amount of leverage can produce a powerful effect ...in other words, a man wants—and is now getting—low-key, but highly effective products and help in every area of his grooming.

Hair for instance—with specialized attention from such products as Chanel's *(Continued)*

(Continued) Antaeus Grooming System, Hair Fitness Shampoo (cleanses without overconditioning, gives hair body, shine, and top management), All Over Body Shampoo from Jacomo de Jacomo which, supremely all-encompassing, also cleans a man's hair very well indeed . . .and the strictly male hair groomer from Ralph Lauren's Polo—Low Lather Daily Shampoo. "A well-groomed, well-cut head of hair is a major badge of a man's personal style," says Vidal Sassoon, explaining why he has just brought out the Vidal Sassoon Styling Group of Men's Products, formulated, as he continues, "to deal with differences in the male and female approach to hair. Men shampoo more often, have fewer chemical processes (less likely to perm/color/straighten) so their hair is less likely to be dry, porous, or damaged. Men also have many more haircuts than women, so tangles and split ends are not the problem that they are for women."

What is a man looking for? "A look of strong vigorous hair that springs from the scalp." Vidal further explains. "The kind of corrective conditioners/styling aids that a woman uses weigh down a man's hair making it too soft, oily, or plastered looking. In the same way, her styling products can leave his hair with stiff residue." Sassoon's new men's products have holding agents that ensure styling flexibility with lightweight non-oily formulations that texturize and give a look of volume without stiffness. Special anti-static agents help repel dirt/environmental pollutants so hair stays clean and fresh looking.

More men are using haircutters known for their cutting/styling of women's hair. Frederic, one of the leading stylists at Bruno Dessange, says, "American men are taking notice, are ready to become more adventurous, receptive to suggestions of highlighting and longer hair. In fact, I would say men, more than women, are breaking away from stereotyped images to strive toward their own definitive look."

In the same way, men are no longer shy about skin checkups with experts known for their expertise in improving women's skin. This is the reason Lia Schorr, a well-known New York skin-care consultant, chose men for the subject of her first book, *A Skin Care Guide For Men* (Prentice-Hall), and packed it with practical tips based, she says, on questions she receives from a rapidly increasing male clientele. "To increase your skin's moisture level, hook up a humidifier in your office and home. Pace your day with water breaks, drinking six to eight glasses of water daily. Get into the 'double dose' routine of applying a moisturizer right after shaving, wait ten minutes, then reapply." (Made for the job: PCA Day Moisturizer by Interface, oil-free, contains allantoin, a skin healer; Maintaining Moisture Conditioner from Paco Rabanne's Skin Maintenance For Men series; Karl Lagerfeld's Protective Moisture Cream, includes sunscreen; the new After Shave Balm. . .carefully formulated for all male skin types by Monogram by Ralph Lauren.)

Also from Lia Schorr's knowledgeable book: ". . .shaving can be a man's skin's best friend or worst enemy. The average man has about sixteen thousand hairs on his face and in fifty-five years of shaving will *(Continued on page 313)*

Wanted: minimum fuss, maximum results

CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT

In France, he is Christophe; in the U.S., where he was born, a French diplomat's younger son, it's Christopher—a spelling sleight-of-hand that seems wholly sensible to this cerebrally charming twenty-eight-year-old actor. Adaptability, it appears, is a Lambert strength: in six years, he's gone from Swiss-bred beginning banker to expelled acting student to star, last year, of *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan*. And even the Lord of the Apes was carried off stylishly.

Style for Lambert, one guesses, is not a sometimes trait but something tied less to objects and dress than to openness. . .and an innate respect for one's surroundings. "Style is the opposite of vulgarity," he says. "It's having one thing that you can't help but look at. It's saying 'thank you' and 'please'; that hardly exists anymore. It's adapting yourself and making an effort. That's *style*: making an effort."

His efforts this season: a romantic *Words and Music* with Catherine Deneuve and playing a spiky-haired rocker in *Subway* opposite Isabelle Adjani. Muscled Tarzan has gone now, to be replaced by a boyishly lean, jeaned man: one with a fondness for toys, fast cars, and, in Paris, an unused state-of-the-art kitchen.

"What I like about life is that everything is a smile. You can be madly in love with somebody; it ends, and you're the saddest man in the world. But, somehow, the smile is still there.

"You say to a child, 'The fire will burn you,' but he has to try. I'm the same. I want to be burned. I need to try."

Details last pages

Denis Piel

Food as well as clothes, today, makes the man—as a matter of life and style...

BY GEOFFREY STOKES

Let's begin, before we get off into the swimmy waters of conjecture, with a fact. When Café Loup, a modestly fashionable Greenwich Village restaurant, opened its doors eight years ago, the menu carried only a couple of fish dishes amidst the beef/lamb/veal variations. Now there are four or five fish choices listed on the day's blackboard; and owner Bruce Bethany reports that, on the average, he serves "50 percent fish, 50 percent meat." Café Loup is typical, and the shift it's experienced is not simply a function of more women—traditionally diet-conscious—entering the business-lunch world but of a radical alteration in the food tastes and attitudes of men.

That doesn't mean that men are going the cottage-cheese-and-pear-salad route. Life has taught them that they're entitled; and for lads on the fast track, life's "perks" and entitlements have always included major-league meals. Still, it's a change—a change, I think, having to do not only with esthetics but theology.

First the esthetics. To at least some degree, Americans tend to elect presidents who reflect a national consensus not only ideologically but physically. Though Herbert Hoover came close, we haven't had a truly fat president since William Howard Taft, and haven't even cleaved to a fat ally since Winston Churchill. But Churchill (who was soundly defeated by the spindly Clement Attlee as soon as the obvious Germanic storm had passed) was a throwback to an altogether more comfortable era when gout was fashionable and a man fondly referred to his developing paunch as "my corporation." What could be more sacred, more genuinely worthwhile, than a man's corporation?

Damn little, of course, but the notion that well-being can be measured by trouser size has faded along with compulsory daily prayer for the below-stairs staff. Even our rhetoric has shifted; bureaucracies are "fat" or even "bloated." Modern managements seek "lean and functional" staffs. And, of course, veritable whippets to run them. (About runners, professional Washington-watchers measure the intensity of Ted Kennedy's presidential ambitions by calculating the inverse of his girth.)

The gradual and continuing shift in political symbols reflects a redefinition of what the Victorians might have described as the Ideal of Manly Beauty. Yet most American men would be acutely uncomfortable with such a term. Women may sometimes still diet for beauty; men aim for "fitness." Because athleticism has long been central to American masculine *(Continued on page 310)*

PETER JENNINGS

-gentleman Jennings of pocket handkerchief and crisp consonant fame-apologizes for being late, shedding production people as easily as a damp Burberry as he makes his way across the newsroom. By anchoring ABC's nightly news for almost two years, Jennings holds a spot at the pinnacle of the TV news world. Pinnacles, by nature, provide uneasy footholds: newscasters are never far from the precipice, too. Welcome to the world, one assumes, of the human pickax, all iron and sharp ends. Jennings is surprisingly soft-edged.

Next to the essentially serviceable grime that's typically a TV newsroom, his office is a civilized refuge: Eskimo art, rosewood desk, a black Royal typewriter of fine vintage. There are plentiful family pictures: Peter, in kilt and home from the Iranian hostage crisis, holding his newborn *(Continued on page 313)*

A REAL CH

When it comes to pants, what we're seeing at the heart of the season's changes is really a shape and proportion story, and a genuine one at that. The most dominant looks are unmistakably narrowed, unmistakably new—and, in their strong revealing of the body, unmistakably seductive. One of the looks that exemplifies this change: leggings, cropped to the ankle and as snug as tights. The ones here, from Joan Vass USA, worn with a black cotton/wool tank top, are as sleek as they come, in grey-and-black herringbone cotton knit. Pull-on pants, about $40; top, about $34. Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Hattie; Neiman-Marcus; Lawrence Covell, Denver; Bullock's. These six pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Glass table, "Alpha" by Bieffe, U.S.A. Fashion details, more stores, last pages of this issue.

Arthur Elgort

ANGE

THE MOST OBVIOUS—MOST BODY-AWARE—CHANGES IN SHAPE FOR PANTS ARE BIG NEWS FOR FALL. THOSE TO PICK UP ON RIGHT NOW—AND IN MONTHS AHEAD—ARE SHAPELY, LEAN AND NARROW ALL THE WAY

More of the variety of very new pants shapes; all sleek, all narrowed, and all signals of changes happening now, with more to come. . . First, from Stephen Sprouse, *left*, one of the newest pants proportions: his slim, lace-up-front black velvet trousers that fit close and narrow on top, with a narrowed leg flaring to an "almost bell" bottom. About $162. Black silk jersey T-shirt (fabric, Horikoshi) about $172. September at Barneys New York; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. Chair, "Chiavari" by Furniture of the 20th Century, NYC. . . .*Above:* New pants from Gloria Sachs: the look of black wool crepe trousers that are perfectly straight, beautifully narrowed, worn here with an ivory cashmere pullover, cut like a loose T-shirt. Pants, about $190; shirt, about $250. July at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. . . .Zoran's version of narrow pants, *right:* In this case, black velours pull-on cropped pants, cut short and sleek from the waist to just below the knee. Pants, about $80; high-cropped cotton ribbed sweater, about $80. Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago. Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Steinway piano. Fashion details, more stores, last pages this issue.

A REAL CHANGE

Arthur Elgort

Watch for—stirrup pants, the slim, body-hugging pants turning up all over, in all colors, fabrics, moods of dressing. *Opposite:* Rebecca Moses' stirrups, in a curvy, wide-ribbed black lambswool knit, worn here with her ribbed baby-blue cropped top. Pants, about $110; lambswool knit pullover, about $105. Turnout August at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Bullock's; I. Magnin. Pants at Neiman-Marcus. . . . *This page:* From Anne Klein II, the move to a narrower pants proportion with the taut line of stirrups based on a real ski-pants shape—and balanced on top with a broad-shouldered cardigan. Black/white wool tweed pants that zip up the back, about $170; black merino wool knit cardigan, about $90. Turnout at Macy's, Herald Square; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Balliet's. Sweater at Sanger Harris, Dallas. "Hillhouse" chair at Furniture of the 20th Century, NYC; Steinway piano. Fashion details, last pages.

A REAL CHANGE

Arthur Elgort

Michel Comte

summer beauty

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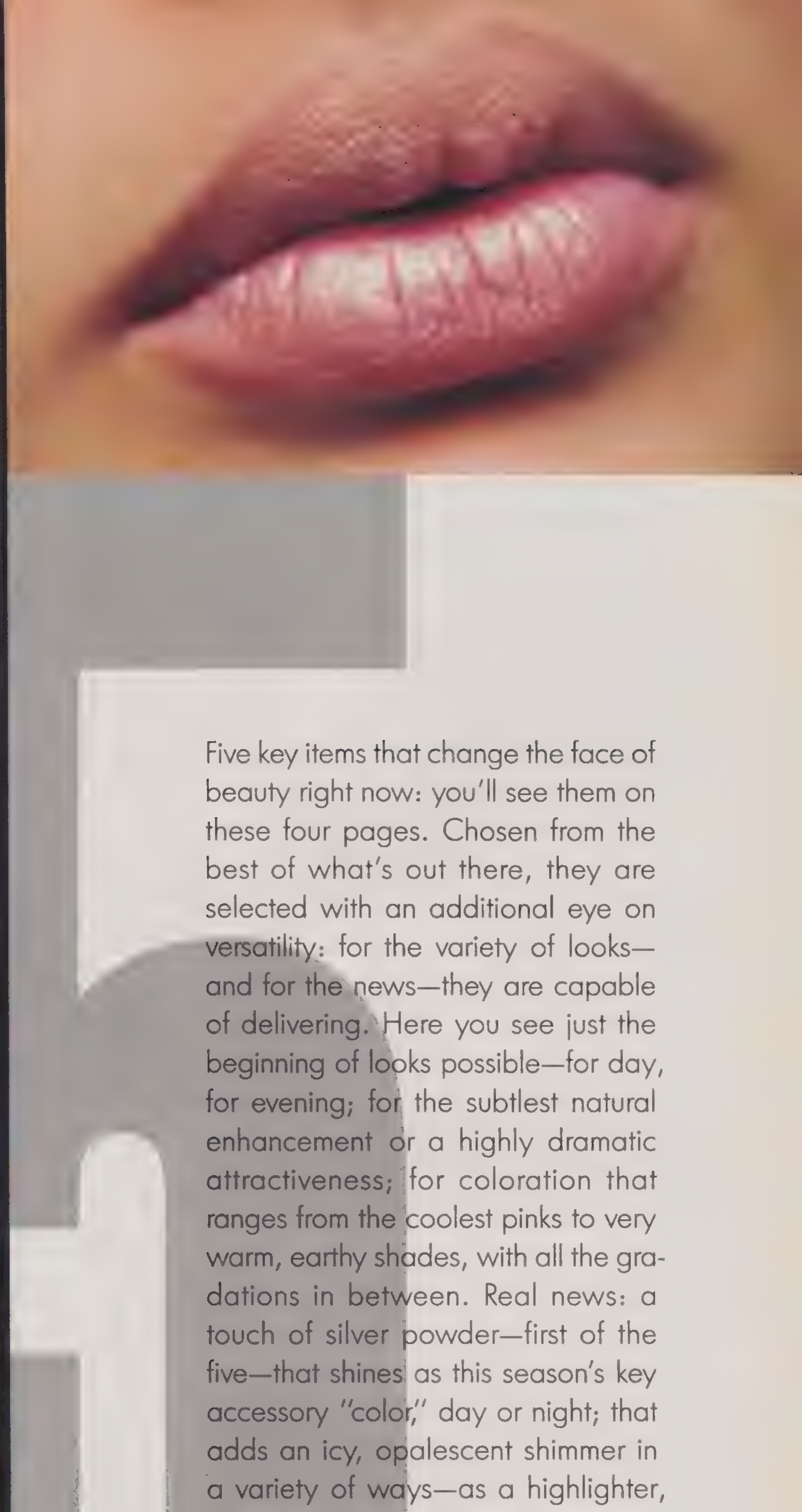


Five key items that change the face of beauty right now: you'll see them on these four pages. Chosen from the best of what's out there, they are selected with an additional eye on versatility: for the variety of looks—and for the news—they are capable of delivering. Here you see just the beginning of looks possible—for day, for evening; for the subtlest natural enhancement or a highly dramatic attractiveness; for coloration that ranges from the coolest pinks to very warm, earthy shades, with all the gradations in between. Real news: a touch of silver powder—first of the five—that shines as this season's key accessory "color," day or night; that adds an icy, opalescent shimmer in a variety of ways—as a highlighter, "blushing" cheeks (alone, polishing other colors), as an eyeshadow, brushed into lipcolor, *(Continued)*

key pieces

and—newest way to wear it (evenings only)—brushed into eyebrows for a new emphasis, new delight...Next ingredient: a pot of earthy loose powder that can serve as a blush, highlighter, eyeshadow, allover face powder for the healthiest glow, allover body powder (particularly appealing on bare shoulders), or as a lipcolor, varying the color of lipstick, or worn alone on lips, mixed with a bit of moisturizer...The essential face color: the palest pink blush possible, for the subtlest, most delicate lift...The essential lipcolor: a similarly pale, pretty pink... And a black pencil, softly lining the eyes and defining the brows for more emphasis. Together: five products that can create the most appealing new looks of spring and summer; five products symbolic of a new simplicity in beauty that's a guiding concept all year long...

summer beauty: key pieces

Beauty for a summer night: soft, sultry, lightly iced. What stands out first, *opposite:* eyes shadowed with Shiseido's silver powder, extending onto center of the browbone. On either side of the silver: Dior's Dragonfly blush, swept around onto cheekbones. For more eye emphasis: Chanel's black pencil lining eyes and defining brows. The very pale, very pretty mouth: Revlon's Cool Pink lipstick. Another dramatic possibility for eyes, *above:* lined with Chanel's black pencil and smudged; brushed with Revlon's Pure Radiance powder and smudged again for a gentle yet highly effective emphasis. Earrings, Roxanne Assoulin. These four pages: hair, Sam McKnight; makeup, Linda Cantello; manicures, Jessica Nail Clinic, Beverly Hills. Details, last pages.(*To note:* While the makeups that we have used on these four pages are safe to use on lips, not every makeup is.)

Michel Comte

spa quest!

	Bonaventure Hotel and Spa Fort Lauderdale, FL 800-327-8090	The World of Palm-Aire Pompano Beach, FL 800-327-4960	Gurney's Health/ Beauty Spa Montauk, NY 516-668-2345	The Phoenix Houston, TX 713-680-1601
How long do I have to stay?	For results, diet and exercise have to go together. How long you stay is irrelevant if, once there, you put your tenacity into "drive"...	You have 3 choices: a single day packed with spa activities from 7:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. or 4- or 7-day spa plan. Call Spa Director Tanya Lee for more information.	You must stay a minimum of 7 days during the season (Dec. 17-April 15) to follow a "prescribed" program from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. with a 2-hour break for lunch.	Minimum spa stay, 4 days during peak season– June 14/ Sept. 9. Relaxed, permissive: you can join in activities as much or as little as you like. Director: Baroness von Mengersen.	Spa program is in 1-week increments. Resident and non-resident programs both tightly structured and "individualized." Very experienced director: Chris Silkwood.
What can I accomplish?	Permanent weight loss or gain is a slow business, but fast visible results from a spa visit provide great incentive to continue on your own.	Based on a medical evaluation, you begin to learn (through practice) new fitness and nutrition habits which, on departure, special booklets encourage you to continue "post spa."	Elizabeth Taylor lost 8 pounds in 1 week, 20 pounds in 3 with a special low-calorie diet. A fitness "bombardment" is based on your own statistics and information received on arrival.	"Guaranteed" relaxation in one of the best locations with endless beach and ocean. Seawater hydrotherapy, programs for weight reduction, stress management, cardiovascular fitness. Dick Cavett unwinds with massage under the stars.	Strenuous activity outdoors and indoors (a computerized "track" paces you automatically) emphasizes body shaping, aerobic training and permanent life-style change. "Exercising hard," says Chris Silkwood, "raises metabolism, produces energy, contributes to well-being."
How much does it cost... special attractions?	It depends what you want ..."instant results" to spur you on to a different life style...or the best "R & R" in the country. Here, spas for every reason	4-day plan—$1056; 7-day plan—$1848. Superb Lancôme beauty facility; his/hers skylighted spa facilities, outdoor exercise pools, sundecks, gyms with Paramount equipment, golf, tennis, equestrian center.	$1834 a week plus tax/ gratuities; or daily rate. Extraordinary variety of programs; exceptional bedrooms, baths, small terraces overlooking championship golf courses; 37 tennis, 5 racquetball courts, exercise pools, plus Olympic-size pool.	Daily rate varies with room location. Executive Longevity Program (5 days—$628 includes comprehensive health/ fitness profile). Private beach, Olympic-size heated seawater pool, extensive sea-related treatments—thalassotherapy.	6-day spa retreat —$2000. Extra great "take-home fitness" material—audio/video cassettes, cookbook for "fitness" maintenance. Only 13 women so individual attention in fitness center on 22 scenic, secluded acres, only 5 minutes from downtown Houston.

Every woman asks: how do I find the time to go? The answer? Self-evaluate;

Here, the twelve top spas in the country—continually reevaluating what *you* want and how best to deliver it. One constant remains: it's a partnership. Their expertise/your commitment to follow the program that has been devised to give you the best chance for maintained self-improvement. BY SHIRLEY LORD

The Greenhouse Arlington, TX 817-640-4000	**Maine Chance** Phoenix, AZ 602-947-6365	**Canyon Ranch Spa** Tucson, AZ 800-742-9000	**The Golden Door** Escondido, CA 619-744-5777	**La Costa** Carlsbad, CA 619-438-9111	**Rancho La Puerta** Baja Calif., MEX 619-478-5341	**The Oaks** Ojai, CA 805-646-5573	**Sonoma Mission Inn Spa** Boyes Hot Springs, CA 800-358-9022
Minimum stay 1 week/maximum 3 weeks; then you must take a week's breather if you want to continue. Regulated programs 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.—only the morning walk is optional. Call Sara Brightman for "personalized" details.	You must stay 1 week—most guests stay 2 for a schedule that's a mix of supervised activity and downright pampering. Manager: Fred Quirk.	January through May minimum "must" stay is 4 days. After May stay as little or as long as you like. Non-structured but totally health/beauty oriented. Impossible to "cheat" on the premises.	Compulsory Sunday to Sunday stay—maximum 2 weeks, programmed from wake-up (6:00 A.M.) to lights out (9:00 P.M.). Contact Debby Miller for more details.	No fixed time at this super resort but a 4-night minimum on spa plan. 3 different programs according to fitness level. New Life Style Longevity Program, 2-week minimum. Contact "reservations" for help.	Permissive—*you* choose from programs available from 6:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.: 1 week minimum, 2 maximum. Call or write reservations office for "personal" guidance.	Owned by well-known fitness expert Sheila Cluff (as is The Palms, Palm Springs, 619-325-1111); no minimum or maximum stay. Self-improvement on everybody's minds, though programs are unstructured.	Daily, weekly, monthly programs... take your pick. "Prescribed" programs on request—all from 6:45 A.M. to 4:30 P.M Director—Dr. Kristi Morrish.
A new look (Charles of the Ritz's beauty help is programmed into every day) as well as serious exercise *and* the most delicious low-cal food you are encouraged to learn to cook as well as to eat.	Superior R&R and a chance to improve skin, hair, psyche with advanced products from Elizabeth Arden, applied by top experts. Beauty/fitness and diet control individually planned, too.	8 million dollars have made this former dude ranch one of the leading coed spas. A new outlook from rugged or relaxed "permissive" programs that focus on "weaknesses." Workouts go on from 7:00 A.M to 5:00 P.M., 7 days a week.	Motivation! At home you will still follow the "virtue-making diet" (under 650 calories) twice a week... exercise to a "prescribed" tape...and seek out a swimming pool—to *maintain* the weight and inch loss invariably achieved here.	Learn or improve your tennis, golf, swimming, and discover exercises so easy to remember you can fit them into your daily schedule before brushing your teeth. Discover, too, "self-help" for skin/hair ...even how to do a good manicure.	How to really "do-it-yourself"—cooking the right way to improve/maintain shape; meditation to help you relax. An innovative 20-station Parcours teaches you how easy it is to bring "shaping" movements into everyday life.	Body awareness with 14 varied daily workouts. Special water exercises make even strenuous movement easier, more effective!	A fresh start, following a unique program. Monday: optional "cleansing" day—fruit/vegetable juices only. Physical fitness routines... walking, skipping, stretching, easy to do at home. Shiatsu "finger" pressure massage you can learn to do yourself to increase well-being.
$2625 a week. Whether on Executive Renewal Program for fatigued female executives or "just fatigued": Yves Saint Laurent makeup consultations, 850-calorie-a-day gourmet meals (outdoors or indoors), luxurious rooms and surroundings. Totally self-contained spa.	From September to May, rates vary according to accommodation (from $1850). Terrific high standard of staff, surroundings, food, with delectable 950-calorie-a-day meals. All programs individually planned.	7-day spa package, $1320 and up. Sensational scenery—desert, canyons, mountains, add special "edge" to all activities—hiking, aerobics, weight training, body contouring, stretching, yoga. Geared to total "wellness."	$2675 a week. As *The Spa Book* by Judy Babcock/Judy Kennedy (Crown) states: "...eating natural foods, knowing how to relax your mind...exercise ...create a life worth living... the Golden Door has cast a long shadow over the American spa scene."	$237.50 (double occupancy) daily (4-day minimum spa stay). This super colossal spa—on 6700 acres—offers every kind of space/"roof"; every kind of treatment, exercise, and sport, workout in two vast "his"/"her" spas.	$779.25 a week. Vegetarian, calorie-controlled food (organic honey; home-baked bread), log fires, furnished Mexican style, a unique life style with outdoor exercise, sports, relaxation as much part of unwinding process as workouts.	According to room from $115 a day. Professional dancers and physical education experts help achieve results. Atmosphere at The Oaks and The Palms is relaxed; interchange of ideas encouraged. New "bedtime" yoga teaches wind-down.	$1800 for six days. Surrounded by verdant Sonoma Valley wine country; the gourmet spa food here helps beat temptation. A beautifully appointed spa, offering every kind of health/beauty/treatment ...advanced fitness equipment ...and its own mineral water for improved digestion.

then, if the need is obvious, "program" spa time into your schedule.

winning the losing bat

America is too fat—one out of four of us needs to lose weight. Successful, sustained weight loss—for appearance or for health—often requires help. Here, finding the program that will work for you...and why you should

BY THEODORE B. VAN ITALLIE, M.D., & KAREN ANDEREGG

Every year, millions of Americans buy diet books and appetite-suppressing pills . . . have their earlobes or stomachs stapled, their jaws wired . . . are hypnotized and psychoanalyzed . . . join health clubs, buy treadmills and stationary bicycles . . . and jog valiantly through the exhaust fumes of speeding cars.

The reward for all our efforts? There has been no decline in overweight in the U.S. during the last twenty-five years. In fact, the percentage of overweight people in our population has significantly increased.

It's very difficult to lose weight on our own, and even harder to keep it off once it's lost. Overweight people can turn to their doctors, but most physicians lack the time or skills needed to undertake long-term treatment of weight control. Not surprisingly, a dazzling array of organized weight-loss programs has sprung up to fill the breach, but these vary widely in quality and treatment philosophy, and have created a new dilemma: how to select the right one?

Depending on your present weight, your preferences regarding accommodations, amenities, ambiance, time and resources available, you may choose a residential guest-centered program such as a spa, a nonresidential "nonprofessional" program such as Weight Watchers, or a patient-centered program such as a hospital-affiliated obesity clinic. But some guidelines apply wherever you're looking for help. Be wary of *any* program that:

- does not employ scientifically approved methods of treatment, such as nutrition counseling, behavior therapy, psychological support, and exercise instruction
- fails to offer diets that conform to recognized standards of nutritional adequacy, such as the "four food groups"
- fails to place emphasis on the problem of weight maintenance after weight loss
- promises "miraculous" results or makes use of treatments that are described as "scientific breakthroughs"
- promises sustained rapid weight loss far in excess of rates considered to be safe. (After the first two weeks of caloric restriction, a safe and reasonable rate of loss is about one percent of your body weight per week)
- places primary emphasis on products that you are expected to buy (packaged low-calorie foods or meals, or liquid diets) in lieu of therapeutic services such as nutritional counseling
- uses appetite-suppressing (or other kinds of) drugs as the cornerstone of treatment.

Dr. Van Itallie *is director of The Obesity Research Center at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in New York City.*

Just how overweight are you?

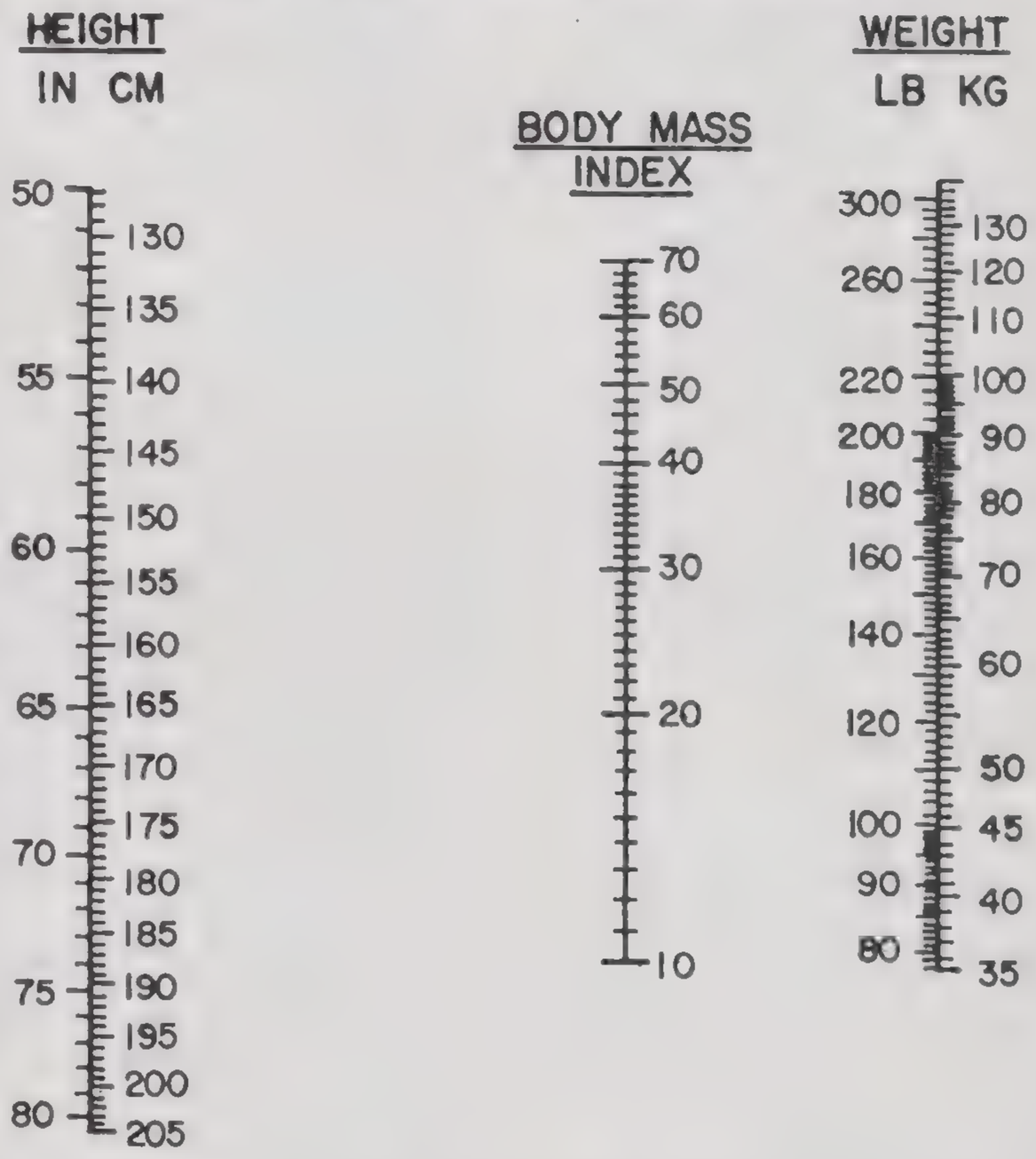
A major consideration in choosing a weight-loss program is the severity of the weight problem. A new approach—the body mass index or BMI—makes it easy to determine how overweight you are, and adjusts for differing heights.

To calculate your BMI, divide your weight in kilograms by your height in meters squared. Or, simply place a ruler from your height to your weight on the graph (*below*).

If you are healthy and your BMI is close to 21.5 (between 19 and 24), you are in a weight range for your height considered optimal for health and longevity. (The BMI associated with greatest longevity appears to rise somewhat with age.)

You are clearly overweight when your BMI reaches 27.3 (27.8 for men), and you are *severely* overweight after your BMI reaches 32.3 (31.1 for men). If, for example, you are 5 feet 6 inches tall, you would have to weigh 168 pounds or more to be considered overweight by standards recently developed at the National Center for Health Statistics, and 199 pounds or more to be considered severely overweight.

What have you got to lose?



Knowing your Body Mass Index, or BMI, is helpful in determining your weight status—and the kind of help you need. To figure your BMI, place a ruler from your height to your weight; the point at which it crosses the center line indicates your BMI. If you're a normal, healthful weight for your height, your BMI will be between 19 and 24; between 25 and 27, you may be headed for a weight problem; you're clearly overweight if you're between 27 and 32; severely overweight at 32 or above.

tle...

But BMI or no BMI, plenty of women begin to feel unattractive and uncomfortable when they exceed their preferred weight by as little as five pounds.

Where to turn? Spas plus

Organized weight control programs can be divided into two broad categories: patient/client-centered and member/guest-centered. *Patient*-centered programs are conducted by licensed or highly trained therapists under the direction of a physician, and are particularly concerned with severely or moderately overweight persons who have related health prob-

(Continued on page 311)

Why worry about overweight?

Apart from tight waistbands and concern about appearance, the thirty-four million Americans between the ages of twenty and seventy-five who are overweight—that's one out of every four adults!—have good reason to be worried about their health. Compared with their normal-weight peers, overweight women and men under age forty-five are:

- 5.6 times more likely to have high blood pressure
- 3.8 times more likely to have diabetes
- 2.1 times more likely to have elevated cholesterol.

Recent results from the long-term Framingham Heart Study indicate that even a moderate degree of overweight among twenty- to thirty-year-olds increases the risk of developing premature heart disease in later years and of having a shortened life span. That's why worry.

IN SEARCH OF FITNESS

When a fast-track couple exchanges an indulged, hectic life for a more encouraging, healthful environment, results are lasting, rewards great...

BY JILL ROBINSON

Stuart ate six desserts a day so La Costa would have something to work with. He should not worry. They did.

"Very nice," he said to me, "since you cannot breathe and walk at the same time." We know the *marriage* will last. But will *we*? The loving at times is overwhelmed by the fear for each other. Our hearts seem to freeze when work forces us to spend even a day apart. A week is anguish buffered only by the anaesthesia of overeating. What drew us together was independence: we each had a lot of spirit to exchange. We did not want to be drained ever again. This would be different—I would not exhaust him with my terrors. But I do.

The time had come. We have friends who go to La Costa to play golf, tennis, it's the classy contemporary resort. One friend eyed us and said there were five terrific restaurants. "However," she said, "there's a fantastic spa and the best diet food in the world. Sensational!"

I sent for some information. There are several programs and plans. We knew (although La Costa will do it for you, if you want) that we did *not* want a fast ten pounds off, a hit of sun, and then, three months later, be back where we were. What we need is called conditioning. La Costa has it—the new Lifestyle and Longevity Center is the inspiration.

On the way down the Pacific Coast Highway to La Costa through Laguna, we stopped for what we each hoped would be the other's last pig-out. The Renaissance Bakery—I cannot bear even writing down what we ate.

We had some sort of commitment. Let me be more accurate here: we each thought we would play along with whatever program was recommended because the *other* one really needed it. We had received a nutrition analysis blank to fill in. Stuart put down an appalling amount of things on his. I lost mine.

Stuart is extremely wary of California. He knows one can think and exercise at the same time, but only when playing rugby or throwing the discus in a pelting rain. One goes to the sun to lie down and become tan. However, I grew up in California, which makes Stuart even warier because I never want to go anywhere but when we do, then I don't want to leave. I didn't want to be there at all. Then I saw La Costa. I loved it. It looks like the great dude ranches. I love the calendulas, the pansies, the pepper trees. I loved it because everywhere you turned someone friendly was helping you without unction.

If a place could have an artistic expression La Costa's would surely be the Aquacade. Our room is enormous, a sort of Esther Williams ranch-house palace, done in pale jade, aqua, and coral, ivory linens, baskets of soaps and shampoos and lotions and tonics. "Peach ice cream! Divine!" (One day on the diet, I was ready to devour the raspberry shower gel.)

We were happy to sign up for the Fitness Plan, a well-supervised and guided program. You *can* meet other people on the regimen, *can* eat with them—but here's the clue to La Costa's success: the words "If you want..." You really *do* choose your own course of action. (It does help if you listen.)

On the first morning at La Costa, I had a deadline, so Stuart went off on the 8:30 fast walk. I jumped to the window every ten minutes. (Will he be all right? Will he walk too fast?)

We met at Spa Central to be weighed, measured. "I had no idea you weighed that!" he said in horror. "Your poor heart!" It is appalling. A suggestion: "Try 800 calories a day." "No," we said. "*We'll* take the lowest: 600 calories." [EDITOR'S NOTE: Doctors generally don't recommend diets consisting of less than 1000-2000 calories; anything less can be harmful to your health and must be carefully supervised by a doctor and should not be followed for more than a few days.] One of the things everyone told us—from Mary Olson, who welcomed us, to Jan, who supervised our diets and exercises, to Anna Marie who runs the women's spa—is that this is not about showing off; if you're not comfortable you're going to hate everything and not be able to stick to a new regimen when you leave.

If an ancient Roman visionary had imagined a twenty-first-century spa, this would be it. You

(Continued on page 310)

VOGUE PATTERNS

VOGUE PATTERN #8812

VOGUE PATTERN # 8158

SEASON

the choice for four great seasonless looks—a self-contained wardrobe—to sew! *Right:* An easygoing jumpsuit in a icy-grey, crepe-like double-faced
A daytime shape that "moves" to evening because of the fabric and the accessories. Vogue Pattern #9331 . . . *Left:* In ivory silk crepe-backed satin, the

Levy; both for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC

Apartment designed by Bénédicte Siroux. Details, sewing information, see last pages.

Paul Lange

LESS ADVANTAGE

VOGUE PATTERN #9331

BUTTERICK
PATTERN #3294

PERRY ELLIS FOR
VOGUE PATTERN #1557

VOGUE PATTERN #8253

A SEASONLESS ADVANTAGE

More key looks to sew in irresistible cream-colored crepes . . . in a heavier four-ply that can work practically year-round . . . *This page:* A cap-sleeved shirt and ankle-length skirt, all on the bias to drape softly on the body, in white four-ply silk crepe—all the ease of T-shirt dressing, all the low-key glamour you want for relaxed evening dressing. Skirt, Vogue Pattern #1023; shirt, Vogue Pattern #8253. . . . *Opposite page:* Another—more tailored—option for easy evening: a double-breasted shirt tucked into matching classic trousers in butter-colored four-ply silk crepe. Blouse, Butterick Pattern #3294. Pants, Perry Ellis for Vogue Pattern #1557. Fabrics by Marcel Banziger. Fashion details, sewing information, stores, see last pages.

Paul Lange

VOGUE PATTERN #1023

Starting here, this summer's best finds, reflections of what's current, what's exciting. **1.** Dazzling! Little ballet shoes, all bright sequins (bright color!)—symbols of the day/night glitter that's one of the season's delights. Joan & David. About $98. **2.** The shape of jackets to come: small, short, body-close. Norma Kamali's in a leopard print, could turn up over everything this summer. About $80. **3.** Less. And more! Maillots have smaller bodies, stronger shapes. And often criss-cross backs, interesting prints. Esprit Sport. About $34.

Finds

A "find" is: Something you need at a good price. Something small, amusing, out of context. Or, simply a new twist on a classic summer staple. A "find" is: Anything –big or small– that catches you, works for you, gives you a jolt of pleasure

4. Striking gold! Metallic leather, high-heeled sandals to spark the look of anything you wear, day or night. Prada: About $165. **5.** Your live-in top and shorts: not white, but in one of the season's bold, knockout tropical prints. Gene Pressman & Lance Karesh for Basco. Top, about $42. Shorts, about $34. This page: hair, Madeleine of Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC. Makeup, Leventé. Additional details, stores, see next to last pages.

4

5

Rodger Duncan

Tohru Nakamura

1. What catches you—makes all the difference in a bikini—a bold, bright whimsical print. Léonard Paris. About $90. **2.** Fastest look-turner: a gutsy, wide, raffia belt. From Vacher For Joseph Tricot...in a range of bright colors. About $38. **3.** The must-have tote has a new image: It's square, sharp-edged, in white or bright rubber...with a crest. La Gioconda. About $55. **4.** Pure pleasure afoot: In jelly-bean colored plastic, surrealist distant cousin to a huarache or fisherman's sandal. Thierry Mugler for Grendha. About $16. Hair, Edward Tricomi for Pipino-Buccheri Salon, NYC. Makeup, Leventé.

Tohru Nakamura

5

6

7

Finds

In summer, white always looks good. The best whites, off-whites, to count on this summer are often sharpened by stripes, set apart by interesting fabrics. **5.** Stand-by walking shorts in a softer boxer shape, punctuated by wide stripes. Joe Boxer. About $25. **6.** Coming on strong: pyjama dressing. Standout example, Jill Richards', of silk jacquard with a blouson top, scarf, fuller pants. About $530. **7.** Usually hard to find: A dress that has day/night, city/resort potential...will travel. Perfect answer: Kappi's sweater-simple polyester/cotton knit, with navy stripes. About $112. Hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC; makeup, Lydia Snyder. Details, stores, last pages

Rodger Duncan

Mario Testino

Rodger Duncan

Best of both worlds: when basics take on new character, a racier beat. **1.** An all-purpose cotton sweater with the aplomb of a long, low-buttoned jacket (about $165); narrower pull-on pants (about $175). Jaeger. **2.** The joys of a silk jumpsuit heightened by wonderful color (swatched here)—a big-shirt top, easy bottoms. Go Silk for L'Zinger International. About $230. **3.** Current frame of reference; sunglasses—round shaped, crayon colored, ingenuous. Tura. About $45 each.

Finds

4. Latest dancer-derivative: the smallest bright skirt (about $19) to wear rolled down at the waist, with a white tank (about $17). Esprit Sport. **5.** Security: a white button-down shirt (about $345), stronger shouldered now; and striped pants with an elastic waistband (about $270). Complice. **6.** Cool refreshment: the ubiquitous sarong skirt (about $110), a perfect polo shirt (about $100), both white cotton lisle. Malo USA. . . . Hair by Odile and Madeleine, both for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC. Makeup, Lydia Snyder, Leventé. Details, stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

Mario Testino

VOGUE'S Last Word

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: at the start of a new season, a season with a wealth of new options in neat jackets and pants; when you're looking for a streamlined base for polished dressing

What works? When you consider the clothes in this issue—and dressing changes coming for fall—a good jumping-off point may well be the very different sort of dressing you'll get with a new jacket. This season's jackets—broad-shouldered, cut close to the body, cropped short or with real length—can set up some highly polished looks; top a skirt, pants, or a dress. **A fitted jacket may be the first piece, this fall, that makes you feel you've made a dressing change.** But that change in jacket is going to require some changes, too, in the pieces that you work with it.

The key: pieces that are streamlined, non-bulky, pieces that are essentially narrow and a bit more shaped. That doesn't mean a leotard top or skin-tight trousers. The top you put under a new jacket may be a small crewneck (as under Calvin Klein's jacket, 1) or a turtleneck in navy or black; **this season's newest tops are shaped close to the body, come with clean necklines, in jersey or silk knits. They're fitted, feminine—something quite different than a classic lambswool crewneck is.**

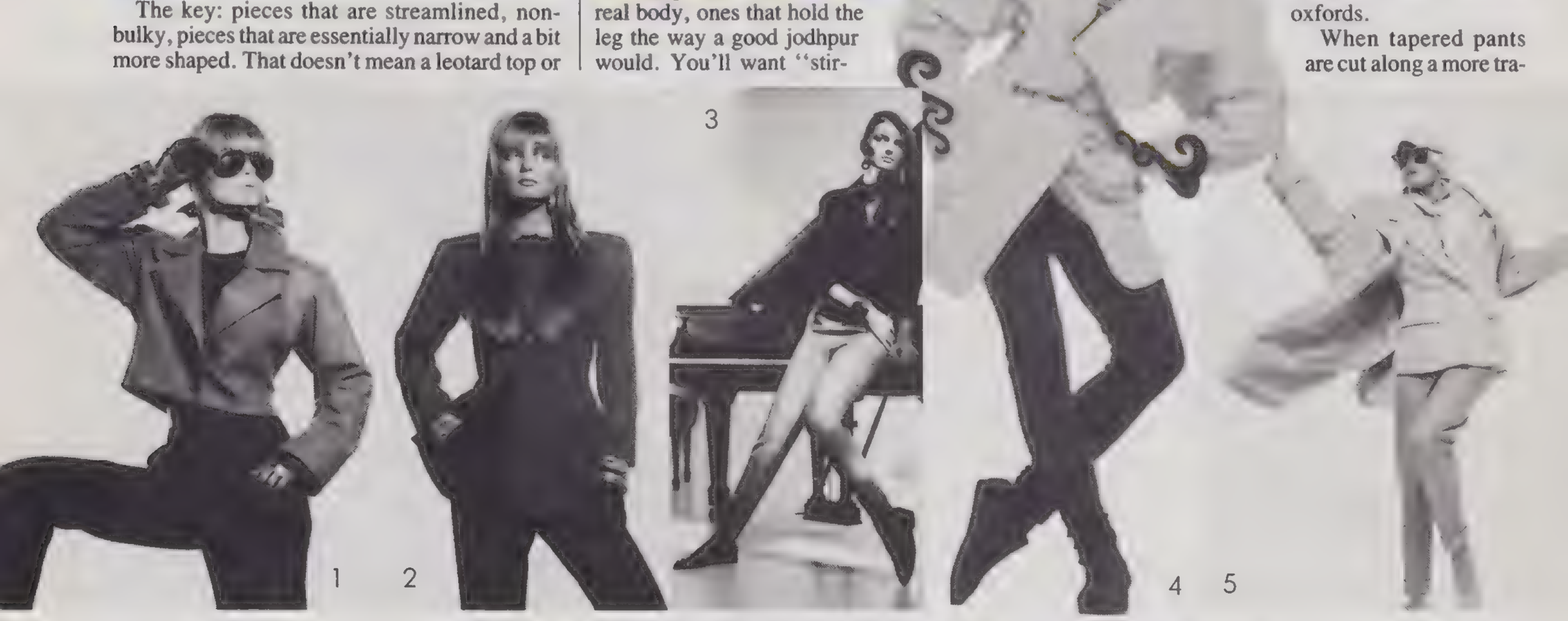
When you put a black wool-jersey skirt or pants with that new top, you've a highly versatile—movable—dressing base. It's something that works under almost any or all of this season's new jackets, works for day or night with a change in accessories and makeup. What's needed, you'll find, is a sense of narrowness in that bottom piece. With a long jacket such as Norma Kamali's red gabardine (2), a short, shaped skirt would easily provide it; so, too, would long, lean pants. In a season with everything from stirrups to jodhpurs to proper trousers with a trimmer shape, leanness is the prevailing pants theme. This season's skirts, you'll find, can demand as much from your body.

When even stirrup pants—something traditionally "casual"—come in a heavy jersey or stretch gabardine fabric, those pants can be a highly polished, "serious" dressing piece. What's key: finding pants in a fabric with real body, ones that hold the leg the way a good jodhpur would. You'll want "stirrups" that pull down on your leg as the best ski pants would.

One easy way to the best pants dressing: holding a long—total—look of color, keeping pants, stockings, and shoes all in what's essentially the same tone. What you won't want is a break in the pants line—or a clear view of stirrups. With Anne Klein's stirrup pants (3), we put black loafers and black stockings with predominantly black tweed pants. An option that eliminates the problem entirely: wearing short boots—such as Claude Montana's (4)—that are high enough to cover the bottom of stirrup pants or leggings.

When pants become narrower—as narrow as many will be this fall—they require somewhat different thinking when it comes to shoes; and high-heeled pumps or ballet slippers, with heavier, darker weight pants, aren't necessarily the solution. What works, in most instances, are flat shoes or short boots that are somewhat chunkier, that come with a bit more weight—a built-up sole or sides that are higher at the instep. Possibilities to consider: heavier loafers—such as Esprit's (3) in black—or one of this season's new, sturdier oxfords.

When tapered pants are cut along a more traditional trouser pattern, you'll find, they can easily take a wider range of shoes: Chanel's cuffed taupe whipcord pants (5) are paired in this issue with leather-and-suede slippers and matching semi-sheer stockings. When you put them with an easy-going, oversized sweater, with short boots, these pants have more of a "country" weekend look . . . and they offer you another way of dressing. What's appealing about most of this season's new looks in pants and jackets is that they have that same sort of inherent versatility. And when you come down to it, that's the best sort of dressing there is—in any season.



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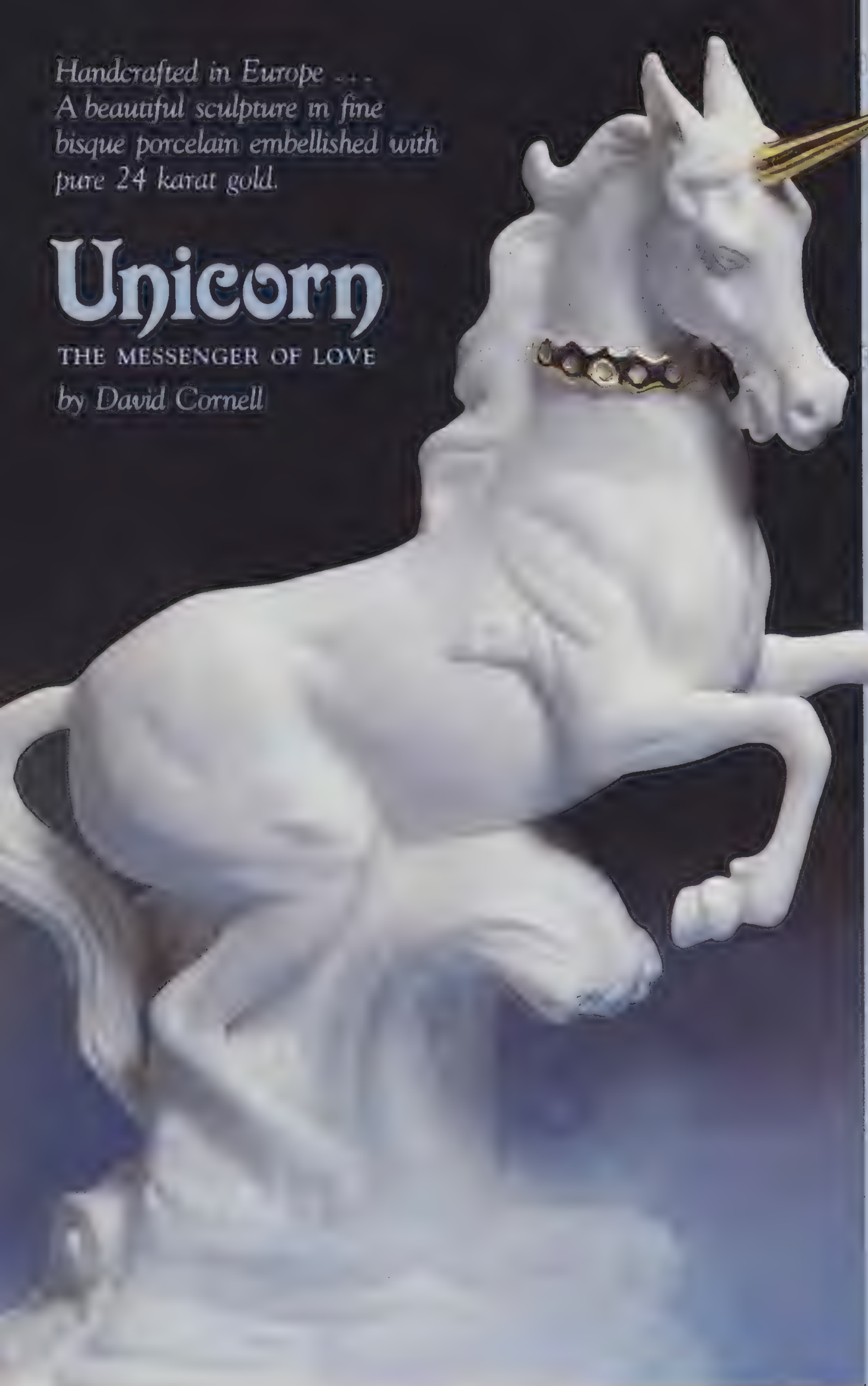
Unicorn

THE MESSENGER OF LOVE

by David Cornell



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HEALTH *style*

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Biking! A growing sport, wonderful exercise. Here, how to get rolling . . .

What comes next after jogging and weight lifting? It may be biking: last summer, U.S. cyclists (nine of them) won Olympic medals—including four golds—for the first time since 1912. A woman's bicycle race was added to the Olympic events—and the gold won by an American! At least 33 percent more people bike-raced here last year than the year before; 10 percent more went on overnight cycling trips. Sales of the new "mountain" bikes—sturdy, wide-tired bicycles that navigate dirt paths—have increased ten-fold since their '82 introduction.

There's sound reason for biking's popularity: Mental benefits of biking rate just as high. Riding early-morning city streets or coasting down a Vermont back road gives an exhilaration that reduces stress, helps combat depression. And it's not only exercise, it's traveling; a way to *enjoy* the outdoors, not just view it from an air-conditioned car.

Although sore and numbed muscles from biking can't be avoided, they can be lessened. Going too far the first day is a standard mistake: a beginner should expect to ride about three to five miles, an intermediate up to twenty-five, an advanced rider forty. Your capacity, though, will depend more on terrain, fitness, and determination than mileage. Before riding, stretch out calves, quadriceps (front-of-thighs), and hamstrings for ten or fifteen minutes; they're the most-used biking muscles. But don't forget the upper body; it absorbs road-shocks, gets stiff from leaning on handlebars. (Anyone with back problems should check with her doctor before taking up biking as exercise.) An ill-fitting bike will exacerbate pains, so finding a reputable cycling shop is worth the effort. Afterward, walking or stretching out helps, and a warm bath feels great.

Biking may seem easy, but there are wrong ways to do it, and they'll make you sorer. Some tips: Cycling with elbows bent, with an easy hold on handlebars, will *(Continued on page 300)*

"You're less likely to be injured cycling than in other popular sports," said David Balsley, R.P.T., director of the Sports Medicine Performance and Research Center, Hospital for Special Surgery, NYC. "Running or weight lifting stresses your skeletal system; cycling doesn't as much."

"Cycling will strengthen thighs better, burn as many or more calories than running, and is a top cardiovascular exercise," added Thomas Wickiewicz, M.D., assistant clinical professor of surgery (orthopedic) at Cornell Medical College/Hospital for Special Surgery in NYC. An intermediate cyclist doing twelve mph will burn off six hundred calories in an hour, the equivalent of two and one-half hours walking.

tooth faring

It's not just candy bars: bananas, raisins and French fries are some of the worst tooth-decay culprits, according to a recent study of twenty-two snack foods by John Featherstone, M.S., Ph.D., chairman of the department of oral biology at the Eastman Dental Center in Rochester, NY.

"Natural fruits have high proportions of sucrose and glucose which promote decay by increasing acid production in the mouth," said Dr. Featherstone. "Some starchy foods can also contribute to tooth decay, especially when they contain sugar." And the more often a sugary or starchy food is eaten, the greater its likelihood of promoting tooth decay. "Instead of snacking, eat three well-balanced meals so the mouth has only three acid challenges." Or switch to snack foods least likely to promote decay: cheese, peanuts, yogurt, corn chips. "Use a fluoride toothpaste at least once a day and, if you can't brush after eating a high-decay food, rinse with water."

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BIKING

(Continued from page 298)

let arms share some of the road-shock. Riding with your weight balanced among seat, handlebars, and pedals will help to avoid a numbed behind. Cycling in too high a gear is tiring—and can aggravate bad knees. To learn the right gear change, copy an advanced rider.

Accessories—seat pads, gloves, shorts—are touted as pain relievers. Do they really work? Biking gloves can: padded palms relieve numbing (especially for a beginner whose palms aren't "broken-in"), prevent scrapes from falls; mesh backs and open fingertips keep hands cool. Some swear by seat pads—leather or foam—that fit over a plastic seat. Others insist this means more chafing in the crotch area for women, and recommend cutting a slot in the seat so that you perch on your pelvic bones. Biking shorts—skintight black Lycra with chamois crotch padding—aren't necessary, but the principles behind them are. You need shorts long enough to protect your legs from rubbing the seat, with enough "give" to allow easy movement. Crotch-padding helps for long-distance rides; for short trips it's unnecessary. Black is a good color choice: black bike seats and chain grease tend to rub off on shorts.

Some protective measures: metal biking clips, or rubber bands to bind the bottom of long pants, toeclips to hold shoes on pedals. Make sure they're tight enough to keep your feet in position—so you don't lose control of the pedals—but loose enough to pull your feet out of easily. They're worth mastering: by pulling your feet up against them you'll get more thrust and speed.

Cycling shoes—with cleats that lock shoes into pedals—can be dangerous for the beginner who doesn't know how to get her shoes out. Touring or other stiff-soled shoes are recommended to protect feet from the pressure of pedal bars.

Three-quarters of cycling deaths are caused by brain injury, which makes a crash helmet the most important biking accessory. Choose one with a label of approval from the American National Standards Institute or the Snell Foundation, and *wear* it.

The biggest biking danger may well be yourself. Half of biking accidents are due to falls—from stopping, skidding, slipping. Only 17 percent are car-bike collisions, reports John Forester in his guide to biking, *Effective Cycling* (MIT Press), and more than half of those are caused by cyclists not following traffic rules. Bikers must abide by the *same* rules as drivers.

What kind of simple first-aid or repair kits do you need? A rag for cleaning grease or dirt off your hands is helpful. A pocketknife is handy. Tire irons and a tire-patch kit are essential. First-aid staples are bandages and anti-bacterial ointment. Best tip: always bring sufficient money for emergencies—to call home, doctor, or bike shop.

—PAGE STARZINGER

eating and exercise: the right mix

Can eating the right food at the right time improve physical performance? "Eating and exercise is an individual issue, depending on the type of exercise, the level of exertion, and the kind of foods that you're comfortable eating," said Sarah Short, R.D., Ed.D., Ph.D., professor of nutrition at Syracuse University. "Most athletes and dancers use trial and error to find the best pre-performance eating plan."

For average exercisers, there are general guidelines. It's important to eat something before—but not right before—the workout. "Eating a high complex-carbohydrate food—a muffin, a banana, pasta, for example—a few hours before exercising can enhance physical stamina. But eating less than one hour before working out forces the body to use the energy intended for exercise on digesting food," said Dr. Short. This can cause cramping, inhibit performance.

For women who exercise in the evenings: "Try eating your major meal at lunch time and a light dinner before you work out in the evening," said Dr. Short. "This way, more calories will be burned than if you were to eat a big meal after exercising. Splitting your dinner into two smaller meals—one pre-exercise, the other post—can also help to enhance performance and to burn calories."

There's been much misinformation about food for sports. Experts agree that "carbohydrate loading," a common practice among marathon runners, is unnecessary for the average athlete. Neither do most exercisers need high-protein or "high-energy" food supplements. "Most adults get more protein than they need, and excess protein is either stored as fat or excreted," said Dr. Short. "The elite athlete may require a little extra, but she's better off getting this from food than from a protein drink or powder."

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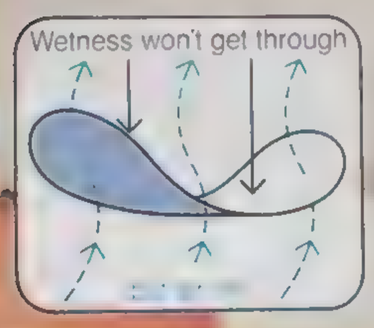

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fresh vs. frozen vs. canned

Playing the vegetable stakes for the highest nutritional payoffs

BY TARA CLARK

You don't have to be told that fresh vegetables are esthetically superior to frozen and canned. But, if you shop for produce with the mind-set that fresh is best, you may be short-changing yourself nutritionally. According to a recent study conducted by The National Food Processors Association (NFPA) and the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), canned and frozen vegetables may be just as nutritious as store-bought fresh—sometimes more so.

Researchers compared fresh, frozen, and canned peas, lima beans, carrots, spinach, sweet potatoes, and squash for levels of thirteen minerals, eight vitamins, and fiber. Their findings? When prepared for the table, levels of minerals and of fiber were essentially the same in all the vegetables, and some vitamin levels in the canned produce compared favorably with the fresh and frozen. "There was very little difference in the vitamin A content of any of the products," explained Janet Dudek, manager of nutrition projects at the NFPA.

Vegetables begin to lose vitamins, especially C, as soon as they are picked. To save nutrients, produce needs to be protected from such environmental factors as heat, light, and air. Sometimes the best protection may be canning or freezing despite the inevitable vitamin losses that occur during processing. In other words, it's a trade-off: fresh vegetables may lose more nutrients owing to improper storage and lengthy transit time than those vegetables processed immediately. "The advantage with canning or freezing is that vegetables are usually preserved within hours of being harvested," says Sarah Short, R.D., Ed.D., Ph.D., professor of nutrition at Syracuse University.

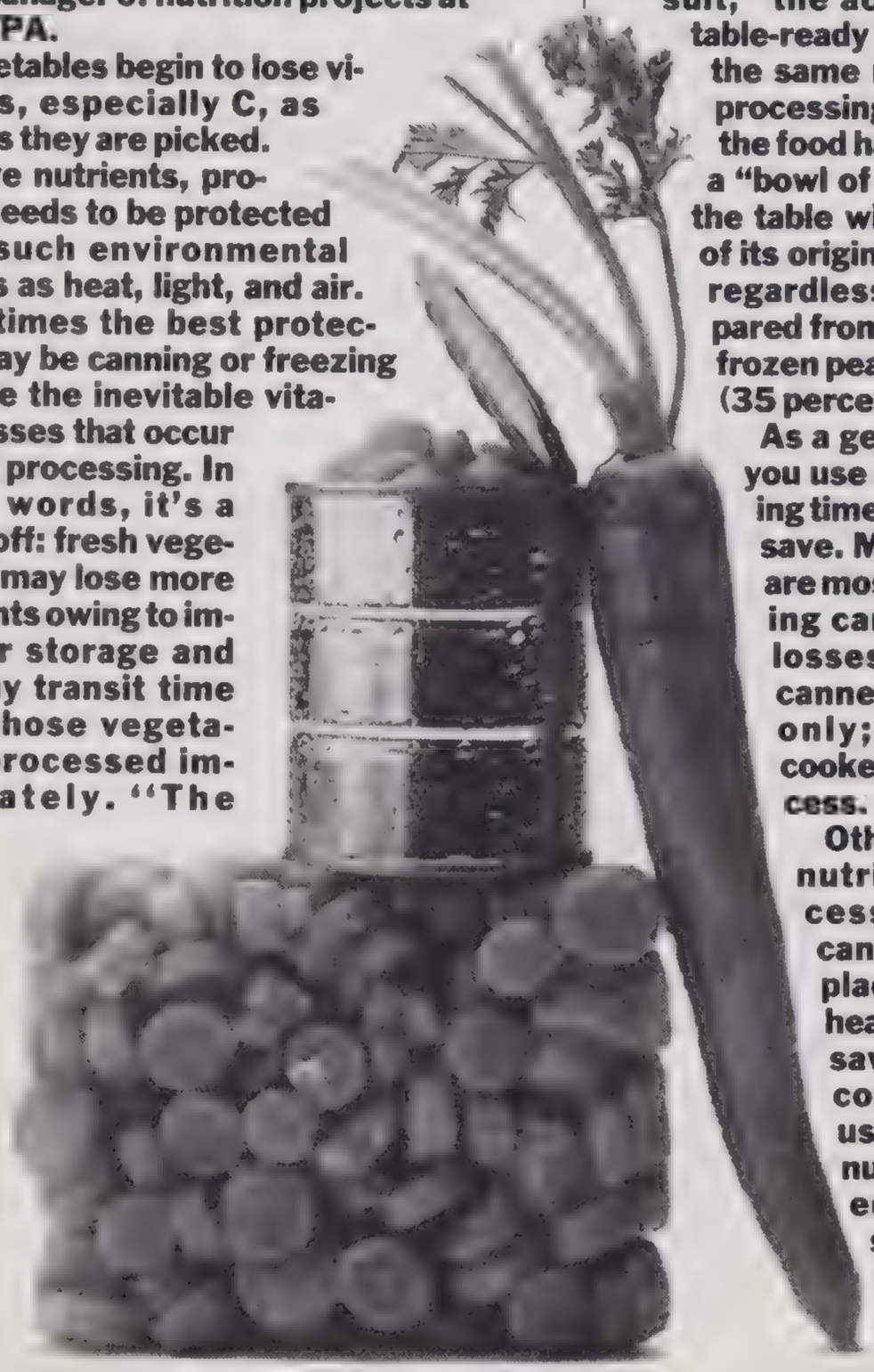
Blanching, the initial step in both canning and freezing, is used to inactivate those enzymes that cause food to decay. As a result of the heat, some nutrients such as vitamin C are decreased; others such as B_1, riboflavin, and niacin may be lost by leaching into the blanching liquid. After this, vegetables are either sealed in cans and thermally processed, or frozen. Dr. Short points out that canned vegetables usually take second place to frozen nutritionally because "vitamins are more stable in cold than in heat, especially water-soluble vitamins."

Regardless of the type of vegetable you buy, you must take care when cooking it. A panel on Food Safety and Nutrition from the Institute of Food Technologists reported that "the major loss in vitamin and mineral content of foods often occurs during final preparation in the home." As a result, "the actual vitamin content of table-ready foods is frequently about the same regardless of the type of processing—or lack of processing—the food has undergone," citing that a "bowl of peas placed steaming on the table will contain 35-45 percent of its original 'raw' vitamin C content regardless of whether it was prepared from fresh peas (45 percent), frozen peas (40 percent), or canned (35 percent)."

As a general rule, the less water you use and the shorter the cooking time, the more nutrients you'll save. Microwaving and steaming are most recommended. Stir-frying can also minimize vitamin losses. Remember, too, that canned foods need reheating only; they are essentially cooked during the canning process.

Other ways to get optimum nutritional value from processed vegetables: store canned foods in a cool, dry place (40-60°F.) to protect heat-sensitive vitamins, and save the packing liquid for cooking or soup stock—it usually contains important nutrients that have migrated from the food during storage. With frozen vegetables, keep your freezer at or below zero degrees Fahrenheit. At storage temperatures above fifteen degrees Fahrenheit, oxygen-sensitive vitamins—especially vitamin C—will be lost over a period of time. Prolonged storage of frozen food (from six to twelve months) can have the same effect.

Manufacturers are continually working to improve the quality of processed foods. Aseptic canning—using higher temperatures for shorter amounts of time—is used primarily in the canning of juices. When adapted to the canning of solids, it promises to improve the taste, texture, and nutrient retention of vegetables. And a relatively new enamel coating on the inside of cans prevents loss of color in green vegetables by better preserving their natural chlorophyll.



LISA CHARLES

diet pills: the downside

Besides being a mouthful to say, phenylpropanolamine, an ingredient in over-the-counter diet pills, may be a handful when it comes to safety. Used by an estimated two hundred million people, its reported side effects are alarming though rare: stroke, seizures, and psychoses. More common according to physicians at a New York Academy of Medicine conference are: headaches, dizziness, nervousness, vision distortion, nausea, numbness and tingling, rapid heartbeat and palpitation, breathing difficulty. Because the drug is associated with dangerously elevated blood pressure in amounts of 85-100 mg (diet aids contain up to 75 mg), packages warn hypertensives to avoid it.

Although the drug has been used in decongestants since 1937, "most reported side effects occur in women taking the diet aids in use since the 1970s," reported Albert J. Dietz, M.D., associate professor of medicine and chief of clinical pharmacology at the University of North Dakota. The most severe reactions were caused by a combination pill with caffeine—leading to an FDA ban in 1983.

Some groups may be more susceptible: postpartum women, those with thymic or mood disorders, anyone very sensitive to caffeine or taking MAO inhibitors or tricyclic antidepressants. Although other doctors deemed the drug safe in recommended doses considering the relatively few reactions for its vast use, Dr. Dietz asked, "for one pound of weight loss a week, is the risk worth it?"

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Q&A

Bottled water: key differences . . . motion sickness

I'm confused. What exactly are the differences between seltzer, club soda, and mineral water? Is bottled water better than the kind from the tap?

The Food and Drug Administration defines *seltzer* or *club soda* as water—generally tap water—that has been filtered and then carbonated. Club soda is further flavored with minerals and mineral salts.

Unlike other bottled waters, *mineral water* has never been precisely defined by government authorities, noted an article in the *FDA Consumer*. It can be naturally sparkling or still, sodium-laden or sodium-free (waters labeled "no salt added" may naturally contain some sodium; check the label's ingredient list). In most states, almost any bottled water could be labeled "mineral water" because even tap water when drawn from underground sources picks up a certain amount of mineral deposits from the soil it flows through. The International Bottled Water Association has recommended to the FDA that standards be set for the amount and type of minerals that must be present in mineral water, and one state—California—has set its own.

Is bottled water a more healthful choice? The FDA requires that all bottled waters be drawn from an approved source and processed, bottled, and shipped in such a way that they remain free of chemical and bacteriological contamination. Experts note, however, that the only instance in which bottled water could be said to be more healthful is in areas where tap water has become unhealthfully polluted. While many people find bottled water more refreshing, FDA regulations ban any therapeutic claims from appearing on bottled water labels.

(NOTE: News for mineral-water fans: two new arrivals from France—Perrier bottled with a "twist" of natural orange, lemon, or lime flavoring; the U.S. debut of a noncarbonated European favorite: Vittel.)

I had assumed my motion sickness was a childhood problem, but it continues to plague me in adulthood. Is this unusual? Is there anything I can do about it?

Motion sickness is possible at any age, say experts, who note that 90 percent of us suffer from some type of motion sickness—in a car, a boat, a plane, even an amusement-park ride—at some point in our lives. "While it is true that children as a group are most susceptible, adults are not immune to motion sickness," noted Ralph Naunton, M.D., director of the communicative disorders program at the National Institute of Neurological and Communicative Disorders and Stroke.

"The exact physiological mechanism responsible for motion sickness is not understood, but it is thought to result from conflicting messages reaching the brain from the eyes and inner ear, the two senses that work together to maintain our sense of balance. Supporting this theory is the fact that those with inner-ear damage—or who are deaf—never develop the problem."

The symptoms of motion sickness commonly progress from a vague feeling of discomfort or weakness to pallor, cold sweating, nausea and, in many cases, vomiting. Several prescription drugs have been found to help prevent severe, recurrent motion sickness in adults, but at every age there are simple behavioral changes that can help to prevent it:

- Don't eat a heavy meal before or during travel. A light meal two or more hours ahead of time may help to steady the stomach.
- Avoid alcoholic beverages both before and during the trip. This is especially important for those who find that they often become ill aboard airplanes, where cabin pressurization means that two-to-three cocktails have the effect of four at sea level.
- Sit where the sensation of motion is minimized. In a car, this means the driver's seat or front passenger seat; in a plane, over the wing; on a boat or ship, up on deck. Try to keep your upper body, especially your head, in a fixed position. Experts suggest that you try looking at the horizon, if it's steady, or lying down and closing your eyes.
- Avoid tobacco smoke or other pungent odors (such as frying or spicy foods) as this can exacerbate nausea.

Experiments conducted by NASA indicate that biofeedback may be helpful in short-circuiting attacks of motion sickness both on the ground and in the air. For those not trained in this relaxation technique, Dr. Naunton suggests "informal biofeedback"—involving yourself in a conversation or word game with fellow travelers, or thinking about what you'll do when you get to your destination. "Preventing motion sickness," he noted, "is sometimes a matter of the mind over body." ▽

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PREMENSTRUAL SYNDROME

Doctors now acknowledge PMS has a medical basis;

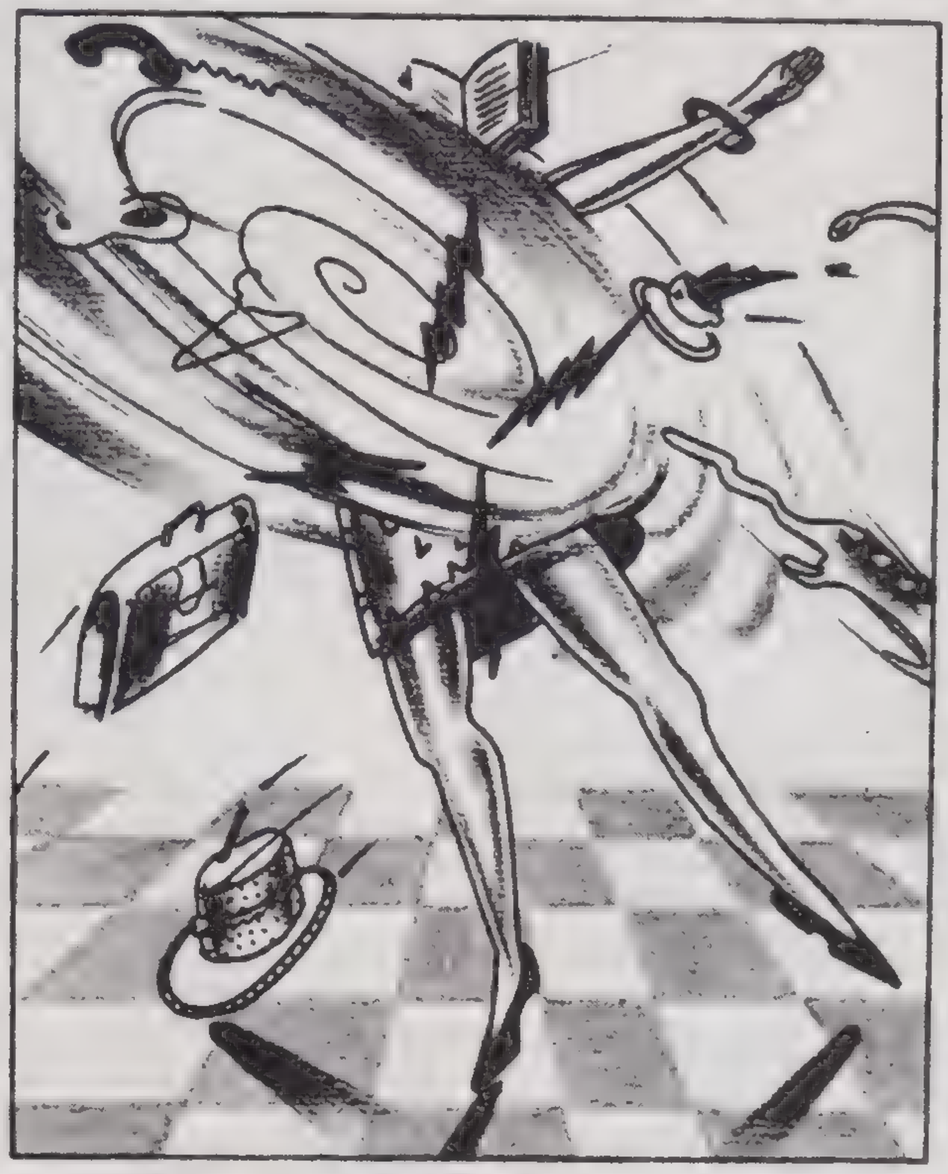
but its exact cause and cure are still debated

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article is reprinted from the August 1984 issue of "The Harvard Medical School Health Letter."*

"It's like being on drugs," explains one woman of her experiences with premenstrual syndrome (PMS). "I feel completely out of control. The only good thing is that I don't have to keep a calendar because I always know when my period is coming on."

Because her symptoms appear so regularly before each menstrual period, this woman probably does have premenstrual syndrome, as opposed to some other recurring form of distress. PMS is easier to define by the timing of the symptoms than by the symptoms themselves. Although any one woman will experience only a few of the discomforts of PMS, more than one hundred fifty complaints have been attributed to this condition. Some of the common ones are fatigue, depression or tension, headache, mood swings, crying spells, bloating, breast swelling and tenderness, junk-food binges, constipation, joint pain, and clumsiness. From this short list, it is evident that some of the items are physical and others emotional. No one knows the precise way that the somatic and psychological symptoms are related to each other, but few doubt that they are interconnected.

PMS, to one degree or another, besets an estimated 40 percent of women during their reproductive years. Some individuals notice symptoms but are not troubled by them. For others, however, the effects are more disturbing. According to a recent estimate, five to six million women experience symptoms severe enough to disrupt their personal and work routines. For example, PMS might be sufficiently distressing in one woman that she misses an important business meeting. In another, it has been argued, the syndrome might precipitate a suicide attempt or other aggressive act. In the English courts several years ago, three women successfully pleaded "diminished responsibility" for violent actions they attributed to PMS.



EVIDENCE VS. ANECDOTE

The symptoms of PMS are hard enough to pin down, and effective therapies are even more in dispute. One reason for this difficulty is that the evidence underlying most of the popular treatments is suggestive rather than scientific. It takes the form of reports that a treatment was tried in some women and they responded well to it. In reading such reports, we can be glad for the patients who seemed to benefit; but without evidence from an untreated comparison group, we can't be sure that the intervention really was effective. The few PMS studies that have been properly controlled to avoid distorted observation have generally been too small and too brief to be conclusive. Because the symptoms of PMS can be so dissimilar from one woman to the next, definitive research requires many subjects, so as to compensate for individual quirks. And each woman needs to be followed from cycle to cycle to make sure that the severity of symptoms isn't spontaneously diminishing (as would be expected if women came into the study at a time when discomfort was at its maximum). Yet the paucity of reliable data on treatment of PMS has not prevented people from making large claims for one or another "cure."

GETTING A HANDLE ON THE PROBLEM

Some practical advice, however, is in order. The first step in treating PMS—and potentially the most useful—is to recognize that the syndrome begins as a real problem due to biological events. The simple awareness that it is not "all in their heads," is all many women need to feel they can take the recurring symptoms in stride, much as they do menstruation itself. The reason that placebos work so well for PMS is probably, in large part, because they serve to acknowledge the reality of the problem and thus help to make it less frightening.

Before she starts any kind of treatment, a woman who suspects that she is suffering from PMS would do well to keep a *symptom diary* for several months. This is a list of physical and emotional variables on which a woman grades herself every day. Which items are chosen for the record depends on the individual's previous experience. Other information to be included would be timing of menstruation and also any significant events in one's life. The diary will tell the person keeping it whether her symptoms are actually related to her menstrual cycle or rather are correlating with something else—perhaps the stresses of work or family. It also helps to identify the symptoms *(Continued on page 308)*

DON'T PANIC!

Simple techniques for staying cool in a crisis

Is there a trick to staying calm and effective in an emergency situation? These recommendations from Judy Monnig, R.N., E.M.T.A., coauthor of *Coping with Medical Emergencies* (Rosen Publishing), "may sound too simple to be effective, but they do work, even in the worst crisis."

● Stand or sit perfectly still and take three very deep breaths. "Classic cliché, but that rush of oxygen to blood and brain has an amazingly steadying effect."

● Make yourself go limp (to overcome the tendency to tense up in an emergency). Hold your arms slightly out to each side and shake yourself vigorously.

● Put off panic. "Telling yourself you *will* stay calm when every human reaction in you is trying to do the opposite triggers a backlash reaction," Ms. Monnig said. "Instead, tell yourself, 'In another few minutes, help will be here and *then* I can have hysterics.' Delaying a reaction gives you far more control then telling yourself you won't have it at all."

● Note the time. "In an emergency, time crawls and people often think, 'We've been here for hours and help isn't coming'; and they find their control slipping. If you have noted the time, you can look at your watch again and realize it has been only five minutes, not hours. Saying 'It has only been a few minutes, and help will be here soon' has a very calming effect in an emergency." —SHARON CARTER

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PREMENSTRUAL SYNDROME

To women's relief, experts now agree it's not "all in their heads"

(Continued from page 306) causing the greatest difficulty. Here again, the sense of control that comes from precisely identifying and quantifying problems related to PMS may be sufficient to relieve the distress and make it manageable without further treatment.

"HOME REMEDIES"

If this process of objectifying the problem is not sufficient, the woman with PMS now moves into even less certain territory. She may begin by trying modifications in life style. Whether or not they are fully supported by research, such changes are probably about as effective in alleviating PMS as many of the medical therapies being advocated. Exercise, stress-management techniques, or cutting down on caffeine and sugar have been among the more popular recommendations. Reducing salt intake is frequently suggested, and some women swear by it. An odd, but very common, suggestion is to eat vegetables such as cucumbers and parsley, which are claimed in some quarters to act as diuretics. Herbal teas likewise get a plug from time to time (but beware of overdosing, as many herbs taken in large quantities prove to have serious drug-like effects). Likewise, vitamin B_6 has been rumored to help combat PMS (but again, very large doses are potentially harmful). In all cases, these home remedies for PMS have received support from testimonials, but no solid research backs them up.

MEDICAL APPROACHES

Medical therapies are hardly on firmer ground. Nevertheless, if a woman is severely troubled by what appears to be PMS, she may benefit from seeking a doctor's advice. (But proceed with caution: some physicians and clinics are now advertising that they specialize in PMS. Beware of grandiose claims; there's plenty of room in this field for quackery.)

The first step should be a thorough physical examination to rule out specific endocrine disorders or other health difficulties that might also be cyclic. Problems such as endometriosis (abnormally located uterine tissue), tension or migraine headaches, or serious depression can fluctuate with the menstrual cycle. Whether or not one chooses to label them PMS, these conditions can be specifically treated. Likewise, if bloating is a significant premenstrual complaint, it can be treated with diuretics; swollen and uncomfortable breasts may also respond to drug therapy. (Incidentally, drugs that are effective for menstrual cramping, a very different problem, do not seem to work for PMS.)

An obvious theory of PMS is that it has something to do with the fluctuating hormone levels of the menstrual cycle. The most "popular" medical treatments have been based on this notion. Thus, progesterone supplements have been widely recommended, and more recently anti-prostaglandin drugs have acquired popularity. A number of women have reported getting relief from these agents, but the evidence is not compelling. It is important to bear in mind that placebo treatments for PMS usually have about a 50 percent success rate—higher than 30 percent, which is the usual finding with placebos. Indeed, one study compared the effect of lithium (a psychoactive drug), a diuretic, and a placebo. This carefully designed test found that the placebo was *most* effective; next came the diuretic; and lithium trailed in last place.

Psychotherapy also has not been stringently evaluated for its effectiveness in PMS. However, counseling would probably help at least some women to handle the emotional distress that is often associated with this condition, and thus to have their lives less disrupted by their symptoms. (By analogy, psychotherapy helps individuals with irritable bowel syndrome, even though it probably does not eradicate the underlying disorder.)

Currently, no one can say what PMS is, what causes it, or how best to treat it. PMS is, however, an identifiable medical syndrome affecting some women some of the time; it is not a condition that disqualifies all females from normal life. J.M. Davidson of Stanford University puts the problem in perspective: "Although crime, accident, and suicide rates are higher in women during the premenstrum, it is noteworthy that these rates are still lower than those seen in the noncycling male subject."

THE HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL HEALTH LETTER © 1984 President and Fellows of Harvard College

Sumo Diet

Trying to gain weight? Consider the secret to the hefty sumo wrestler shape: Chanko-nabe, a mega-stew of vegetables, bean curd, and pork, beef, chicken, or fish in a soy-and-sugar sauce, eaten after exercise and before a long, fat-storing rest. (Check out the results this month at NYC's Madison Square Garden.)

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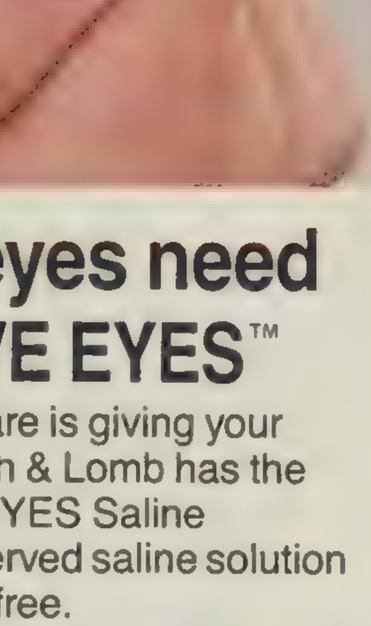

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Your Well-Being

BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Conversation stoppers: five anxiety-free ways to say goodbye

Successfully and gracefully ending a phone conversation or meeting is a skill you seldom think about—until someone cuts *you* off so abruptly you feel jilted, or until you find it difficult to say goodbye first.

"Considering that you end ten conversations a day on average, which means over three thousand interpersonal separations a year, it's clear that people need to be able to come together and go apart with some ease, or the machinery of society will get stuck," says Stuart Albert, Ph.D., associate professor of management, University of Minnesota. "Research shows there is a *pattern* to encounters that end successfully, by which I mean with little or no emotional stress or strain."

When endings are awkward, usually individuals are out of step. There are people who feel that a brief conversation is impolite. Others, hungry for the nurturing they're getting, resist cues to end. Some need to be in control; they're uneasy participating in the mutual dance of separation, so they break off with scarcely a goodbye.

Dr. Albert points out that when endings *do* go smoothly, the apparent simplicity of the process cloaks its complexity. Think how you volley parting phrases back and forth with a friend as you each make sure the other is ready to sign off. "Endings are like an intricate dance, with members of the same culture having absorbed the steps so they don't tread on one another's toes," says Dr. Albert. "Between equals, the goal is to dance in such a way that no one is leading!"

The pattern of successful human endings identified by Dr. Albert, who has studied and reported on this subject, and Suzanne Kessler, Ph.D., includes the following steps:

1. *A summary of the encounter,* which signals the beginning of the end. "So you think we should revise the schedule" summarizes the contents of a discussion. You might summarize the emotional *tone:* "I'm so glad we bumped into each other."

2. *A justification for ending the conversation.* "This is my stop!" is a clear external justification for ending a meeting on a bus or train. *External* justifications ("I'd better get to work") indicate pressure of the outside world as the reason for separating, rather than boredom or a wish to do something more enjoyable. *Internal* justifications usually indicate you've accomplished what you set out to do: "Thanks, I really wanted your opinion."

3. *Some expression of positive feeling:* "You've been a real help;" "This was a great party."

4. *A promise of continuity:* "I'll call you after my trip." This promise might be accompanied by a handshake, hug, or kiss, which brings individuals closer at the moment of separation.

5. *A well-wishing statement:* "Good luck in your new job."

Dr. Albert points out that rituals, including the token "We must have lunch," contain a certain ambiguity about their truthfulness, which people collude in and accept. If the statement were patently false and *of no use* in easing feelings or facilitating a separation, one person would demand, "Why do you say that when you don't mean it?" and conversation probably would continue.

"In business, the norm is for the efficient use of time, which implies that some of the social niceties are dismissed," says Dr. Albert. "I think task-oriented men are more apt to be brusque than women, who traditionally have been more socially sophisticated and concerned. Of course, women now are learning that there's a business semaphore, or code, that's quickly sent. But I'm not sure this abruptness is productive in the long run. It shreds the social fabric, which then must be repaired anyway, through ritual and the saying of nice things over a cocktail after work."

Dr. Albert observes that endings can be unsuccessful when it's impossible to provide the needed summary. You may see people milling around after meetings, trying to understand what really happened. Or they'll go for coffee together after a conflict-filled session because they need to digest things again and reach an understanding and some positive feeling. Party guests may have trouble departing if the hoped-for intimacy wasn't achieved—and won't be until a few people are standing around the kitchen at 2:00 A.M.!

"A paradox of successful human endings is that you're most able to leave when you know what you're leaving, and when you can return," sums up Dr. Albert. ▽

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winning the losing battle

(Continued from page 285)

lems. A program conducted by qualified health professionals becomes *client*-centered when a physician is not in attendance or is only peripherally involved. In contrast, many *member*- or *guest*-centered programs are not conducted by licensed health professionals but may use the consultative services of outside experts in nutrition, clinical psychology, or exercise physiology.

Any healthy woman whose BMI is below 27 can choose whatever program appeals to her. Women whose BMI's are over 27 should be undergoing treatment, preferably in a patient-centered program, to protect their future health. But, it may be equally satisfactory to attend a *client*-based program and have your personal physician monitor changes in health status. *(Involvement in a weight control program cannot and should not substitute for continuing contact with your physician.)*

Here are six examples that represent the options open to anyone seriously or slightly interested in losing weight. Key: a strong emphasis on follow-up weight maintenance.

1. Patient-centered/non-residential

At The Weight Control Unit at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center in New York City, highly trained health-care professionals provide medical supervision, group behavior therapy (average size, eight), exercise instruction, nutrition counseling, and individual psychotherapy.

An average of one-hundred and fifty patients (two thirds are women) per week attend the program, typically remaining in treatment for six months (the minimum is twelve weeks). Fees are $245 for the comprehensive evaluation phase and $35 per weekly group session; individual consultations range up to $50.

2. Patient/client-centered/residential

At The Hilton Head Health Institute on Hilton Head Island, off the coast of South Carolina, clients have access to the beach/sports facilities of the Shipyard Resort.

The Health Institute was founded by Peter Miller, a Ph.D. in clinical psychology, whose twenty -six day program involves a thorough medical examination, a "personal health profile" to plan individualized nutrition and exercise programs, seminars, workshops.

Emphasis is on maintenance, with follow-up analyses of mailed-in records of exercise, eating, and life-style patterns. Admission requires a simple form from one's physician; fee is $3800.

3. Guest-centered/residential

The Golden Door, not far from San Diego, is "the world's smallest luxury spa," accepting only thirty-four women a week. (Occasional weeks are reserved for couples or for men only.)

The program is designed to promote tranquility as much as physical fitness and weight-loss. The ratio of staff to guests is approximately three to one; fitness instructors have a degree in some aspect of physical education or dance. The diet manages to be both "gourmet" and low in calories, sodium, cholesterol. Fitness is improved by hikes, dancing, calisthenics, swimming, tennis.

An exercise tape and cookbook comprise the follow-ups. A week's stay is $2675.

4. Member-centered/non-residential

Ninety-five percent of Weight Watchers' members are women. Desire to improve physical appearance is the major motivating force. Treatment is via group meetings supervised by formerly overweight Weight Watcher "graduates" who provide constant in-the-flesh reassurance that obesity is controllable. Groups average thirty to forty members, provide eating management skills and low-calorie recipes. A new ten-step program begins with a "Quick Start" plan. Increasing emphasis is placed on weight maintenance. There are no on-site exercise facilities.

Weight Watchers is justifiably perceived by the public as providing sound nutritional and behavioral advice, in contrast to many heavily promoted regimens promising dramatic losses. Fees are about $8 per visit.

5. Patient-centered: South America

The Clinica Cormillot, in Buenos Aires, Argentina, has residential and outpatient facilities. Under the direction of its founder, Alberto Cormillot, a dynamic Argentine physician, the clinic has a staff of twenty-five health professionals trained in internal medicine, psychiatry, psychology, nutrition, occupational therapy, and physical training. Accommodations—for thirty-four—are comfortable but not luxurious.

Rates are $45 per day. A stay of at least twenty days is recommended. A knowledge of Spanish is not necessary.

6. Guest-centered: Côte d'Azur

For travel *and* luxury, The California Terrace Spa, overlooking Monaco's harbor, provides a guest-oriented residential weight-control program (but also offers day services). Its owner, Edward Safdie, also owns the Sonoma Mission Inn and has again combined the most attractive features of health club and resort hotel. A year old, this American-style spa emphasizes physical fitness, diet designed for present and future health, and the practice of a health-promoting life style. Low-calorie "gourmet" meals are prepared by Jacky Oberti, the chef of the nearby Hôtel de Paris. A variety of beauty treatments are also available, and the staff of forty can accommodate up to two-hundred spa-goers.

Terrace facilities and services are available to visitors who obtain accommodations at the Hôtel de Paris, Hermitage, or Mirabeau as part of a week's package costing about $1800. ▽

men and food

(Continued from page 271)

culture, this difference, only partly euphemistic, implies that men's new eating habits are related to performance—which is why they so often are paired with health-club-*cum*-jogging. Except in a few circles of highly specialized tastes, languidly ethereal men do not reflect the ideal.

But neither, except in differently rarefied salons, do languidly ethereal women. So many women are working out that we should probably describe it as working in. In many ways, the most interesting aspect of men's shifting attitudes toward the foods they eat is that this male invasion of a traditionally female—even feminine—sphere has to a great extent redefined the rules for women as well. Beauty, male or female, has become a by-product of the search for health, and though the female aerobic bouncers may still have calorie counts at their fingertips, their knowledge is left over from an earlier era. The new, shared vocabulary of diet—of animal fats, fiber content, carbo loading—originated at the training table, not in the tearoom.

Yet most of the men (and women) who are following the lunchtime path from steak to veal to fish to steamed veg (and from Scotch to vodka to white wine to mineral water) aren't training for anything specific. Though they may from time to time indulge in some competitive sport, their aims are global. "Feeling good" is the usual shorthand for the immediate goal, but the prudently unstated subtext lurking behind this paradoxical hedonism is considerably more ambitious—something like "I want to live longer," or maybe even "forever."

This brings us, as promised, to theology. In the not so long ago days when portliness was the masculine beau ideal, the Victorian/Edwardian notion of natural order went something like this: rich people are fat; poor people are skinny. He who could regularly afford his twice-daily seven courses had the extremely well-rounded look of someone who'd cheerfully ingested his just reward. For a number of reasons, the thin poor died off even earlier than the corpulent rich; but, even had our Victorian forebears been privy to the workings of cholesterol, it's by no means certain they would have foresworn the roast joint that followed the fish course. The Victorian pater familias was almost eerily convinced of his own rightness. Sustained by businesslike Anglicanism, he could disown errant children, rule colonies, and prepare to meet his Maker—who was, after all, very like him—with equanimity.

But Victorian certitude is now as insupportable as the Victorian waistline. Most NYC men dining on the Four Seasons' spa cuisine are not only unprepared to meet their Maker but unconvinced of His or Her existence. Death, for them—for us—is less a guaranteed pass to Heaven than an unwanted ticket to oblivion. The Victorian clubman was content to die in a state of grace; the new American eater not only wants to live forever but to have a swell time doing it.

Not surprisingly, the cuisine emerging from this conflicting ambition is itself schizophrenic. At NYC's so called "new American restaurants, the ascetic sauces of *cuisine nouvelle* are followed by chocolate creations so dense it takes two waiters to heave them onto the plates. When dieting was the province of women, it involved self-denial; now that it's become (by another name) the province of men, it's supposed to reflect self-realization. Elaine Kaufman's has been feeding post-Freudian men at her NYC restaurant for a couple of decades, and describes her clients as "very conscious of diet and health now, and what we serve here reflects that, but no one—no one—wants to think he's eating dinner as punishment." ▽

(Continued from page 257)

there is a sense of what's it all for? And what is behind it all? And what supports me? These are ways that people typically start looking beyond the visible task to some invisible, intangible source that makes them feel not only able to be present, but to be glad, glad to be present.

For the successful woman I think the need gets rearranged because often she has lots of things projected on success. If I have a job, or with any luck I can have not just a job but a career, which I experience as using whatever gifts I have to their best purpose, and if I am lucky enough to have people in my life that I love, as well—all of this is, when I am starting out, an image of bliss and happiness. But when you are actually doing it day after day, summer, winter, rainy days, cold days, the projections onto "being successful" fall away.

The spiritual notion that there are worldly things and things not of this world is very concrete and practical, and you come to know that. You find that you have endowed your job, or being married, or whatever it is, with a kind of a meaning and valence; and when you actually live them, they come down to ordinary size. Then that elusive sense comes of "what's it all for?" So the spiritual problem gets rearranged for the "successful" woman. She may know very concretely what her work is and what it isn't. Work may be a means through which she experiences meaning, but it is not God; it is not the meaning itself. So then the issue is posed: what is the source of meaning?

When I was growing up, all my friends were married by the time they were twenty or twenty-one. The thing that got projected on that was if you were married, with two children, a dog, a house, a station wagon, that was God. That was the meaning of life. Well, we've swung the other way. Now, to be a lawyer, to be a doctor, to have a career, not just a job, that carries a sort of luminosity; but there are enough women now with careers so they know that that's not so. It falls off. But I think very definitely in the beginning there is an identifying of the two.

Like anybody else, women project the spiritual onto what is the most exciting and important thing of value in their lives. It might be a specific church denomination. It might be work. But the spiritual journey surely cures us of identifying anything, finally, with the point of the journey; but we must begin, always, by identifying the invisible with the visible, the holy with the ordinary. Part of the discipline in anybody's spiritual growth is to go through the rigors, even the grief, of discovering that you can't make the identification. In fact, you've made an idol in place of God. And that's extremely painful because causes we believe in, work we devote ourselves to, people we love, the church we believe in—these are among the best human values; but nonetheless they are human; and the danger of making a sort of idol out of them is always present. If you proceed on this spiritual journey, you come to the point where you realize that these things are not ultimate.

What mediated the holy to you no longer does so, and if you are deeply attached to the mediative cause, or the denomination, or the image of God, or the career, or your children, it is extremely painful to have that stripped off; but that is part of it if you take the spiritual path.

I work as an analyst, and sometimes the spiritual doorway is through personal problems. For instance, a very interesting one that besets women is the problem of eating. Either not eating enough or eating too much, or some outsized obsession with dieting or being a certain weight. Hidden in the middle of those eating problems is a hunger for meaning, for a sense of being alive and real, connected to something that is elemental, central, fundamental; and the whole problem is displaced into food.

One could sum it up by saying, finally, well, what am I hungry for? What has been displaced into the food? So eating problems would be one entree. It might be sexual problems. They are always problems, however, that are of the utmost intimacy. Marriage problems, physical issues, a problem with a child. So that's one doorway.

Another doorway may be success.

Not to leave the world, but how to live in it

You've achieved enough of what you set out to do so that you know that it's not going to give you what you thought it was. So the projections fall off it, and you enter a sort of period of disillusionment. You may still like your job, do it well, or well enough; but it does not deliver what you thought it promised.

So that leftover yearning is what starts out the spiritual life. Or it can be experiences of gladness and joy. Falling in love, or hitting upon an idea that excites you, making a friend, feeling that you have really helped somebody. It opens up a way of experiencing life where you feel alive, real, uniquely yourself, though in relation to others. It is not an experience of isolation. And that gladness starts you thinking: whom do I thank for it? If you are flowing with gratitude, you are impelled to reach out, to go out.

Also, in the Judeo-Christian tradition, one of the fundamental threads that I like very much is that the point of a spiritual life is to glorify God, and glorifying God is to be alive and real, as human beings, one with another. It is not some thin-lipped, sour-faced dedication. And it is not some boring off-key hymn singing and tedious pronouncements about God. It is a life of simple happiness in being. That is what the spiritual life is aiming toward.

Another reason people are looking for a spiritual life today is an increased sense of the precariousness of our planet's life, of political life as nations, of our ecological life, the disparity in the justice systems, the disparity in the world's resources. It impresses on us how ultimately contingent we are. So terror can start the spiritual life. These more collective cultural threats are just as keen now as waking up in the middle of the night with a sharp pain in your chest and thinking, my heavens, am I dying? And then you think, who can help me? Whom can I pray to? What's it all about? What if I die before I've had any kind of awareness of where I stand vis-à-vis the ultimate? And that brings it home.

In the work that I do as an analyst, I know that the more you are able to acknowledge the unconscious consciously, the more you realize your dreams aren't just coming out of your personal, private interior space, which, of course, they are, but also out of your history, your culture. The deeper you go in making contact with your own psyche, conscious and unconscious, the more you are impressed with how private it is; but the astonishing fact is that the deeper you go, the wider you go. You see underneath your particular problems to human problems, family problems, your nation's problems, the human family's problems. So there is this odd paradox of the more personal, the more shared.

Similarly, in the work that I do at the Seminary, the soul is like that. It's your soul, or my soul, but it's not just in us, it's among us. There's a certain level of depth, and hence it is very dangerous to embark on spiritual life because something will happen, and it changes you. You are less able to isolate yourself from other people. Your ordinary defenses are diluted so that, in the terms of the soul's life, your vulnerability to other people's suffering gets greater. You can't just tune out the way you could before.

One particularly feminine accent to the spiritual life is the inseparability of the flesh and the spirit, the soul and the body, with a great attention to the particular and the concrete. Not to leave the world, but how to live in it. In fact, in service to others, the forms are very much in the world—people wanting to be where others are hurting, literally: spooning out the food and bringing blankets for the homeless and working with mothers who might batter their children. Not leaving the world behind as if the material, the bodily, the historical, the emotional, sexual, feeding your child, doing the laundry were somehow too gross. The whole thrust of feminine imagery is that this is where you find God.

Let's say it's raining, you're tired, you have four phone calls to answer, you've had a day of fighting, you come home, you have all your duties, whatever they are. Who has anything left?

Well, I think the way you start is somehow in your particular way. Whether it is in the bathtub, or lying on the floor on your back, or doing yoga, or messing around with food like fingerpaints, you find and identify for yourself an activity that is non-purposive and produces nothing. Even if it is cooking, it is not to produce the meal—it is to play with the eggs and the sugar. It's a space of recess, it's a gap. It's a space where the ego rests from its chores. Where you do nothing. In my own tradition, the Judeo-Christian, there is a hospitable call to us to simple gladness in being, whatever our state—poor, sick, menaced, or well off, overly busy—it's reaching beyond the ego to a larger self. And that's where we start. That's where it always starts. Putting down all of those packages.

And that takes time. That takes willingness. Now not grim willpower with pursed lips, but willingness to find what kind of space that is for us, and it may be different on different days. But one needs to pay attention to see what it is. And then something begins to collect and grow. It doesn't just happen. You have to be participating and you have to be wanting it. ▽

jamie lee curtis

(Continued from page 245)

with her friend Melanie Griffith, who played a typical "Curtis" role as *Body Double's* hooker.)

Curtis made her film debut at nineteen in *Halloween*, John Carpenter's sex and slash classic, as the high school girl who's so smart she "scares boys away." Sporting a monolithic pageboy, hugging her books to her chest, the character, if played by a less grounded ingenue, would have been forgettable. Curtis is more self-contained than timid: it's a role you remember.

There were other horror movies, among them *Prom Night*. With shorter, shaggier hair and a racier wardrobe, Curtis here is soft enough to get the guy, tough enough to slash the slasher. There's a new, ironic twist to her long upper lip—a sly sense of humor—and the *déshabillé* dance sequences hint at revelations to come.

Come they did. In *Trading Places* with Eddie Murphy and Dan Aykroyd, Curtis played a wigged-out hooker and won rave reviews. (She who bares her breasts for seven seconds may just have a chance to upstage Eddie Murphy.) As the obsessed lover of a married man in Amy Jones's critically acclaimed *Love Letters*, Curtis wore her heart on her sleeve and very little else.

Jamie Lee Curtis is unapologetic about her checkered career, as well she might be. Her ability to sink into a character—rather than flashing her image—is what has enabled her to bring a kind of dignity to potentially silly parts. "Maybe," she says, "I did what I had to do to get in."

Jamie Lee Curtis is definitely in. Or hot, as they now like to say. Part of it has to do with notoriety. Her romances with Marlene Dietrich's grandson Michael Riva and British punk rocker Adam Ant were widely publicized, as was her recent marriage to *Saturday Night Live* star Christopher Guest. She is a cult heroine among Choaties (she attended the school for one miserable year and called it "an absolute living nightmare"). And part of it has to do with her genuine appeal. Like her own heroine, Carole Lombard, Jamie Lee Curtis is smart and sexy, funny and tough. She's all woman and almost butch enough to be one of the guys. It's the kind of combination that soothes the adolescent anxieties of men and women, particularly film buffs.

"I'm at a very strange stage where I am halfway to having people consider me a real leading lady," Curtis says. And *Perfect!* may just pump up an already fit career. Bridges, Latham, and Travolta hit pay dirt when they collaborated on *Urban Cowboy;* and *Rolling Stone* editor and publisher Jann Wenner, who makes his screen debut as himself, of course, knows a hot trend when he smells one. Despite her mixed feelings about the health craze, Jamie Lee Curtis may have found the perfect vehicle. ▽

la costa

(Continued from page 285)

drift through glass hallways, gazing out at atriums with foaming sea-green pools, and the bodies are usually gorgeous. Reaction? Inspiration here. Also a sense that to keep it, you do have to keep at it. At first I was edgy. Disoriented. The staff watches for that. You're shown about, smiled at, talked to. How many things I've dropped out of, I think, because they weren't run by people like this.

Mary Hitchens leads exercise classes, she's doing this lecture. "You're going to be hot working out in this sweatshirt," she said. "It holds my shoulder pads on," I explained. "They make my hips look smaller." (S. had suggested perhaps they could give me Kamali implants.) Mary held up a leg with neat leg warmers. "Sure," she laughed, "That's why I wear these around my ankles—they shrink my thighs." I learned to do a sit-up. "Don't tighten those knees. Try again. Exhale as you come up. Loosen up *those* hands, work on *that* stomach, not *that* neck—get *that* action on *that* stomach." "That." "Those." Is this what they mean when they say modified sit-ups? Mary said that after the fourth day I would feel a kind of a slump.

Next it was off to see . . . Dr. Zifferblatt, who greeted us in the Lifestyle and Longevity Center.

The longevity program is like camp—there are also forty hours of discussions about priorities, about pace, how you really put your day together and what you can change—even how you spend your vacation. Said Dr. Z. "A lot of these people force a confrontation, they have to *hear:* 'You're going to die.' Then they try to listen. They are ready to see." He paused, looked at us, "What we want is to talk about how to want to change before the crisis comes."

Then I talked to Pat Arnold, who also lectures, guides, has lost sixty pounds; first, she said "Work positively." She's careful to say "we"—not "you." "We don't use food as it was intended: as fuel for our bodies" . . . Yes. I use cooking for the reward of appreciation, and I eat as I cook. From now on, when I do cook for friends, I will not eat a *second* dinner at the table.

I'm having the fourth-day slump on the second day. It's called post-breakfast hunger. I no sooner have sat down than the meal was finished. What I could find was super— an egg-white omelette, miniature bran muffin.

There is actually an amusing ritual (this is desperation) every morning, to choose what you'll eat tomorrow from the menus with the calories all listed. And the menus are carefully checked out. I didn't give myself enough one day. An extra banana appeared with a note.

Willy Hauser is the Chef here, a spice pro . . . to think there is a flavor other than salt! For the moment it takes to treasure each tiny morsel it is delicious. If there were only more.

You can feel the strangeness go, when, after a few days, *you* can tell who is new now; you notice, as that first sort of frosty diffidence one adapts to cover shyness begins to go away. Darlene, who leads the pool-volleyball class is not amused by my continuing mistakes.

Good: The next class was co-ed! Stuart was my defense mechanism. Superbly co-ordinated. Good dancer—my beard. I didn't have to try. Dismay! Darlene was teaching it. She was not impressed that I had him. "Get those legs up. Left. Right. I said *Left*. Right. Move."

By lunchtime we had admitted to Jan we should probably have been on the 800-calorie diet. Especially the next day, we heard, was the Chef's celebrated buffet.

Then on to the Rebounders. Thirteen bright green ones, "space platforms, astral launchers," said Stuart. We jump up and down with batons, with bright red "Heavyhands" weights. I loved Ronald's dry patter, "Some people love this class so much they forget to breathe." Ronald said "Out." I breathe "In." So. It is better than not doing it. A big step.

The Sunday supper buffet was worth waiting for—asparagus, artichokes, just a smashing coleslaw, best horseradish ever, gloriously displayed acres of lobster, shrimp. All, of course, with charming, though not readily ignored, little calorie signposts. Some of us did smuggle back an extra sweet: 40 calories of sublime sugar-free guilt pudding.

By the end of the week, Stuart is beginning to resemble a great golden lion—such a jaw he has again! *That* chest. And as for me, "I never knew you *had* hipbones!" he said.

Some things never do change. On the last day I did go to the morning stretch class. A teacher I didn't know in a leopard leotard stopped and went over to adjust Stuart's thigh in a floor exercise. "Don't touch that thigh." I was across that floor, glaring, so fierce, so fast . . . . Darlene, who terrified me that first time out, was observing this class. "You *can* move!" she laughed.

S. said, "The reason you're not crazy about Darlene is that she walks the way you want to, only you don't have her confidence." "Now I do," I said, marching out in my black sneakers. Before—my legs were used only for driving and trying on shoes.

We met Debbie, one of the nutritionists; she gave us follow-through advice; on vitamins . . . watch out for regular mustard—high in salt. Use fresh garlic or garlic *powder* not salt; above all read labels . . . I asked if she can tell who will follow through and who won't. Yes, she said. I look at Stuart. "Will he?" I asked. She looked at him. She laughed; she paused, "He's interested."

For our final evening I went to the La Costa beauty salon. Laurie did my makeup and gave me a chart full of ideas; then Tony Ray who runs the salon did my hair. I looked like a girl they used to call a babe.

And at the last dinner Stuart gave me a red jade heart with a note, "I promise you a stout heart in a lean body."

It's been a few months now. We've had reminder letters from our counselors. Stuart has come down to the weight he was supposed to be at by now. I'm almost there. We have joined an exercise club around the corner from where we live. Which one of us goes every day? Right. Me. The more obsessive one.

The surprise is the independence I've gotten with this new strong body. Stuart was recently on a business trip for about a week. I had to stay home to work. Our calls were not sad (much). They were vital exchanges. On that Sunday, the day I cannot deal with alone, I was up at 7:30 and I walked five miles. Fast. I ran up a hill, I heard Darlene's fierce voice, "Get those knees up. RUN!" Of course he will come back. I walked another three miles home. *Walk!* Does La Costa work? It sure does—if I do. So: I swing those arms! Breathe! Walk! Hear me: I'm striding. ▽

peter jennings

(Continued from page 271)

daughter Elizabeth, one New Year's Eve. Peter and son Christopher having a fine time at the beach. Is the boy a devil? "Oh, no," says Jennings, proudly. "He's an angel. *She's* the devil." Elizabeth is now five; Christopher, two.

To the millions who take anchorman Jennings as their evening sup of dry sherry, the puffed-up papa may be the real news. "Sometimes I say, glibly, that if they would pay me to be a father, I would do it full-time," says Jennings, forty-six. "But I'm not sure that's true. Like a lot of middle-aged fathers, I probably get more joy out of it than I would have twenty years ago. I was ready for children."

The children's mother is Hungarian-born Kati Marton, thirty-seven, former ABC Bonn Bureau chief, regular London *Sunday Times* columnist, new novelist, author of *Wallenberg* (Random House). Jennings, mid-Falklands war, flew the Concorde from London to make her *Wallenberg* book party. He could stay for only ten minutes before needing to return. The family that stays together . . . "gets bored together," says Jennings, somewhat resignedly. "I know.

"My wife once called me a street-corner talker, and I think she's right. We just moved into a new neighborhood in New York, and there's something in me that makes it very necessary for me to go out and introduce myself to the druggist, the guy who runs the flower shop, the butcher. I am not happy living in any environment where other people are anonymous to me. I am quite happy to be anonymous as a television person, but not as a human being."

Anonymity, one might quibble, is not in Jennings' genes. Charles Jennings, Peter's father, made his career as a television executive and much-regarded broadcaster in Canada. At age ten, a precocious Peter was hosting his own weekly show of music and news for kids, *Peter's Program*, on CBC radio. When wanderlust hit, in his teens, he dropped out of high school before taking a degree. By the unaccomplished age of twenty-six, he was, in his first go-round, ABC's evening news anchor, going head-to-head with Walter Cronkite, Huntley/Brinkley. People called him, not always in good humor, "anchor boy" then. He held on for three years.

"I have joked, in the past, that when I first did this anchoring job for ABC, the reason they chose me was that I was the youngest person on the staff who had straight teeth, all his hair, and could string two words together. That's not really very funny, but it's an easy way for me to dismiss it now. But it's true. If I had had glasses and braces, they wouldn't have chosen me.

"I think one of the reasons I've worked so hard all these years was that I did get labeled fairly early on as a pretty boy. And if I ever resented anything in my life, it was that. If people say to me, now, you look x or you look y, I thank them. It goes in one ear and out the other. But there was a time in my life when I would stiffen. In a sense, I had to say to whomever, to the world out there, 'No, wrong, wrong. That's not what I am.' "

What Jennings became was a foreign correspondent: for almost twenty years filing stories, appearing on air from Teheran, Munich, Cairo. When Jennings plots a news trip to Nicaragua now, his eyes light up, movements quicken.

"I spend so much of my life reporting, that it is absolutely necessary for me to have been somewhere before I feel I can talk about it with any real authority. I need to see what the marketplace looks and smells like, to have been with people shopping on a Saturday morning.

"I'm a fairly passionate person and fairly compulsive; I don't want people to see my passion on the air. At the same time, those people who watch me—or anyone else—watch to get something from the anchorperson. And to be giving them what I have secondhand, so often, on something as important as American policy in Central America is cheating them."

He also may be cheating them from the real—really appealing—Peter Jennings: who walks to work, rides the bus, gabs with people in the street. "Maybe I shouldn't talk as much as I do, but I have no problem with talking about anything that is part of who I am.

"I get lots of letters from people who have seen it written somewhere that I have no formal education; I went for twenty-five years being embarrassed. Suddenly I realized what was a negative for so long is now an immense positive. So I write letters all the time: "Go to school, study history, study economics, get a language, travel.' And because of what this beast—this anchorperson—is, sometimes people listen.

"Is that power or influence? That's influence. And it's a wonderful kind of influence to have if you don't say to kids, 'Screw it, go do what I did.' "

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

products for men

(Continued from page 268)

remove literally two and a half feet of hair. Shaving not only separates the men from the boys, it makes for the main difference between male and female skin—not only removes unwanted hair, but also lifts dead skin cells, encouraging natural exfoliation—the key to smoother, younger looking skin." New shaving aids light years away from those a man has been using for decades: After Shave Balm—without alcohol—from Drakkar Noir by Guy Laroche, Wall Street Lotion and After Shave by Victor of Milano Ltd., and Pierre Cardin's After Shave Balm.

Just as more attention is now being paid to luxurious, emollient, *and* hardworking body products for women, so there are specific body products for men, too—particularly sportsmen—like Zizanie's Moisturizing Shower Gelee, an invigorating body cleanser with vitamin and herbal extracts to soothe as it really gets out deep-down dirt and oils; Clinique's Body Stuffing Cream ("unisex" with clean menthol fragrance); Interface's Work-Out Kit, a four-part freshening fragrance-free system made from natural ingredients; Geoffrey Beene's Grey Flannel Body Moisturizing Lotion for life-after-the-gym.

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HORCHOW

vanessa redgrave

(Continued from page 241)

conscientiously cut her lips, gouged at her face, scratched her razor-cut scalp with needles. But by the time she's performing, she prefers to trust her instincts—"to find the spontaneity," as she puts it—"while still retaining all that has been achieved." Playing Julia, she would reportedly walk "cold" before the cameras, do her scenes with apparent effortlessness, then simply walk off, amazing her co-star Jane Fonda, for whom finding the right emotion is an altogether more strenuous business.

If Vanessa Redgrave likes the theater because it allows her to act with her whole body and gives her the opportunity to play the classical dramatists, she likes film and TV for the subtlety they permit. "You don't have to indicate facially, physically, vocally," she once said. "You learn that if you're really thinking something, it can be seen. The thought in your mind will come through." That explains, yet does not quite explain some of the feelings that have flickered across her face: the sense of ravenous loss shown by her Olive Chancellor in *The Bostonians* when she could no longer hide from herself that her adored Verena had deserted her for a man; the curious blend of unease, embarrassment, cynicism, and self-contempt she momentarily displays in *Wetherby* as, with an almost invisible twitch of the mouth, she welcomes into her house the young stranger who began to make love to her the previous night.

Certainly, no amount of analysis or self-analysis could entirely explain her Fania Fénelon, arguably her finest achievement to date. Imagine seeing and surviving atrocity after atrocity; imagine being spat at by your fellow Jews because you're a privileged member of the Auschwitz orchestra; imagine being gratefully told by the camp killers that your singing of "Madame Butterfly" is strengthening them for their "difficult work"; imagine being asked to comfort the SS officer who has become besotted with a prisoner's child and then sent him to the gas ovens. In short, imagine an unimaginable mixture of disbelief, horror, pain, grief, pity, and despair, and you've imagined moments of Vanessa Redgrave's performances. Is there another living actress whose mere glances can match hers for candor, complexity, and depth?

She hasn't always succeeded. In the theater, the lanky, five-foot-eleven frame has sometimes seemed a liability; and there, too, she's sometimes striven too hard for effect. Her modern-dress Cleopatra was more the erratic hostess at a tipsy cocktail party than a great and passionate queen; her Polly Peachum in Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera* was described by the author's widow as "a parody of a parody"; the forlorn spinster she played in a London production of Henry James's *The Aspern Papers* last year left one critic complaining of "almost grotesque surface trickery." But it's not for those performances that she's valued now and will be remembered in the future.

It's for her ability to be serene and ardent and dreamy and volatile and light and dark, and sometimes to defy the laws of human physics by being all those things at once. It's for wearing her heart on her face, for opening her imaginative windows to show us the soul of character after character. Remember the moment when Fania fights and fails to resist food that a friend earned by prostituting herself, a friend she has tried to save from moral self-destruction. That gaunt, prematurely creased face stares, clenches, twists, gulps, half-vomits, weeps, freezes. It makes you feel you're intruding on some unbearably intimate secret, one nobody should tell or know. Only a great actress could achieve it. ▽

"camden drive"

(Continued from page 243)

the sun-drenched world outside into the dark, forbidding Administration Building, known affectionately as "The Iron Lung." Our office was an unprepossessing square with one window affording a fine view of the Smith and Salisbury Mortuary, which we could gaze at from the swivel chair at our desk, or the shabby couch and equally musty upholstered armchair with the stuffing peeping through. The walls were of a monastic bareness except for a page ripped out of *Variety*, stuck up with a bit of tape, bearing the face of a man who booked sideshow attractions and below whose image ran the caption: "Al Bains . . . The Man Who Dared." It is a face that, to this day, haunts our respective dreams in our respective dwellings (since we are *not*, nor ever have been, married to each other).

Down the hall were the modest but, by contrast, opulent offices of our most excellent producer, Arthur Freed. We would repair there periodically when summoned to read what few pages we had eked out since the last meeting, and to listen to Arthur discourse, associating freely, about Dick and Oscar (Rodgers and Hammerstein), Irving (Berlin), Oscar (Levant), and himself (Freed).

It was in this very room that we received our assignment to write *Singin' in the Rain*. Arthur announced to us on one of his mental journeys that we were to write a picture around the catalogue of songs for which he had written the lyrics with music by a gentleman with the improbable name of Nacio Herb Brown.

In the adjoining room—used by Roger Edens, Arthur's tall, courtly, Southern musical supervisor, sometimes associate producer, and generally indispensable unsung partner—stood a piano; on top of it were several stacks of sheet music, all songs by Freed and Brown. Our task was to fit about twenty of them into an original story and screenplay, during which, somewhere, there would be a scene where it would be raining and the hero would be dancin' and singin'.

What we have just expressed in one sentence took several months of agony to bring into being. During this trying period, when we despairingly felt we would never solve our problems, Gene Kelly was busy shooting *An American in Paris*. (We had no idea whether or not he would be in the picture until he thrilled us by being wildly enthusiastic about our rough draft.) Stanley Donen was on the lot, too, awaiting his next assignment to co-direct with Gene, running old movies with us, and listening daily to our complaints and our painfully ground-out scraps of screenplay as they emerged from our fevered heads. When Gene was not too tied up, the four of us would meet for lunch at the commissary—often joined by Saul Chaplin, composer and musical wizard—and we would all laugh a lot and make up insane parodies over our bowls of L.B. Mayer special matzoh-ball soup. Then reluctantly back to our office we would crawl, knotted with envy at *An American in Paris* already sailing along in production, and wondering if our venture would ever achieve that blessed state. We had decided by then that since the energetic, simple, and lovely Freed-Brown songs had been composed for the very earliest musical movies, it was this era, the sound revolution, the transitional period from silent to talking pictures, that should be the setting for our story. As soon as Gene was free, we began working very closely with him.

At the end of our working day, we would find our way back to the house we had rented for the duration on Camden Drive at the corner of either Lomitas or Elevado, we forget which, in Beverly Hills. It was there, one Sunday, that we decided to relax from the tension of our seemingly insurmountable labors, leave our unfinished screenplay stewing in the pot along with our brains, and make a movie of our own.

What we conceived was a kind of *Son of Sunset Boulevard*. Our house was admirably suited to this project because, on a smaller scale, it boasted the same Spanish architecture, the same neglected garden, the same tattered awnings flapping against cracked windowpanes that created the ambiance of the Billy Wilder classic with Gloria Swanson and Erich von Stroheim. Our house was also the living expression of the end of the silent era, having once been the home of silent star Marie Prevost, who apparently had left in a fearful hurry, her ornate player piano stuck in the middle of a roll of "Fascinatin' Rhythm," as if Vesuvius had erupted nearby. It had. But it was not lava that was coming to engulf the old civilization but talking pictures.

What that lucky, light-fingered moving man has been seeing all these years is the story of not one but two mad Hollywood relics: I (Betty), playing the aging, washed-up film star, and I (Adolph), playing her equally crazed Germanic (or, in this case, Hungarian) director, also aging and washed up. Brimming over with jealous bile, they invite everyone who is successful to their lair on Camden Drive and then kill them off, one by one, in various inventive ways.

We asked Stanley to bring over his sixteen-millimeter camera and direct the opus, which began with a close-up of the street sign, "Camden Drive." Then, as the camera pans down, we are revealed: I (Betty), in a long black *schmatta* and lots of black eye makeup, and I (Adolph), in frock coat with wing collar and bow tie over bare chest, and white shorts. Grinning hideously, we beckon to the camera as we cross the street (camera following), luring all and sundry into our castle of decaying grandeur and past glory.

Gene, who lived only a block or two away, came by as one of the doomed guests. We got him into some sort of Spanish-y attire, and then I (Betty), with camera and eyes rolling, rose in teeth, invited him to dance a tango. While he was

locked in my arms, at the height of a passionate, close embrace that makes the notorious Valentino tango look like a Virginia Reel, I (Betty) plunge a rubber dagger into his unsuspecting, athletic back. With a surprised and hurt look, he rolls over dead, and I (Betty) dance on in wicked, gleeful triumph.

Leslie Caron, recently arrived from Paris for her debut in *An American in Paris*, was invited in to bob for apples in a huge vat, which, when the camera pulled back, one could see was marked "POISON." We pushed her head into the brew, and I (Adolph) held that charming Gallic face under until she shuddered and gave up the ghost.

At one point in the proceedings a dark figure loomed in the doorway. It was Oscar Levant, also a neighbor, wearing his idea of California attire: a black city suit, with white shirt and somber black tie. Although we tried to get him to take a part in our murder movie, the word "death," even in fun, could cause him to go into a total breakdown, so he declined. But to our surprise, he hung around nervously drawing on one cigarette after another and urging us on with dour witticisms, none of which we can remember.

Coop didn't come, and Clark didn't come, not that they were busy. We didn't know them. And we had not become close enough friends with the Bogarts. But we built to a fine climax with the arrival of Richard Conte and his wife, Ruth, who were greeted cordially and elaborately persuaded to read copies of *Flair*, an elegant, short-lived publication whose unique covers were designed around a hole through which one could see the inside page. As the Contes innocently opened their magazines we whipped out revolvers and shot them dead through the holes in the covers.

At the end of the dank, dark garden, where the sun never shone, was a concrete swimming pool as deep as it was wide, overhung with weeping trees and clogged with fallen leaves. Into the brackish water we pushed two interloping "detectives": my (Betty's) husband, Steve, in Sherlock Holmes cap and pinwheel sunglasses, and Saul Chaplin, looking as he always did, just like King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. They both made remarkable recoveries, dried off, and reentered moments later as policemen come to stop the carnage and arrest the mad perpetrators. In a scene faintly reminiscent of *Sunset Boulevard* itself, we two descended the tiled staircase of Camden Drive, competing wildly for the camera, to be led off to the nearest mad house.

Singin' in the Rain finally did get written, shot, and shown. Although it won no Academy Awards, or any other awards, at the time, critics asked by the American Film Institute chose it as one of the ten best American pictures ever made. And when *Sight and Sound*, the prestigious British film magazine, conducted a poll of international critics, they named it number three of the ten best films of all time, following only *Citizen Kane* and *The Rules of the Game*, and tying with *Seven Samurai*. To our continuing joy and pride, *Singin' in the Rain*'s fame, reputation, and contemporaneity have, if anything, grown with time, as it defiantly resists being slipped into that kiss-of-death slot marked "nostalgia." And now it is having another incarnation as a musical for the Broadway stage. *Singin' in the Rain* lives. But . . .where is *Camden Drive*? Oh, Mister Moving Man, bring back our lost baby. ▽

the meaning of success

(Continued from page 255)

groups, that seems to be true; but the minute you start looking at individual men and women, those sharp differences disappear. Men, too, have a lot of negotiating to do to gain success. I think we all do. It's a dilemma.

Virginia L. Ernster: When I started in my career, my notion of success was directly tied to my job. Women were breaking into professions such as medicine, so all of our energy was put into that area. There was a notion of a split between career women vs. family women; and there weren't really role models to counter this division. But at that point women were able to control fertility, delay childbearing, and there were machines that could simplify life at home; so we could concentrate on work.

I don't know if, ten years later, this is necessarily a different period or I am at a different point in my own life, but career *and* family are important to my notion of success. And I am rejecting the notion of superwoman. Superwomen may have it all but they don't have time to enjoy it. I find myself saying no to 50 percent of the possible demands on my time, turning down invitations to speak or to contribute to books because it is beyond the time I feel that I personally want to devote to work. Perhaps I can say this now because I feel secure in my career, secure enough to decide to slow down. But I don't think I'm alone. We are hearing more and more women deciding to take five years off from their careers to spend them with their families.

As far as thinking about success, about career goals is concerned, I think women need to remember that most of us will live to be about eighty, according to the latest longevity statistics. Life is long—with enough time for careers within careers and total career changes. We need to learn patience, now that all the possibilities are there for us.

Barbara Ehrenreich: I think that the kind of selflessness that women traditionally have brought to their work in the home for family members they sometimes bring, perhaps inappropriately, to the workplace. It's just hard to stop working when there's something else to deal with that could create a problem for another person if left undone, or someone needs to confide in you about a problem.

So women bring a different set of values to the impersonal male work world. If we become integrated into that world, will we become like men? Do we want to be executives, for example, in a corporation that sells products we know are hazardous to women? How can any success there be consistent with feminist values? We have to ask, "Do we want it? What is this mad cycle of economic busyness that we are part of and what real values does it represent?"

I'm reminded of a possible parallel: in the 1950s, a generation of men came back from World War II and a lot of them entered the white-collar work world; and then after about five or six years into what was corporate success at the time, they all were *(Continued on page 316)*

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the meaning of success

(Continued from page 315)

writing about alienation. They would compare themselves to their fathers who were manual laborers—and made things with their hands—and ask, "What do I do all day? Papers pass by my desk, and I don't know what it amounts to."

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit [by Sloan Wilson, 1955], a man who's gone up this dizzyingly high path, suddenly can't be with his family anymore; he can't work out some basic unfinished business in his life, and he says "enough." He doesn't want to go any farther.

I think that sense of alienation was not acted on by a lot of men. Well, there was a lot of drinking. That was the big rebellion; these were the men who had three martinis for lunch. But they were saying, in a way, "What is all this? What about the value of just enjoying friendships, love affairs, every moment of life?"

And that's what's important, minute-by-minute living, not this mad scurrying, doing things you don't want so that you can buy things you don't need so that you can more efficiently get up in the morning and do more things you don't want to do. Everything has become instrumental to work; What I am reading, who are my social contacts—are they tied to work?

We all talk about the "negative effects of stress." I see stress as a metaphor rather than as a medical condition, it's a way of expressing generalized discontent and anxiety. I feel that there have been all sorts of losses; one is that our friendships suffer, and friendship is how you get by. I mean families are great, but it's friendships that help you to survive your family, too. You just have to take time for friendships. There's not much else that will be with you your whole life.

The other thing that suffers is that there isn't volunteer energy left. A few years ago, I went around and talked to women I had known in the early '70s, who had been very active in one thing or another, who had set up a battered women's center, who had a women's resource center, and so on. I looked up everybody and said, "What are you doing now?" Working.

Tragically, from my point of view, those people who are trying, say, to stop abortion and the ERA can draw on the volunteer energy of lots of women who are still full-time housewives. Women who tended to be more feminist and tried to become more financially independent now don't have volunteer time—but we've got to create it.

Part of our focus on financial goals has to do with the feminization of poverty; we all know a sister-in-law, an aunt, or somebody who was divorced in mid-life with no marketable skills and is really poor. Even women who are quite successful feel that poverty is still a possibility in their lives. Because we are living in a time in this country when there is a tremendous ideology of personal success and of not relying on others and certainly of not having any social supports.

We feel insecure. Women in their mid-thirties talk about insecurity in their old age. Well, they're right to worry about Social Security and they're right to worry about Medicare because those things might not be there if the present trend in cutting back social programs continues. There shouldn't be that kind of economic insecurity, but that's where we are now in the age of Reagan and it's likely to last.

College students are saying, "I really am interested in psychology, but I've got to go into accounting. To be sensible." Or, "I really think it's art history I care about, but my parents say 'Take management.'"

I hate to hear these things. Nobody nineteen years old should be throwing away her ideals or dreams or principles. And it's not only economic insecurity; they don't see that they could enter into a perfectly happy social milieu without constant striving. This is also the age of the Yuppies and of addictive earning and spending. Earning enormous amounts because you work so hard that your leisure has to be almost as spectacular as your work life. Young women don't see very many people who—as we used to say—"reject materialism." People who are happy to have a somewhat comfortable home and make dinners of spaghetti and jug wine for their friends.

Now when I was coming out of college in the '60s, there was a little bit too much . . . showing off how poorly you could live, but at least you felt you might try to do what you really wanted to do. If you wanted to take a crack at writing a novel, you'd have plenty of friends who were also living in a six-floor walk-up tenement and wearing the same blue jeans and sweat shirt all year.

Life is long with time for many careers

That's why I think we have to be careful about what success means because financial success is one thing, and we know as women that we need a certain amount of it or we'll be in real trouble. But I still think the most important thing is being able to do what you really want to do. That's the other kind of success—doing something you feel good about, that expresses you and has some real meaning to you. And that's why I worry about the young woman who says, "I love art history, but I really have to go into accounting." That's not having it all. That is giving up most of it all.

And what is it about the jobs we do have that often takes so much out of us? How do we make the work world more livable? How do we feminize it? We would want flex time, for example, recognition that we have responsibilities as mothers. We'd want an end to that grating background of sexual innuendo, of harassment that many women face at work whether they're working in Burger King or as executives. There are some things we need to pull back and look at together—not just each go off in her lonely fight to keep her head above the water.

My utopian vision would be one in which we, for example, are able to use the new technology to eliminate a lot of the jobs that are dangerous or monotonous that people are doing now—not just furlough those people into uselessness but institute, say, a policy that people can have lifelong access to college education or subsidize them so they can indulge their artistic tendencies, or care for other people, if that's what they want to do. We should subsidize those things so that unemployment in the traditional sense would be seen as an actual opportunity.

My answer to the success syndrome is that I would really like a much lazier society, in the sense that more people were free to do more of what they wanted to do, whether that was writing poetry (and all kinds of people including my grandma in Iowa likes to write poetry) or another choice, or we were able to use the technology we have for freeing ourselves. And what we have now would look like a bad dream.

In my utopia, high quality, loving, subsidized child care is considered a right for everybody. Men are happily taking paternity leaves. The minimum wage has been raised so that now no woman is working full time year round and still living in poverty. That would be success. And maybe we all need to redefine success in a less individualistic way—in terms of making a difference rather than making money—so we don't feel so much of that desperate personal anxiety.

Nannerl Keohane: I think it's true, to a large extent, that instead of our changing the corporate world to reflect our needs the corporate world is changing us, but not completely. There are at least some companies and some institutions that are paying more attention to flexible work schedules, to day-care centers, to entry and reentry onto the corporate ladder. It's not a great social movement, but there are some changes.

It's also important to keep in mind, I think, that the jobs that tend to be tagged as successes are often very absorbing in themselves. It's not just that women and men are responding to the pressures of the social system or the corporate grid and would get out of them if they could. It's more that people who get to the point of being a full professor or a senior partner or whatever are probably so deeply involved in their jobs that they don't really want to have more time off.

It may be that job behavior depends more on the upbringing and the personality traits and a lot of other things than it does on one's sex, but I do think that sex is a relevant point. Whether it's cultural or whether it's biological, women tend to find themselves less likely to take their success for granted, more likely perhaps to find themselves with fits of lack of self-confidence or—better—a kind of healthy skepticism about what they're doing and a shrewd self-appraisal that involves a sense of humor about some of the "perks" that come with success.

The women I know who are ambitious for themselves and their professional lives don't tend to stop and ask "Is it worth it?" It's more questioning the ways success puts demands on you, or how success is inclined to cut you off from other choices in the good life, rather than that success itself is hollow.

I'm sure that people would be deluding themselves if they thought that money and/or power, fame, or the ability to enjoy the "perks" of office aren't important. Of course they are, but it's also important to be in a position where you can accomplish something.

There was a very sobering study at Stanford in 1980, the last year I was there, of senior undergraduates; about 67 percent of the graduating women said they wanted to have both a serious career and marriage. Just go right on through, not take much time out, if any, for children.

But, of the Stanford men who answered the

same survey, only 37 percent expected their wives to work. Stanford men and Stanford women. So there's some real adjusting to come.

We've been putting so much emphasis on helping young women prepare for complicated lives, helping them to make choices, bolstering their self-confidence, opening doors for them, but nobody has paid very much attention to the attitude of the guys they're going to marry. That's the next major test and topic.

I sometimes find myself saying that for young women today the job on Wall Street has taken the same kind of mythic quality of the single goal as the engagement ring did for people in my generation. Not more or less desirable, just different.

Most Wellesley women these days want to go on in business or a profession. Economics is by far the most popular major. It's believed to be a better route to getting a job than majoring in classics or art history.

These young women are increasingly concerned also with issues outside of their own lives. Political activism on the Wellesley campus is balanced. There is conservatism; but a lot of the most visible and vocal activism is very much to the left, with concern for social justice. And I don't see them as totally absorbed in themselves, as they are sometimes described.

I put my faith in the ambitions and the talents and the dedication of some of this generation of women, and at least a few of the men who are interested in making things easier for them, and I believe they will apply their talents and skills to finding better ways to put things together.

There was a Wellesley editorial that asked, "Who will read to the blind and put up campaign posters when we are in the boardrooms?" These young women realize that those things need to be done. They don't want to have to make the choice of putting up posters and reading to the blind and staying out of the boardroom, but they recognize that they're not just going to disappear in the boardroom and leave nobody reading to the blind. ▽

career vs. children

(Continued from page 255)

interaction." They'll say, "Wait until *The A-Team* is over." The only way you ever find out the fascinating things, like a difficulty somebody is having in school, self-doubt a child is having, is in low-quality time. This is what I've learned. You have to be standing at the kitchen sink, puttering, scrubbing something with one hand, and then children talk to you. But there's just no way to speed up interactions with a child.

The best parenting, I firmly believe, comes from people who are fresh and happy to be with the child because they have other interesting things in their lives and they're not making a career out of the child. A really sick possibility is leaving a high-pressure career and then transforming that child into your next enterprise, and when I read about mothers grooming their kids to get into the fast-track nursery schools, now that is really deranged, misplaced ambition. It should not be imposed on a child.

Louise Kaplan: On the surface, women have much more support for going back to work after giving birth now than they did just ten years ago—from their friends, their husbands; it has became a more acceptable thing to do. But inside, if the woman had made an attachment to her baby, going back to work is something she does with a certain amount of longing or even guilt.

Some women have never felt guilty because they have never really felt that staying home with a child was an obligation of any sort. Upper-class women have been leaving their babies with nannies forever, without any sense that there's anything detrimental to the child or to them. Where most women might feel guilt is in the thought that they are achieving satisfactions that were not permitted to their mothers.

When I first began my research working with mothers and babies in 1973, the mothers who came to my research nursery were feeling very bad about themselves because they didn't have jobs. They felt a kind of shame at that time; so many of their friends were out in the world working, and they felt it was much more prestigious for women to do that. A lot of my feminist friends also felt that somehow staying home with children was a "lesser" type of success; whereas I was feeling that it was probably one of the most important things a woman could do—not just for herself but for the human species.

I have done some follow-ups, and almost all of those women are now working. They had stayed home, raised their families; some had gone to school while raising children. Now some have returned to their old careers and some have gone on to new careers, and they seem satisfied.

If families didn't take care of children, the society would have to do it. Modern societies are very monolithic and don't really care how families do this as long as they handle the problem.

I did some studies of family policy all over the world, and the United States is probably one of the most backward nations when it comes to having a family policy that is clearly in favor of helping women—or helping men and women—to be in the workforce and still have solid families.

Many countries have a family policy that clearly says, "We think it's important for the woman to stay home for the first four months, six months, a year; and we will pay her salary while she does that." Or "we will build day-care centers, train the people who work there, supervise them, and make sure they're top quality, so that women can have quality places to leave their children." The United States is very ambiguous about this; we want the family to be a strong unit, but we take a laissez-faire attitude.

My research with mothers and babies led me to the conclusion that the first six months of life are crucial in the attachment between baby and mother. I had some students who worked in day-care centers who did some studies there to see what would happen to children of mothers who immediately go back to their jobs. Some of the behaviors of moving away and moving toward were acted out by these babies with the day-care workers. It isn't that these children don't make attachments—they do but with people other than their mothers; and the main point is that when the people who work with these babies are not sensitive to these "choreographies" (just as many mothers are not), they are not going to provide the dialogue that a baby needs at certain points of its development. *(Continued on page 318)*

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career vs. children

(Continued from page 317)

Probably one of the more disastrous things that could happen to baby and mother would be being just locked up with each other alone, without friends, without people on the outside. It probably could have different but equally damaging effects on the child's development as not having a strong attachment to the mother. But I still feel that it's very important for a mother to have the opportunity for the first six months or so to be at home with her baby without any cost to a career she might be involved in and the government should pay for her leave time. It's important for the mother and important for the baby to have that very strong beginning of attachment. Certainly, helping mothers or fathers to stay home would be a lot less expensive than opening up thousands of day-care centers where you're not sure of the quality. I think day-care centers are fine for children age two and older.

It's still too early to know where the modern family is headed. Family attachments have been seen—and correctly so—as a counterforce for larger social organizations. It's true, for example, in all the utopian writings, the idea is to get the child away from the family as fast as possible because family attachments are very passionate. If there weren't a way to loosen them, people would never leave their original families, which is why, in most hunter-gatherer cultures, there are rites of passage to loosen these attachments to the family—particularly for boys—so that young people can go out into the larger world and make new families, enlarge the society.

In our society, the idea of adolescence, of growing up into adulthood, is that young people should loosen the passionate attachment to the family and put themselves into the social order in work. It's a paradox: the stronger the attachment to the family, the harder it is to loosen it; at the same time, if people don't make these attachments, they have nothing to give to the social order—they're very self-centered, involved only in their own pleasure-seeking.

People who do affirm their family attachments are people who are going to contribute to society. People who want to have a say in how the social order is run are people who do care about the family, about society, about the species, about other species.

Nanneri Keohane: The elements of the good life for most women who are developing careers will include family. And loneliness may be the price paid by women who have, for whatever reason, gone it alone. They may not have to face the same kinds of tough trade-offs as the women who marry and have children; but by the same token the women with families are going to have more emotional and personal supports at the time when the stresses of success are there.

A friend who was considering a job as a college president asked me a very perceptive question. Instead of, "How do you do it with a family, with a husband and with several kids," she asked the opposite: "Do you think it would be possible to do it without a family, without a husband and several kids?" She had seen how important it was to me to be able to come home at the end of a long day and to have the world put into proper perspective by somebody's having won a squash match or gotten a college interview or something. All of a sudden everything fits into a more even-handed perspective. Having a husband and kids is an immediate barrier between you and letting your work just drown you.

But the woman who goes back to work after childbirth needs the cooperation of her husband. At one point my husband and I got into one of these stages that I imagine happens to a lot of couples where we both were working so hard that each of us was assuming the other one really wasn't doing his or her share. So we did a kind of time study to see what each of us was doing for the household, and each of us discovered all sorts of things that the other was doing that we had never realized. For instance, the time my husband spent on the family finances, having the car fixed, and all these kinds of things I had not paid attention to; and there was the extra time I spent taking care of the kids while he was away because he traveled more than I did. So we became much more aware of what the contributions we were making to our marriage were and much more grateful to each other, and we junked the time study and never thought about it again.

It may seem that today parenting is just as much making arrangements for children as it is being with children. To be fair, that has been true of most parents throughout history. If you think about the parents who spent all their day laboring in the field, or upper-class parents who spent all their time entertaining or going on trips; they all made arrangements for their children. The notion of a nuclear family with the mother in the home all day with the child is a very rare moment in history and not necessarily the best one. It is probably rarely good parenting because even the most loving and absorbed mother and child can't spend all day together every year for six years and have as good and rich a life as if they had spent some time in some other ways.

> *The best parents have many interests*

Being with a young child can be an extremely rewarding experience; there are ways in which there's nothing quite like it in the world, and the time passes so fast. For those of us mothers who make the other choice and go back to work, there is always a sense that there are days when those new words are coming and those new steps are being taken and you wish you could have had every single hour with the child to watch that and to participate. That's why I think it is a choice that's worthy of respect.

The real dilemma that I see for women who stay at home with their children is what happens if the woman wants to go back to work. Our society is not structured to make that easy. However long she's taken off, she's going to face difficult barriers getting back into work or getting in for the first time. The woman who does make a choice of staying with her children, has a wonderful, rich life, is skilled, with lots of things she'd like to do to contribute to the world. After her children are grown, she's going to find it a lot harder than she should to find a way to use those skills, and our society is going to be poorer because of the loss of her talents.

Jean Baker Miller: Unfortunately, women are still basically responsible for holding the family together; some things have changed, but not that much. The idea is conveyed to you, every day, every way, that what happens to your children is up to you.

Even in families without children, it sometimes seems that women are still more responsible for men's happiness than vice versa; and women still have to struggle to change this. They will say it's not fair, and they get angry about it; but it's hard not to be intimidated by the threatened loss of someone really close to you—so wives cater to their husbands' happiness, even at the expense of their own.

Many young couples are postponing having children, and postponement is not a bad idea. Very often, it's better: the couple will have more of a sense of who they are when they do become parents.

Rosabeth Kanter: I think that there are certain forms of success that, once a person has them, get taken for granted; and family, for many people, is a realm that they take for granted. I question whether a woman would say, "My career comes first," if her personal or family life were falling apart. I am fiercely dedicated to my son, to my husband, to my work. I want them all, and they are all a part of my fulfillment.

When my son Matthew was an infant, my husband would sometimes take him along on business trips, and he'd get a lot of longing kinds of comments from the men around him on an airplane, about how they missed the entire time their children were growing up. I think that's behind a lot of the second marriages we see in which fifty-year-old men are dedicated to infant children and do all the work in child rearing.

I wonder if most of the ambivalence about home vs. work isn't being felt by women and men who don't yet have families—who are delaying having children, who are in the period of their lives at which consumerism and material success are all-important because they haven't yet exhausted their potential. They haven't gotten to the point of spiritual emptiness that occurs when it's only a few more dollars—and what can you do with those dollars?

I think there are signs that companies will have to take families into account simply because a high proportion of the work force will be two-income, two-career families. There was a time when the only highly paid workers were men—and the few highly paid women were single. Family was seen as simply a support system.

About four years ago, a study for one firm found that their women employees did *not* feel they had a big need for child care that the corporation might support; but my response to the company was, "five years from now, child care will be a hot issue, so be prepared."

Niki Sauvage Tsongas: Fairly early on I made the decision to defer whatever my career goals were. I had been a social worker, and then went to law school for about a year and a quarter, then realized that if we were going to have children and also if Paul were going to pursue his political career, that I could not comfortably go on and be a lawyer and practice. I just didn't feel right

about that, because it meant that the children would have no time from either parent.

We had been married almost four years by the time we had our first child; having children was just very important to both of us. I was twenty-seven. At that time, all our friends were having babies; and while the Women's Liberation Movement was really just starting, and people were becoming very conscious of it, still most of my friends were having children and staying at home. They were going to school, but probably not full time. They were mapping out a situation in which they could enter into careers as the time arrived. There was a lot of focus on the importance of being with your child—people were just starting to nurse a lot—with bonding.

I was very deferential to Paul's career. I enjoyed the fact that Paul was in politics. I saw that I had a real role to play; I was a mother, but I also was the wife of a politician, and there were things I could do in that role—although it took a while, once I had a child.

It was only once we had them that I recognized how incredibly time consuming children were, and I occasionally resented the fact that Paul could not be more a part of the child-rearing, although I always felt that he did everything he possibly could within the time he did have.

I've always likened a life in politics to running a family store. The whole family is part of it, no matter what. People pay attention to the wife; they are curious about what you think and do, you're a model—good or bad or indifferent—and in campaigns, there is definitely a role for the wife and for the children as they get older, if they choose to participate. I never felt at all left out.

I'm glad I made the decision to stay with my children full time. But I think, ultimately, people have to face the fact that children require time, and that they have to carve out a situation that accommodates that need in children. I would have found it very difficult if I had not spent a lot of time, and fifteen or twenty years later found that my children just couldn't cope. I would find that almost impossible to accept and not feel any guilt about that. I really feel, no matter what happens, I've done everything I could: you can't create perfect lives, but I've done what I can.

I've found the path I've taken very rewarding. It's not without its limitations. I have been frustrated by it. And I'm back in law school now, not full time. I'm worried about time, and not having enough for the children. I feel that I need the time with my children—sometimes I think maybe I need it more than they do. There's no other kind of relationship in the world like the one you have with your children, especially when they're young. It's more than just physically nurturing, it's a lot more intellectual, and I enjoy it.

I think Paul respected my decision to stay home with the children. He did not pressure me to make that decision; it was really mine. If I had chosen to work, I think he would have accepted that just as easily. And I never sensed that it changed anything between us, partly because I shared in most all the major decisions that had to do with politics. So I don't feel as though it made any difference in our power relationship. I certainly would not have wanted to trade places.

Most of the time, I was involved in volunteer work. Much of it was child-related. I helped run the nursery school that my children went to in Washington; I learned a lot about parenting there. And I got involved in Peace Links, which is a disarmament group put together by Betty Bumpers in Washington.

I tried working as a caterer, out of our home. But our oldest was nine months when we moved to Washington, and we had either a campaign or a baby, every year. There really wasn't a lot of time. I feel that helping out the community is important; the society depends on somebody's doing it. I enjoyed the chance to be with other people who were doing the same thing, and I enjoyed the fact that I was contributing to organizations that I felt were important.

I've decided, here, to get involved with the local library a little bit. And I realize I don't have a lot of time, so I have to be careful how I structure it. I talked to a friend who has two young children and is in school, and we decided that we'd just get four or five of us and split one job. That makes sense to me, as a way of being able to control how much of it you do, so that you don't spend many more hours out of the home than you really can afford to give.

Law school is very intellectually stimulating, and I get very caught up in whatever the particular problem is that I've been thinking about that day. I find it very hard to step back into more mundane matters of cooking and talking about hurt knees, and all that. It's not the same, being available to a husband. My husband is an adult, and our relationship is more complicated and certainly on a different level than a child.

But all this thinking that I have done is with the background of always having a very young child. Our youngest is three and a half, and I think things probably will change as the children are in school and I have more time available to me on an open-ended basis. ▽

job stress/health

(Continued from page 257)

tions. The diabetes is almost always a temporary problem, completely focused within pregnancy, though it can also occur in women taking birth control pills.

There's one other feature that's very dramatic in its impact but is a difficult analytic epidemiologic issue: the relationship between the delay of the first child owing to infertility, and factors leading to breast cancer.

If a woman has her first child after age thirty, she may have a two to fourfold increased risk of breast cancer as compared to a woman who has her first child before the age of twenty. This statistic applies only to full-term pregnancies. Early pregnancy seems to diminish malignant changes in the breast, and having a first birth later in life appears to be worse than having no child at all; but it's not known at this time why this happens.

I don't think anybody knows why fertility declines with age. Failures to ovulate may be one problem, or it may be that the ovum—the egg—is not as viable as it was before. We think there are any number of factors related to a biologic aging of the egg, including peculiar chromosomal segregations, as in mongolism.

People often assume that when we call the person infertile we know exactly why biologically, but in fact that's not true. There are an infinite number of biologic negative events that we can't assess. Fertilization is a surprisingly inefficient process. Startling.

Physicians use one year of unsuccessful trying to have a baby as a reasonable indication of a problem sufficient to spend the time and money to evaluate both parties.

When a patient has endometriosis, as burdensome as that may sound, it is clear that earlier efforts to achieve pregnancy are clearly in their better interests.

In a woman who has one of several clinical syndromes associated with anovulation, without specific therapy for fertility, her situation can deteriorate and the biologic increase in infertility may become irretrievable, though she may have been treatable ten years earlier.

I would tell even a forty-year-old woman who wanted to have a child to try to conceive. There are no great hazards associated with pregnancy or childbirth that aren't avoidable. Medicine, especially in obstetrics and pediatrics, has progressed sufficiently to reduce the risks. So my advice is to try if they want to. ▽

voluntarism

(Continued from page 255)

Other women may consider each volunteer experience a building block to a whole volunteer career. Said Carole Hart, "Women want to use the skills they have but also want to gain new skills that they can use in an additional volunteer position; so it's a continual building process." Among the professional skills that women learn through volunteering: public speaking, budget planning, fund-raising tactics, and networking strategies that also can lead to a paid job.

Women are proving their strengths as volunteers abroad as well as at home. "Our women, coming from all different backgrounds, have been great role models in encouraging women in underdeveloped countries to upgrade their skills," said Loret Miller Ruppe, Director, the Peace Corps. "The best volunteers I've seen are those who have their primary project, but they see a need in the community and they reach out, get motivated to start working on that need."

At a time when society is increasingly mobile, developing a sense of community is a big reason that many women volunteer. Mary Averell Fisk, a founder of the New York City Volunteer Program, said, "Everybody feels that you can't stay within the confines of your business or home; you've got to help where you can. At first, volunteers who have never worked outside the home may feel inadequate to help; but they find that they have a lot to give."

The most constant and universal reason that women volunteer is also the most personal: it makes them *feel* good, gives them a sense of fulfillment.

—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

(Details of photographs on pages 253-257 can be found on page 320.)

fashion and illustration information

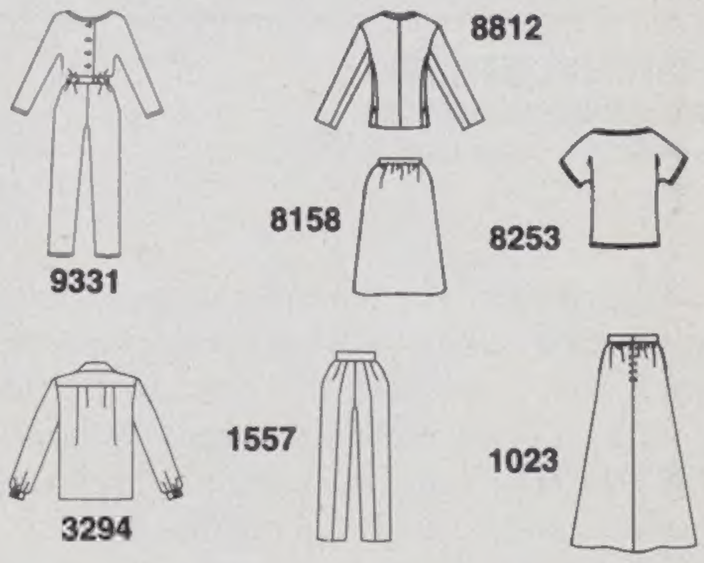
Page 42: Earrings at Gindi, NYC; Frances Kahn, Lynchburg VA; I. Magnin. **110:** *Bottom photo:* Earrings at Artwear, NYC. **113:** Earrings, Bill Schiffer. Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Dotted scarf, Echo Scarfs. Altman's. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia, Bloomingdale's. **130:** Silk crepe dress, $3790. Fabric, Lafitte. Martha; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. **204:** Claude Montana also at Alan Bilzerian, Boston; Mid-Oct. at Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. Hat, Jean Barthet for Claude Montana. Belt, Claude Montana for Vacher. Stockings, Dim. Shoes, Charles Kammer. Manicures, pages 204-217, by Katherine Rolland for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. **205:** Hat, Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. All accessories at Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC. **206:** Hat, Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC. **207:** Accessories except sunglasses, Chanel. **208:** Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Late July at Bloomingdale's. **209:** Scarf at same stores listed on page 209. Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Late July at Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. **210:** Claude Montana also at Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL. Coat at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD. Sunglasses, Claude Montana by Alain Mikli. Shoes, Claude Montana for Stephane Kélian. Stephane Kélian Boutique, NYC. **211:** Valentino also at Molly Moses, Pittsburgh PA; Valentino Boutique at Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; Frederick & Nelson. Sweater and skirt at Valentino Boutique, Houston. Accessories, Valentino. **212:** Turnout also at Alan Bilzerian, Worcester MA; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL. Accessories, Azzedine Alaïa. **213:** Cotton/viscose jacket and acetate/silk/nylon skirt at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 337. Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. **214:** Wool long johns. Sunglasses, Claude Montana by Alain Mikli. Shoes, Claude Montana for Stephane Kélian. Stephane Kélian Boutique, NYC. **215:** Turnout also at Caché, Miami; mid-Oct. at Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. Jacket only at Burdines; Dayton's. Sunglasses, Claude Montana by Alain Mikli. **216:** Turnout also at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques Bal Harbour and Palm Beach; Montaldo's; Frost Bros. (suit only). Hat, Jean Barthet for Emanuel Ungaro. Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC. **217:** Suit, $1600. Orange sweater, $550. Purple sweater, $850. Muffler, $100. (Fabric, cashmere). Sept. at Bloomingdale's. Accessories, Chanel. **218:** Earrings, Laura Vogel. Gindi, NYC. Bracelets wrist to cuff model's *right:* Laura Vogel. Capezio in the Village, NYC. Marla Buck. If Soho, NYC. Model's *left*, Debra Fine Yohai. Bergdorf Goodman; Glitz, Los Angeles. Jay Feinberg. Bonwit Teller. Neiman-Marcus. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Bloomingdale's. **219:** Accessories, Geoffrey Beene. **220:** Earrings and bracelets, Fabrice. Fifra, NYC; Georgina, Hewlett NY. Belt, Ruza Creations. Charivari, NYC; F.B. Ltd., Frontenac MO. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **221:** Stephen Sprouse matching pants, $145. See stores page 221. Scarf, Stephen Sprouse. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Altman's. **222:** Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Altman's. Bracelets, *wrist to cuff:* Debra Fine Yohai. Bergdorf Goodman. Gerard E. Yosca. Neiman-Marcus. Hat, Jay Lord Hatters. **223:** Calvin Klein wool flannel pants, $150. Turnout at Bloomingdale's; John Wanamaker; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. Turnout also at B. Forman; Filene's; Frost Bros.; Rich's (jacket only). Sunglasses, Kenco Optics. Eyelab, Paramus NJ. Gloves, Sachiko for LaCrasia. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC. **225:** Earrings, Dina Panagopoulos. Bonnie and Toni, NYC; Fini, Seattle WA. **226:** Dress also to order at Suite 101, Beverly Hills. **227:** Dress to order at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros. Leg Looks by Burlington. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. Bloomingdale's. **228:** Cotton denim skirt. Earrings, Leo Wills. Henri Bendel; Panache, Millburn NJ. **229:** Dress also at Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Necklace, Debra Fine Yohai. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Glitz, Los Angeles. **230-231:** Viscose coat at Agnes B., NYC. **232:** Necklace and rings, M & J Savitt. Bergdorf Goodman; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Shoes, Maud Frizon, NYC. **233:** Turnout at Zoran, NYC; Washington DC; Los Angeles; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago. Sweater at I. Magnin. Necklaces, M & J Savitt. Bergdorf Goodman; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. **234:** Sunglasses at Henri Bendel; Eyelab, Paramus NJ. Watch, Big Time by Agostino for Patricia Field, NYC. **235:** Dress, OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Glasses at Macy's, Herald Square; Urban Guerilla, Philadelphia; Traffick, Chicago; The men's departments at Hudson's; Dayton's; The Tiger Shop at Macy's, San Francisco. Bracelets, model's *right hand, wrist to cuff:* Kirks Folly. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Garfinckel's. M & J Savitt to order at Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Model's *left hand:* M & J Savitt at Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. **236:** St. Tropez Swimwear. Glasses at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC: Body Sculpture, Boston; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Bracelets, model's *right arm:* Alexis Kirk. Danne Handbags & Accessories at Sara Fredericks, NYC. Model's *left arm, wrist to cuff:* Kirks Folly. Bloomingdale's. David Spada. Canal Jean Company, NYC. **237:** Dress, La Coppia. Glasses at Charivari, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn, NY; Papillon, Philadelphia; Styleyes Optical, Minneapolis MN. Earrings, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. Bracelets, model's *right arm, wrist to cuff:* M.E. Stewart. Following two, Riviera. Vanzi, NYC. Krasne Two. Octavia, Baltimore MD. *Left arm; wrist to cuff:* Jacki Crawford. Fonda's One of a Kind, NYC; Chocolate Moose, Washington DC; Applause, Boulder CO. M & J Savitt. Bergdorf Goodman; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago. Krasne Two. Macy's, Herald Square; Alan Price, Pittsburgh PA. Gloves, OMO Norma Kamali. **238:** OMO Norma Kamali swimsuit. Glasses at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings and sterling silver bracelets, M & J Savitt. Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac; Marcus Jewelers, Rutherford NJ; The Accessory Collection, Los Angeles. Ivory bracelet, James I. Murphy. Botticelli, NYC; L'Image Cosmetique Diffusion, Dallas. Black bracelets with studs, David Spada. American High, NYC; Commander Salamander, Washington DC. Plain black bracelets, Maripolitan. Fiorucci, NYC and Beverly Hills. **239:** Claude Montana bodysuit. Glasses, Bergdorf Goodman; Optica, Dallas; Optical Shop of Aspen, Scottsdale AZ; Eye to Eye Boutique, Laguna Beach CA. Earrings, Debra Fine Yohai. Skinny silver bracelets, M&J Savitt. For stores see information page 238. Wide silver bracelet, Kirks Folly. Bloomingdale's. Black bracelets with studs, David Spada. For stores see information page 238. Plain black bracelets, Maripolitan. For stores see information page 238. **252-257:** Hair and makeup for Louise Kaplan by Ron Lewis for Le Salon, NYC; hair and makeup for Virginia Ernster by Chany Catala/Design Pool; all other hair and makeup by James Theadford-Weis. **266-267:** Clothes, Comme des Garçons by Rei Kawakubo. Comme des Garçons, NYC and San Francisco. Grooming, Yetty Stutzman for Cloutier. **268-269:** Sweater, Zoran, NYC. Pants, Yohji Yamamoto. Grooming, Margaret Avery. **270-271:** Grooming, Arthur Scott for The Benjamin Salon, NYC. **272-273:** Turnout also at Nelly Stallion, Seattle WA. Earrings and bracelets, Gerard E. Yosca. Henri Bendel; Bullocks Wilshire; I. Magnin. Hanes Hosiery. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **274:** Stephen Sprouse cotton velvet pants. Bracelets, *left arm,* Debra Fine Yohai. Bergdorf Goodman. *Right arm,* Maripolitan, NYC. Shoes, Stephen Sprouse. **275:** *Inset above:* Necklace, Jan Michaels—San Francisco. Gindi, NYC; Cacique, Pompano Beach FL. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. *Inset below:* Earrings and bracelet, Gerard E. Yosca. Stockings, Christian Dior. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. **276:** Shoes, Joan & David. Ann Taylor, NYC. **277:** Earrings, T.K.O. Bracelet, Cara Croninger. Artwear, NYC. Shoes, Esprit de Corp. **278:** M & J Savitt bracelets at Bergdorf Goodman; M & J Savitt Salon at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus. Barbara Ellick bracelet at Nan Duskin; Bullocks Wilshire. **280-281:** Earrings, Henri Bendel; Jere Scott at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Bangles, Encino CA. Brush, La Carezza, NYC. **286:** Fabric at Stapler Fabrics, Philadelphia PA; Gallery of Fabrics, Atlanta. Earrings and bracelet, Renée Tulpere. The Pulitzer Collection, Palm Beach; My Sister's Circus/Isis, Chicago; L.A. Gear, Los Angeles. Stockings, Dim. Polly Bergen Shoes, Bernini, Beverly Hills. **287:** Fabric at Jerry Brown Fabrics, NYC; Stapler Fabrics, Philadelphia PA. Gallery of Fabrics, Atlanta. Earrings, Renée Tulpere. Bracelet, model's *left:* Bill Schiffer. Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Bracelets, model's *right, wrist to cuff:* Bill Schiffer. Bill Schiffer Gallery, NYC. Renée Tulpere. Stores for Renee Tulpere, see information page 286. Manicure, Cathy Fretta of Josephines, NYC. **288:** Fabric at Weller Fabrics, NYC; JSL Fabrics, Dallas; International Silk and Woolens, Los Angeles. Earrings, Michele Leight. Henri Bendel. Nancy Lewis and Company, Santa Fe NM. Belt, Ruza Creations. Lord & Taylor. **289:** Fabric, see information page 288. Earrings, Renée Tulpere. For stores, see information page 286. Bracelets, *wrist to cuff:* Leo Wills. Bloomingdale's, Cul-de-Sac. Mikel Lindzy. Neiman-Marcus. Shoes, Polly Bergen. Bernini, Beverly Hills. Manicure, Cathy Fretta of Josephines, NYC. **290:** Joan & David shoes at Ann Taylor; Tootsies, Houston. Norma Kamali cotton jacket. Late June at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. Esprit Sport Antron/Lycra swimsuit. Gimbels, NYC. **291:** Prada sandal. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman. Cotton shirt and shorts. Barneys New York; Hands All Around, Mystic CT; Mackenzie's, Ft. Myers FL; Arresta, Dallas; Leslie & Co., Houston; Nelly Stallion, Seattle. Earrings and bracelets, Roy A. Heymann. Earrings at Artwear, NYC; Sheila Nussbaum, Millburn NJ; Helen Drutt Gallery, Philadelphia PA. **292:** 1. Leonard polyamide/Lycra bikini at Bergdorf Goodman; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour. Rafael's, San Francisco. 2. Vacher belts at Joseph Tricot, NYC. 3. La Gioconda bags at Trees, Cedarhurst NY; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Ultimo, Chicago; I. Magnin. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. 4. Grendha shoes at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; Rich's; Goudchaux, Baton Rouge LA/Maison Blanche, New Orleans LA; The Broadway, Southern California. **293:** 5. Cotton Joe Boxer shorts at Bergdorf Goodman; Pennsylvania Co., Boston; Britches Great Outdoors, Washington DC.; Rain, Atlanta; Mark Keller West End, Birmingham MI. 6. Jill Richards at Saks Fifth Avenue, Dept. 507; Rose Edwards Boutique, Palm Beach; Just Clothes, Bay Harbour Islands FL; Dayton Carriage Trade, Dayton OH; Balliet's; Joe Brand, Laredo TX; The Fredde Shop, Las Vegas NV; Littler, Seattle. Top only at Isabel Gerhart, Houston. 7. Kappi at Lord & Taylor; Dorothy R. Bullitt, Philadelphia; Montaldo's, McAlpin's Designer Salons, Cincinnatti OH; Harold Grant, Petofkey MI; Jacobson's; Grace's, Nashville TN; Nancy Lang, Honolulu HI. Coat (in hand), Danny Noble. Earrings, Agnes Citro. Linda Dresner, NYC and Troy MI. Bracelet, Ruza Creations. T. Edwards, NYC and Atlanta. **294:** Jaeger viscose pants. Turnout at all Jaeger Shops. Earrings, Coro Jewelry. Bracelets both arms, Gerard E. Yosca. Neiman-Marcus. Belt used as necklace, Ruza Creations. Phyllis Victor, Scarsdale and Mamaroneck NY. Shoes, Anne Klein for Schwartz & Benjamin. Go Silk at Henry Lehr, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo, Chicago; Tootsies, Houston; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Theodore, Beverly Hills. Tura at The Spectacle Shop, St. Louis MO; Todays Vision Center, Houston. **295:** Esprit Sport cotton top and skirt. Macy's, New York. Top at Nordstrom, Seattle WA and Salt Lake City UT. Skirt available late June at Bullock's; Emporium Capwell, San Francisco. Malo at C.C. Wilson, NYC; Janet Brown, Port Washington NY; Trillion, Palm Beach; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Belt, Colony Designs. Complice cotton shirt and pants at Bergdorf Goodman; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Claire Pearone, Troy MI; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Ron Ross, Tarzana CA; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Hat, Ralph Lauren for Hat Attack. Bloomingdale's. Glasses, Tura.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

vogue patterns

Back views, yardages, details of pages 286-289

Jumpsuit: Vogue Pattern #9331. Sizes 6–16. View B. Size 10. 4⅛ yards of 47" fabric. $6.00. Canada, $7.30. **Jacket:** Vogue Pattern #8812. Sizes 8–16. Size 10. 2⅜ yards of 47" fabric. $7.00. Canada, $8.50. **Short skirt:** Vogue Pattern #8158. Sizes 6–22. View A. Size 10. 2½ yards of 47" fabric. $3.00. Canada, $3.70. **Cap-sleeve shirt:** Vogue Pattern #8253. Sizes 6–22. View B. Size 10. 2½ yards of 45" fabric. $3.00. Canada, $3.70. **Long skirt:** Vogue Pattern #1023. Sizes 6–22. View E. Size 10. 5¼ yards of 45" fabric. $5.00. Canada, $6.10. **Blouse:** Butterick Pattern #3294. Sizes 8–18. View B. Size 10. 3 yards of 45" fabric. $3.50. Canada, $4.75. **Pants:** Perry Ellis for Vogue Pattern #1557. Sizes 8–18. Size 10. 2½ yards of 45" fabric. $10.00. Canada, $12.10.



Sewing Tips: *Jacket.* Omit pockets. *Long skirt and cap-sleeved shirt.* Cut both on the bias for more fluid drape. Add shoulder pads where extra shoulder width is wanted.

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